THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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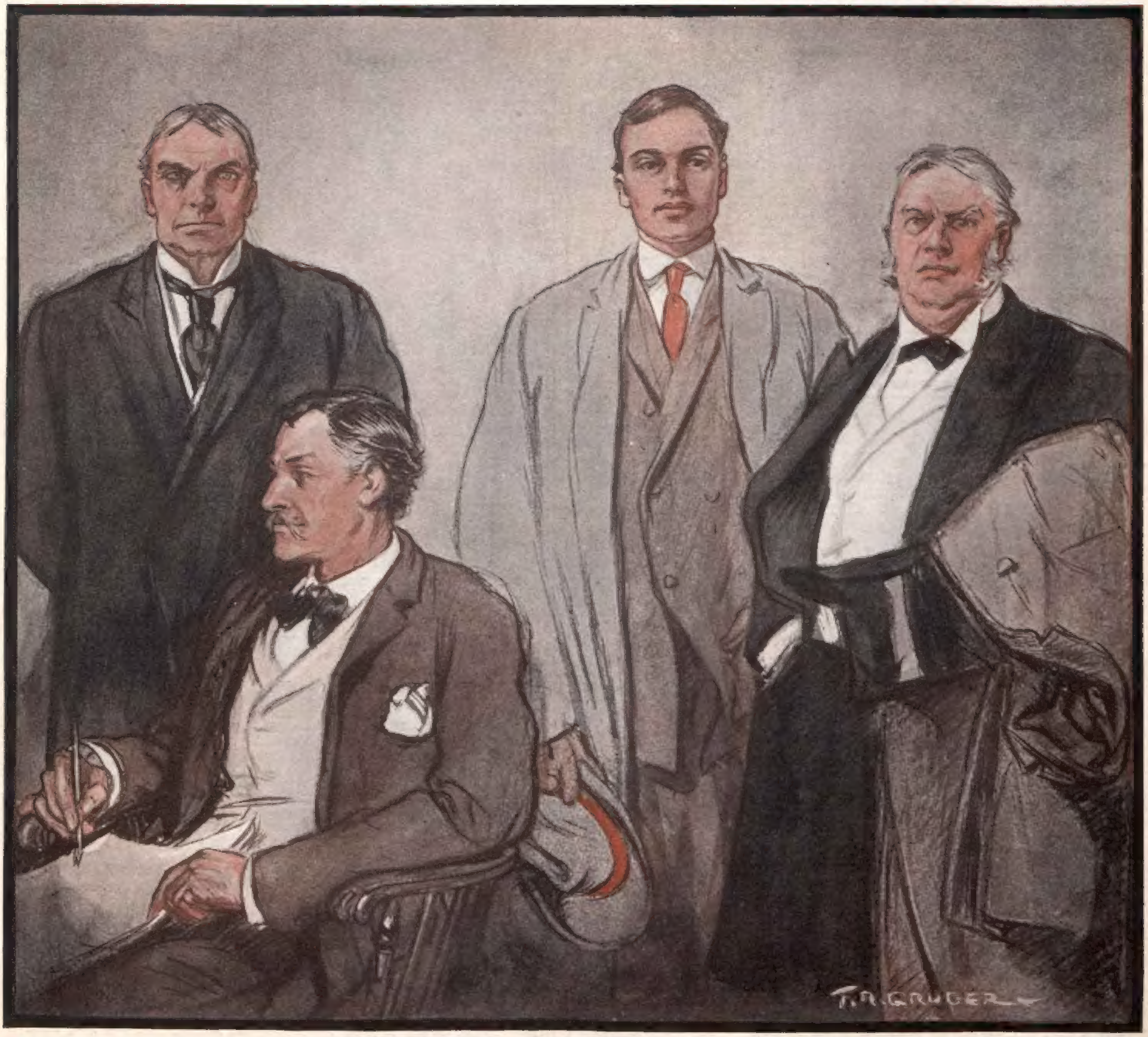
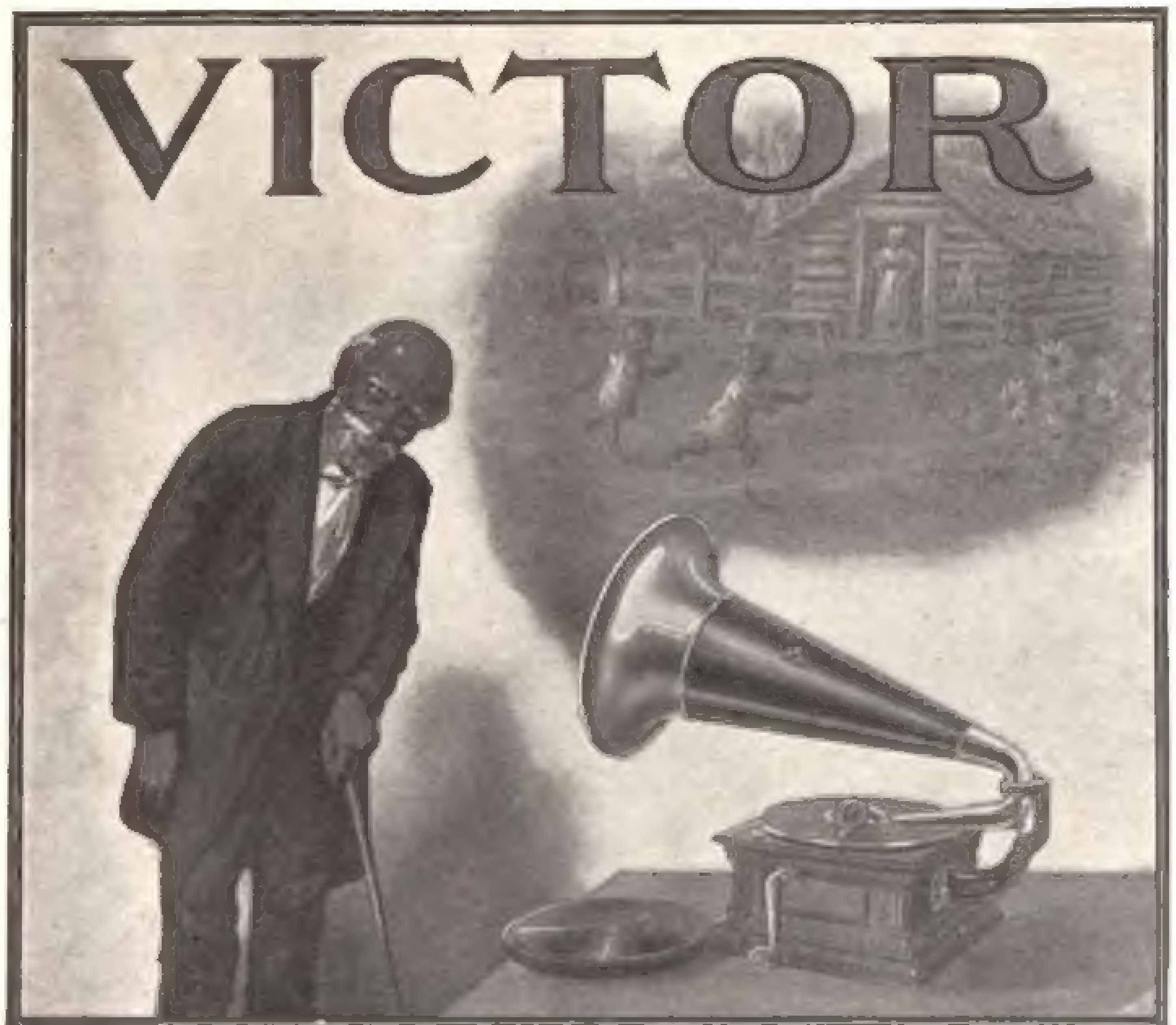


Letters to Unsuccessful Men

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

VICTOR



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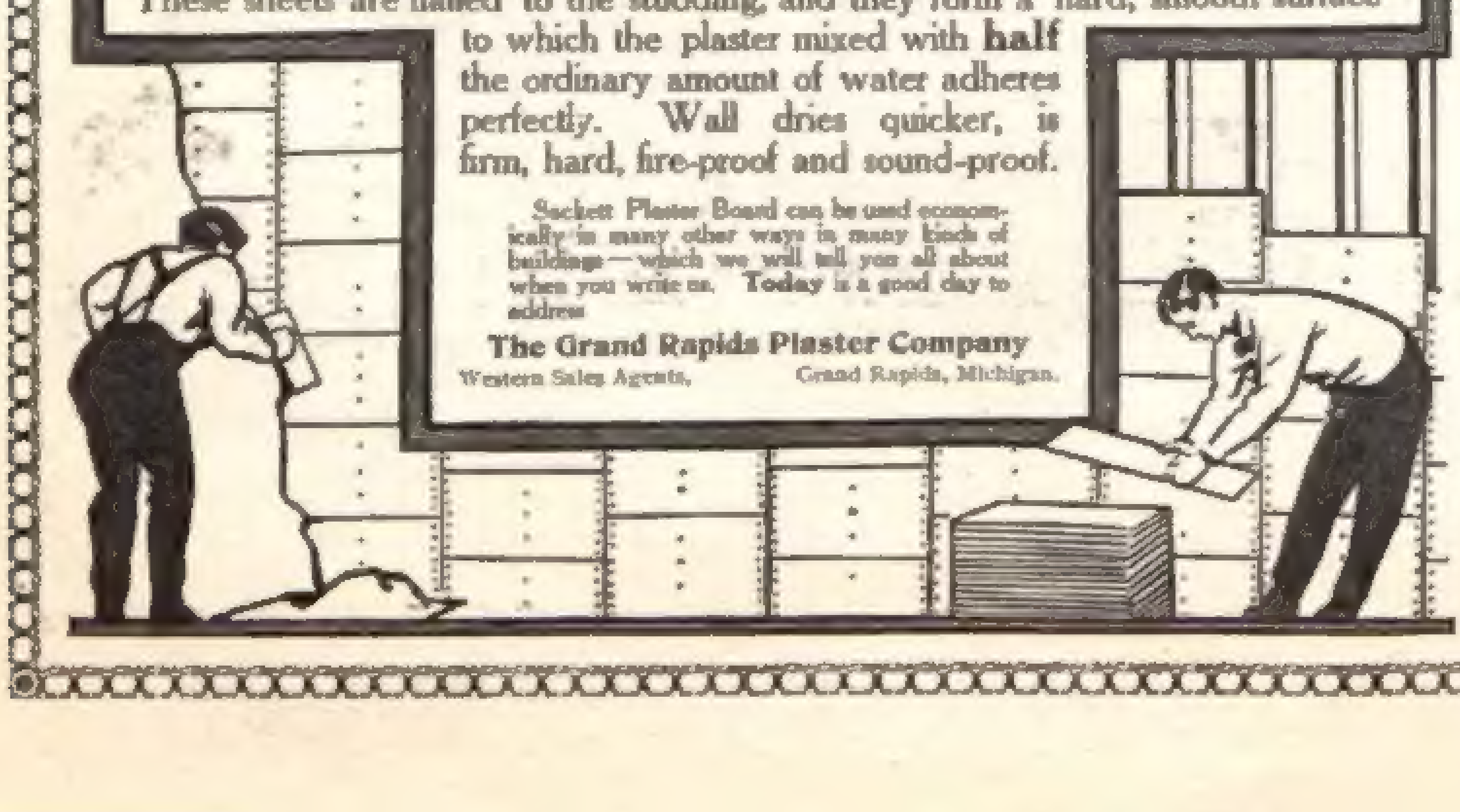

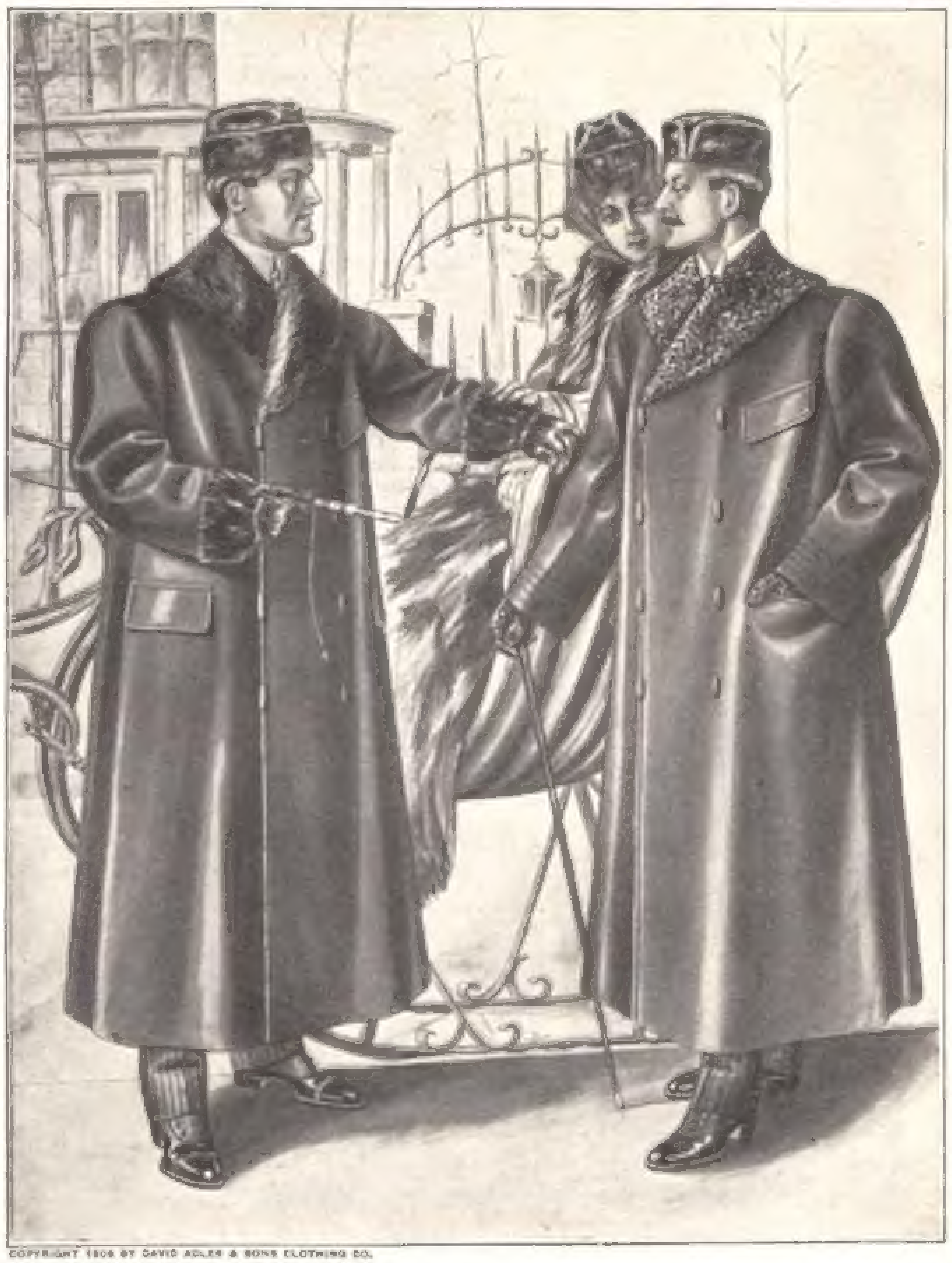

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MACHINE MADE OR HAND MADE?

Rule-of-Thumb *vs.* Exact Science

THERE are some present-day writers on the subject of paint who would have us believe that this important product is an excèption—that while all other industries have progressed, paint-making alone has not shared in the technical and scientific progress of the nineteenth century. By these "the old-time painter" is quoted as the last authority, and the "old this—or that—process" as a final achievement.

Imagine the same reasoning applied to the steel industry, agriculture, transportation, weaving, any modern industry with which the world is more or less familiar—how it would add to the gaiety of nations!

But fate has not been so unkind to the paint industry as these pessimistic writers would have us believe. The inquisitive chemist, the curious Yankee with his genius for change, improvement and tradition-smashing has been at work here as elsewhere. The eternal "why and wherefore?" of modern science has been propounded and answered in paint making as in steel manufacture, paper-making and in transportation and communication. Americans are not ancestor-worshipers like the Chinese, and, luckily for us, "the heirs of all the ages," the customs and prejudices of our great grandfathers are no more binding on modern Americans than the opinions of Charles the Bold.

As a matter of fact, the paint industry, since 1850, has been revolutionized, not only in methods of manufacture, but in volume of consumption and in the adaptation of product to purpose. New pigments have replaced many of the old products and new and more accurate methods of preparing the old ones that have not been replaced, have added to the beauty, efficiency and economy of paints in general. Among the colors, durable chemical compounds have replaced the old fugitive vegetable dyes, and improvements along this line are of almost daily occurrence. In all departments of the industry exact chemical knowledge has replaced the empirical hit-or-miss processes of an earlier day. The mere fact that paints which were formerly made by "recipe" are now produced by "formula" is immensely significant of the change.

The writer is familiar with one paint factory, and that not one of the largest, where two chemists are constantly employed in analyzing raw materials and testing the finished product. Every batch of paint turned out by this factory is subjected to a chemical test, a sun test, a weather test and a dampness test; and of these tests the last named three are continued over a period of years, so that the manufacturer can tell exactly what may be expected of any one of his products, under any conditions after any given period of exposure. Nor is this practice exceptional: if anything, it falls short of the thoroughness of the larger establishments.

Changes are made in formulas from time to time, but before the improved product is placed on sale it has undergone service tests which have absolutely demonstrated that the change is an improvement.

Oxide of zinc has appeared as a familiar constituent of paints only within the past fifty years. The same is true of sublimed lead, of zinc-lead, of the modern chromate greens, of gas and carbon blacks, of the alizarine and kindred lakes, of the permanent vermilions, of the so-called metallic browns and reds, the high iron oxides, etc.; and in each case these represent the application of exact knowledge to the service of daily life, a replacement of rule-of-thumb by scientific accuracy. But the one achievement of the paint manufacturer which in serviceability stands conspicuous above all the rest is the familiar product of every-day use known as "Ready-Mixed Paint." It is easy for one familiar with the subject to grow enthusiastic over it. It stands as typical of all that makes America what it is. It explains the action of certain German manufacturers who bought single machines at the Paris Exposition and reproduced them without removing the makers' names from the castings; it explains the Atabarra Bridge incident, which so alarmed English engineers a few years since; it explains American sewing machines in Europe, American cotton-cloth in Asia, American mining machinery in South Africa, American typewriters and what-not all over the world. In short, it expresses the one thing that makes America so different and so much better to live in than other countries—the utilization of technical knowledge, machinery and organization to place the comforts, advantages and utilities of modern civilization within the reach of all. It has made well-painted houses common and universal instead of exceptional and occasional. It has added immensely to the sum-total of domestic beauty, comfort and health.

Common things are so very common that their very commonness prevents us from realizing how wonderful they really are. Is it not a wonderful thing of to-day that one can go into any village store all over this land and buy for very little money any tint or shade of paint his fancy dictates and have a new dress put on his building without fuss, muss or worry, and withal paint that represents the intelligence of a generation of chemists, the skill of an army of trained specialists and the product of a hundred factories and laboratories?

It is worth noting that even the painter, who is rather inclined to look askance at all this progress, when asked to paint a house with his own hand-mixed productions, will commonly present a ready-mixed paint color card from which to select the tints he expects to match.

. It is also worth noting that very few painters can match any of these tints accurately, while a number of them are absolutely unmatchable with the facilities at the command of the paint shop.

The one advantage that the painter has is his ability to adapt the consistency of his paint to the character or condition of the surface to be painted. If it be spongy and absorbent he increases the liquid contents of his paint; if it be dense and non-absorbent he prepares a thicker paint. This also can be done with any good liquid paint. Such paint is always a little less fluid than is necessary and by the addition of linseed oil or turpentine, as indicated by the conditions, is readily adaptable. The painter who applies the ready-mixed paint can regulate its consistency as easily as that of his own mixture, and this is, after all, a minor detail.

The real question at issue is whether, starting with the half-finished raw materials of the paint industry, the finished product is likely to be superior if mixed by hand or if ground and incorporated together by the special machinery of a paint factory.

Writing of this subject in the *Scientific American*, Mr. Robert Job, late chemist of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, said:

> "What course shall the small consumer take to secure the most satisfactory results? Suppose, for instance, one wishes to buy a gallon of house paint. Shall he obtain a can of 'ready-mixed' paint from a dealer or shall he buy separately his pastes, oil and japan and make the mixture himself? Our feeling is that it would be safer to buy a ready-mixed compound made by a reputable manufacturer rather than purchase separately the constituents. In case of a purchase of ready-mixed paint, any difficulty or poor service would be referred directly to the manufacturer, and, consequently, it would be much to the interest of the latter to put upon the market only such material as he was willing to cover by his guarantee; for if this was not done, his future sales in that locality would probably be diminished. In other words, it would be clearly to his ultimate profit to pay careful attention not merely to the composition and general quality of the pigment, but also to be certain that the linseed oil was pure and well settled, that the japan was of good strength and free from constituents injurious to durability, and that only enough japan was added to give proper character to the oil. If each of the constituents was purchased separately adulteration would be likely to be present in any, and, hence, after the application of the paint it would be a difficult matter to fix the responsibility in case of failure. Another point in favor of the paint in ready-mixed form is that the materials would be run through the mills together and would, undoubtedly, be more uniform than if the small consumer prepared his own mixture, while also in the latter case there would be greater liability of poor results, due to excess of japan."

What Mr. Job says of the "small consumer" applies with equal force to the painter; for in comparison with a great railway company the painter is a "small consumer," and is exposed to all the abuses here indicated.

The mixed-paint manufacturer, on the other hand, makes his purchases by rigid standard and under chemical analysis; the composition of his product never varies, except by intention, and then only when extensive test has indicated that such variation will be an improvement.

Right here it is worth stating emphatically that there is no such thing as "pure paint," or "impure paint," nor can there be until the technical paint authorities have agreed upon standards of quality. There can be pure or impure white lead, oxide of zinc, chemical colors, etc., but paint is good or bad not by chemical formula but by service results. If a house that should have stood five years or more without repainting "goes to pieces," as the painter expresses it, in six months, it affords but little satisfaction to the owner to have it proved to him beyond peradventure that it was painted with "pure" white lead or "pure" anything else. Better an "impure" paint that will give adequate protection and service than a "pure" paint that succumbs to the first storm. This is a common-sense consideration worth bearing in mind when the subject of "purity" comes up in connection with paint. According to the arbitrary standard of those who rely on this argument of purity, no large railway company, no well-informed Board of Public Works, no technical Government authority in Europe, and no large consumer anywhere that has studied the matter experimentally, uses "pure" paint. Their standards, while differing in detail, are practically the same combinations that are met with in the high-grade ready-mixed paints from the large paint factories. Therefore the user of Ready-Mixed Paints is in good company and is following the most enlightened practice.

It is not intended by this to intimate that all ready-mixed paint is good paint, any more than to assert that all silverware is sterling, or that all cutlery is efficient. The brand, the service record of the brand, the standing of the manufacturer and the reputation of the dealer count in paints as in other things. But it is intended to assert as strongly and confidently as possible that good ready-mixed paints—such as are in the reach of all everywhere—are better, more economical, more durable and generally more satisfactory in every way than any other form of paint. Besides, they are up-to-date, American, and preëminently a civilized product.

A list of manufacturers of such paints, who will furnish further information, will be mailed to any address on request, by The Paint Grinders' Association of the United States, 973 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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The **EVERSTICK** is a common-sense rubber. It covers the sole of the shoe, and encircling the shoe where the upper and sole unite, gives full protection from wet and dampness. It allows the air to circulate over the foot and affords full ventilation of the shoe, thus keeping the foot in a natural, healthy, comfortable condition.

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> *"After full investigation, and because we have assured ourselves of its decided hygienic value and worth, we bestow upon the Everstick Invisible Rubber our unqualified editorial endorsement."*
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> — New York Health Journal, November, 1905.

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The Adams & Ford Co.

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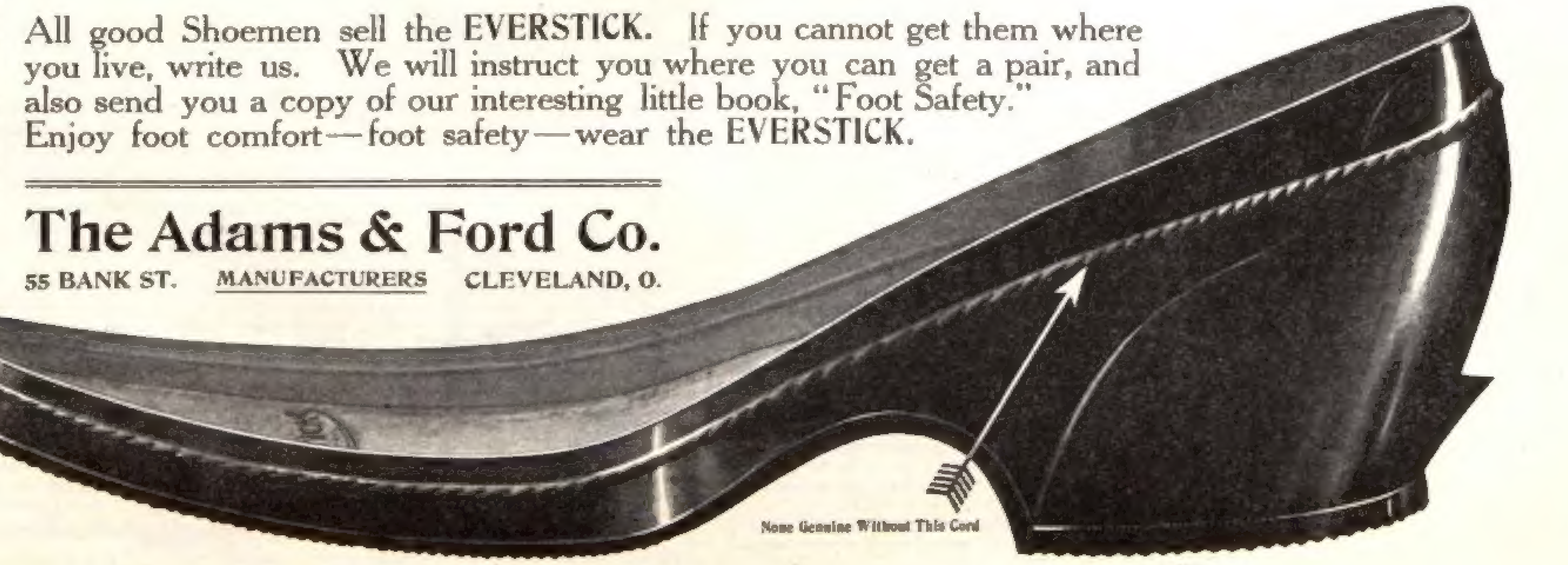
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Letters to Unsuccessful Men

Being Certain Letters Selected from the Private Correspondence of the Spurlock Family

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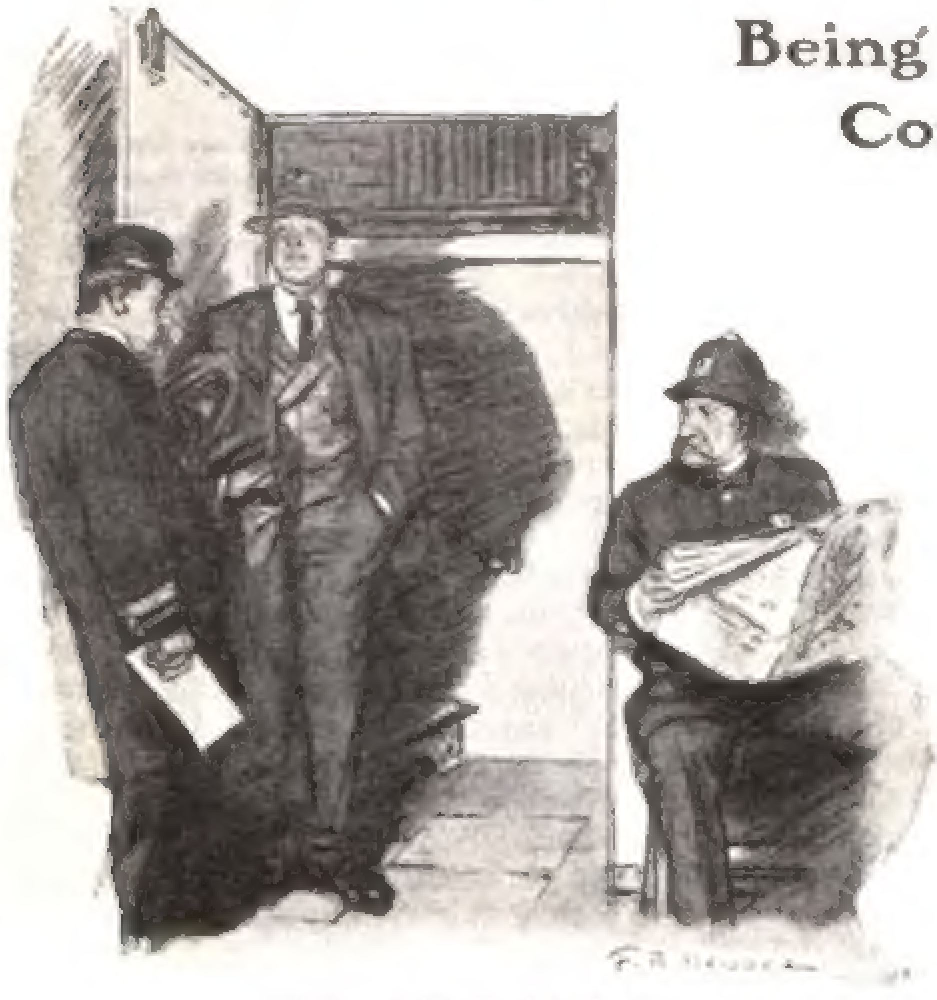
THE CORRESPONDENTS

William ("Bill") Spurlock, *aged 48, the youngest of the brothers, editor of the Cañon Echo and joint owner with a mortgage of the Zero Ranch.*

Jonas ("Con") Spurlock, *aged 57, president of the Consolidated Groceries Company, and stockholder and director in a dozen other trusts.*

Cassius Spurlock, *aged 61, multi-millionaire and Senator from a Middle Western State.*

Jack Spurlock, *the prodigal son of Jonas Spurlock.*



"One of Them Ha'voids"

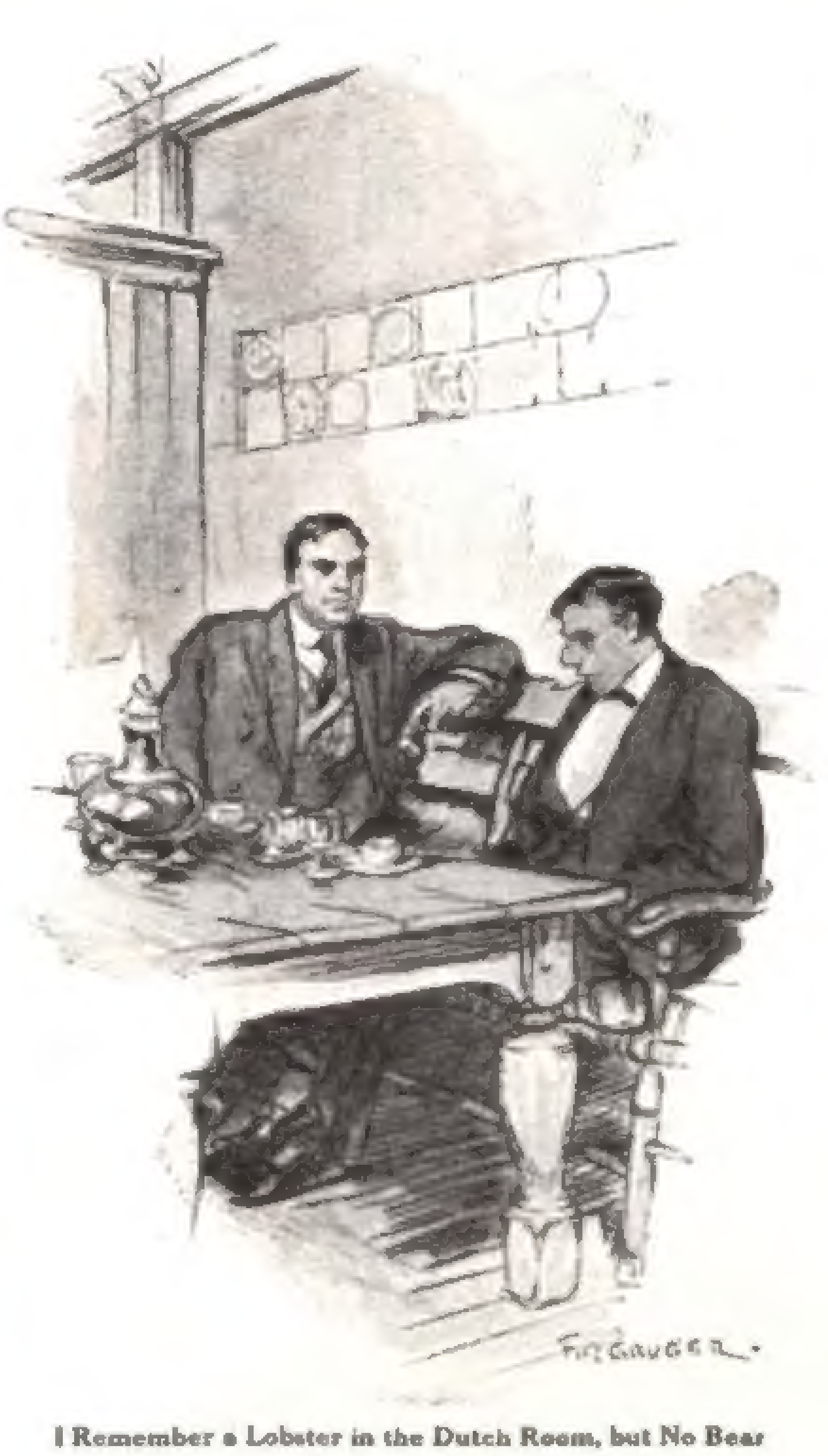
I—From Jack to Uncle Bill, in Which the Prodigal Introduces Himself

New York, October 27, 19—.

Dear Uncle Bill:

Yes, I was expelled all right, but it came as a complete surprise to me. I had expected to be dropped and I was working three tutors to the bone trying to move up a few parasangs to the position of foot of my class, when I was ruled off the course. It's rather a satisfaction, now that I look back on it, to think that, even if I did do some things of which I'm ashamed, I helped three deserving young chaps to work their way through college.

When my case came up before the faculty it was horse and horse between the professors who wanted to drop me for low stand and those who wanted to expel me for high jinks. Prexy compromised it in his usual tactful way by dropping me first and expelling me afterward—lifted me out with a drop kick. He was awfully nice about it—expressed his regret with just the proper shade of disapproval of me in his voice, and presented me with the *Citrus limonum* done up in such a choice package of language that I felt as if it were more than I should accept from a comparative stranger, but when I got outside and took the wrappings off, I found that he had handed me the lemon just the same. When it comes to beautiful thoughts, baked to a crisp brown in hot air, Prexy is the Savarin of the human intellect. It's rather curious, when you stop to think of it, that a professor should chide a fellow for low stand. He's like a dentist I knew once, who thoughtlessly kicked on the bad breaths of his patients, without stopping to reflect that the worse the breath the more business for him.



I Remember a Lobster in the Dutch Room, but No Bear

Honest, unkie punkie, they had no right to expel me. I was simply an innocent bystander, a looker-on in Vienna, the victim of a cruel misunderstanding, though I haven't been able to make any one believe it. It all began when I jumped out of bed, with my merry morning face, one afternoon a few weeks ago, and opened the bathroom door. I shut it—quick—between me and trouble. For there by the tub, licking up a cake of tar soap, stood a large black bear, with boxing-gloves on her forepaws, and a shy, sweet, Diana-surprised-at-the-bath expression on her face. Psychology has always been one of my favorite studies, and I noticed with a shock of surprise that, all recorded experience to the contrary, I distinctly felt that this was no time to swear off. Instead, I reached behind my set of Emerson and took a mild snort. Some day, when I have had more of my share, I shall write a thesis on this.

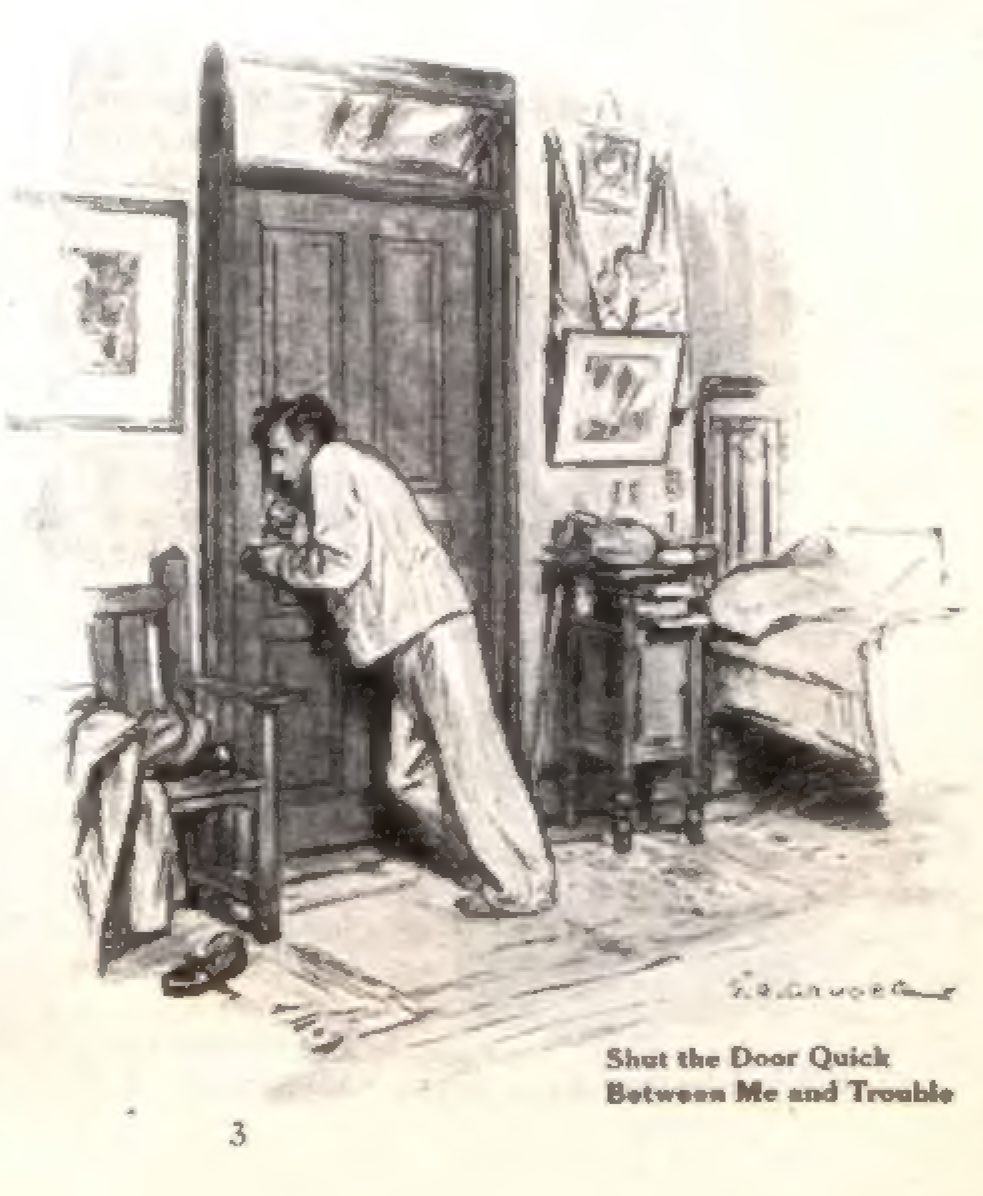
A moment's reflection convinced me that this was certainly no great moral lesson. The way the bear was getting the taste of the night before out of her muzzle, with a tar-soap shampoo, settled that. But why the mitts? And why a bear at all? Why not a cow with red stockings? It was a knotty one, so I took another, and settled down to see if I could find out just where *Ursus minor* had butted into my quiet, studious life.

The night before had begun with money from home. It came—by a way-train—in response to a special-delivery touch on the governor for a few hundreds with which to round out the quarter symmetrically. These lopsided quarters, that begin like one of Coal Oil Johnny's nights, and wind up like one of John D. Rockefeller's days, bewilder a man's stomach and finally make it cross. The governor's letter pained me deeply, for, though he coughed up, he did it with a hacking, congested sound. And yet, since he emigrated from Akron, with his little bundle of Consolidated preferred slung over his back, and had those Sunday-school-superintendent whiskers trimmed down to the captain-of-industry length, he has had half of Wall Street sleeping with its fortunes under the pillow. You know that his clean-up in Consolidated Groceries was so big that the men who chipped into his game out West call him "Con" Spurlock, but he's turned some new ones lately which make that look like an allowance for the children. Far be it from me knocking your brother, unkie, yet the easier he gets it, the harder he lets go. He's a fond parent, all right, but it's money he's fond of.

After I had cashed in, I started downtown by myself for an evening of quiet introspection. "Look within," as Marcus Aurelius so finely expresses it in the sixth book of his Thoughts; "let neither the peculiar quality of anything nor its value escape thee"; so it was me for the contemplative stunts. Philosophy's a queer study, unkie. It's easy enough to begin, but it's awfully hard to continue. First you have to go broke, and then you have to learn how to feel sorry for the boys with the coin. I get frightfully twisted about it, sometimes.

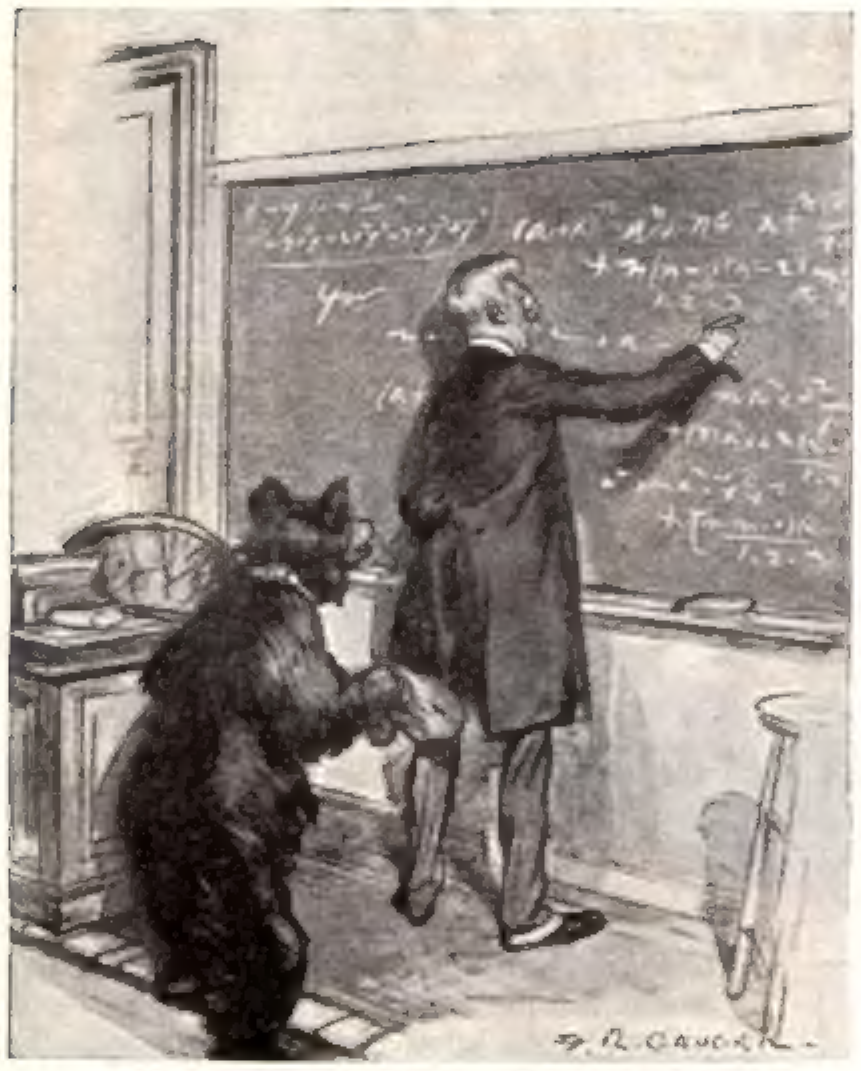
I stood the show at the Athenæum till a fine antique, with genuine Chippendale legs, came out and began to sing, "They are Sitting up with Sister, Oh! He Spurned a Loving Heart," winding up each verse with a rush of grief to the feet. If she could have landed on him just once with either hooflet, sister would have been avenged for fair.

It was one of those shows that you take two drinks after, and then a third, slower. That got me to the Touraine. I remember a lobster in the Dutch Room, but no bear; and when we were turned out—I had met Monty Applethorpe there, one of the Salem Applethorpes—fine, old New England family that sold rum in the fifth generation and buys it in the ninth—I remember our going over to the Common and thanking the Shaw statue for his public services; and Monty's crying because the days when a man could lay down his life for the flag were gone, and standing there singing, "My Country, 'tis of Thee"—Monty's specialty, when he gets a few in him, is patriotism—till a cop told us to scat or he'd pinch us. And I remember wringing the hand of John L. Sullivan in an all-night hotel and telling him that, if our colleges laid more emphasis on training



Shut the Door Quick Between Me and Trouble

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series which deals with the fortunes of the Spurlock family in general, and those of its prodigal in particular. The second chapter will appear in an early number.


Step by Step the Professor Demonstrated

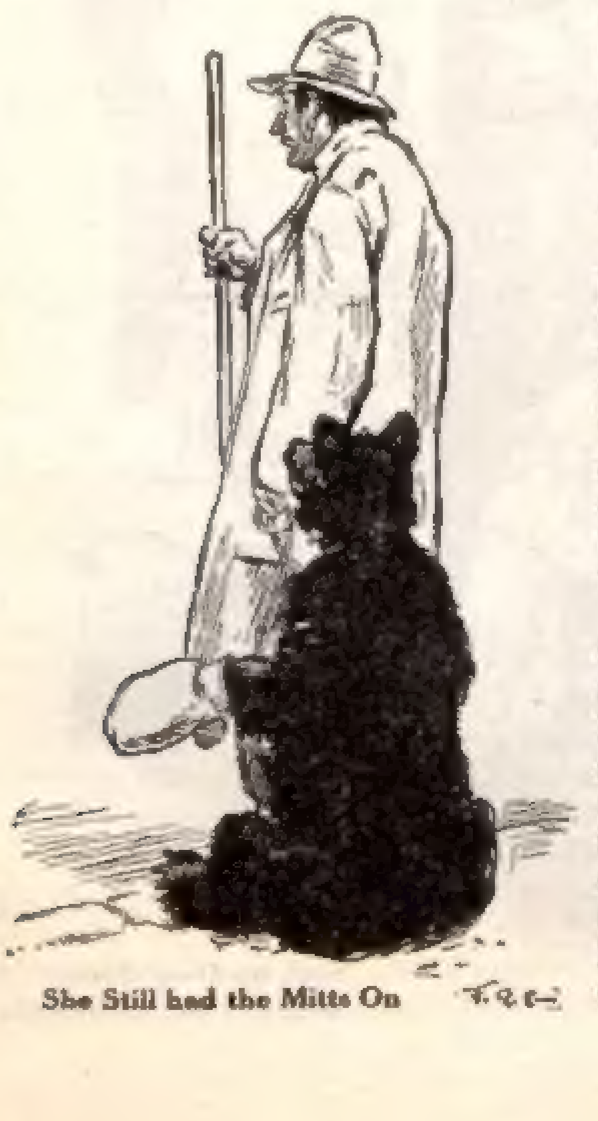
our youth in the manly art, Americans would be a hardier and more resourceful race; and somebody's yelling, "Trun out them Ha'voids"; and then dusting off my trousers as I got up off the sidewalk and hailed a seeing-Boston cab.

I don't just remember buying the stack of blues, but I still had a few of them left when the next rift in the clouds comes and the pure light of reason shines through. And I remember laughing heartily at seeing every one jump up and begin climbing a rope-ladder to the roof; and I remember that laugh's dying away in a sucking sound when I looked around and saw a big, brutal cop holding Monty by his left ear and just reaching for mine.

I started in to explain that we were students of sociology, out gathering material for our theses, but the cop interrupted with, "Cut it out—it's students of diviltry ye are!" which was a fairly sagacious observation for a cop.

Then I remember Monty's saying in a quiet, dignified way, "Here's my card," and beginning to explain that he was one of the Salem—but the cop cut that out, too, which was lucky for Monty, because by the time he had reached the station-house he had had another think and had decided that he was one of the Jamaica Plain Joneses. I had my second guess on the spot, and slipped a twenty in the cop's hand, with, "Here's *my* card, sergeant"; and he suddenly grew very polite and answered, "I see there's been a mistake in your case, Professor," and he took me down to the basement door and said to the cop on guard, "One of them Ha'voids," and to me, "Hump yourself!"

I humped myself, and that was where I got separated from Monty. The Salem Applethorpes pride themselves on being awfully simple in their tastes, in spite of their wealth, and I suppose Monty figured that it would be cheaper to pay a fine than to tip the sergeant. If you're a Salem Applethorpe you can be a tight wad and people will only say that you dislike vulgar ostentation, or you can blow it and they'll call you a *bon vivant* and a *connoisseur.* But when you're just two years out from Akron, and button up, people say that you smell with all that tainted money about your person; and if you loosen up to purify yourself with good works, they don't give the credit to you, but to your guilty conscience; or if you start in to reduce the surplus with good times, they call you a cheap spender.

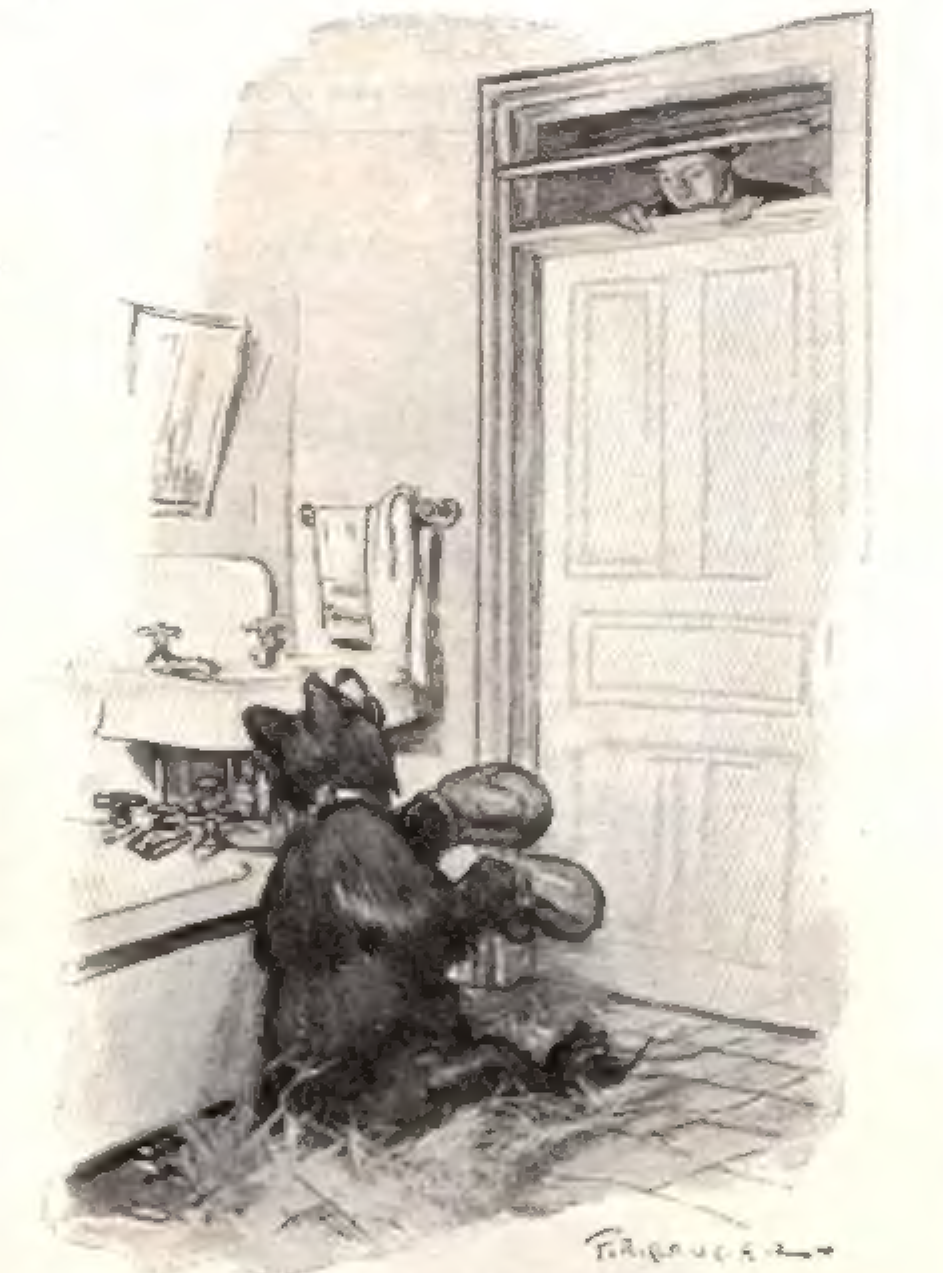

She Still had the Mitts On

There were a few poor films in the roll along here, for the next thing I remember was waking up in a car at Harvard Square, and that was where the bear came into the kinetoscope.

A dago was leading her across the square, taking her home, I suppose, after showing her off. She was a boxing bear, one of the sort that stands up and has a go with her master for the amusement of the thoughtless, and she still had the mitts on her paws. It struck me as awfully pathetic that an animal which had been born to the glad, free life of the wild should be degraded that way, and have to work nights putting up her dukes for a pittance of spaghetti money. So I stopped the dago and reproved him sternly for keeping a bear up so late. He rolled out some rare old Roman curses that sounded as if they might have been used by the populace in the Colosseum. They were new ones on me, and I almost forgot the bear in encouraging the dago to dig deeper into the dead past. But somehow, when the talk slackened, it came to me as a happy inspiration that while the city of Boston had the magnificent Arnold Arboretum, it was shy of bears with which to stock it. I would buy this denizen of the forest, and bring a little sunshine into its sad life by liberating it next day in the Arboretum, there to start a herd and pass its declining years in the old, wild way. It's strange how a few passed over the larynx will mellow and expand our rude Anglo-Saxon speech, but honest, unkie, I was thinking in just that kind of language.

I forget some more along here, but I must have bought the bear, all right, for when I felt for my roll in my waistcoat pocket I found that what the tiger hadn't got, the bear had.

As Epictetus quite sagely observes in the Enchiridion, "Men are disturbed not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things," and that was me right then. You must not think me lacking in filial feeling, for I could have had the rams at the thought of the governor's good money locked up in so slow an asset as a boxing bear. I might have realized if I could have stayed by the bear market. But I was like the bank cashier who, in answer to a hurry-call from his wife to get rich quick, loaded up with Steel Common at fifty, only to find the toboggan greased and the bank examiner at the door. It was up to me to do something quick. Already little brown eyes, having licked up the last of the tar-soap lather, was emitting low, horrid growls. This I took to be the signal for feeding the carnivora.


She Sniffed and Sat Down on It

I couldn't wash, and I couldn't shave, but I hustled into my clothes, figuring that, if I could find food enough, I could keep her quiet until twelve or one that night, when I would snake her out and lose her up the nearest dark alley.

But I didn't know what bears would eat. Strange how little help a college education is in the practical crises of life. I hunted through Thompson Seton's Biography of a Grizzly, that happened to be on the table, and found that his bear liked berries, but they were not for my little pet in the state of the privy purse, for strawberries were coming from lower Florida and then some by water, and my darling was good for a crate before she moved up to the breakfast-food course.

Suddenly I remembered something you told me once, when I was out on the ranch, about bears just lapping up sweet things. So I grabbed an empty suit-case, hiked over to the square, and bought five pounds of Huyler's. On the way home I stopped at a livery-stable and filled the suit-case with hay. I took a chance on that, because it's filling, and most big animals like to tuck it away and make spit-balls of it when nothing else is doing.

I didn't get back a moment too soon. The bear was growling so fiercely now that I could hear her out in the hall. At any moment some one who would want awkward explanations might happen along. Of course, there's nothing criminal about keeping a bear in your bathroom, but it's a bit unusual, and I suppose I'm unduly sensitive about appearing odd. Once inside I took a handful of chocolates, and, opening the bathroom door a crack, began to call softly, "Bearie, bearie, nice little bearie."

"They are Sitting Up with Sister, Oh! He Spurned a Loving Heart"

That was where you almost lost your favorite nephew, unkie; but I was quick again and Battling Nelson only got a mouthful of door-knob. Then, for adversity was making me a perfect Swiss Family Robinson, I stood on a chair and threw the hay over the transom. She sniffed and sat down on it. I felt like the Duke's son when he has two throws for the estates and has just shaken deuces. I tried a handful of chocolate creams; she shied off, came back to smell—and stayed to suck them up. In a minute I was Madame Zembla, before whose glance the proud monarchs of the jungle quail and tremble.

Still Sappho, as I had christened the sharer of my modest apartments, was plainly thirsty, but she was between me and the water supply. That might have discouraged a naturalist or a prohibitionist. Not me. I looked in the wood-box, found that there were a few left, and lowered a bottle over the transom on a string. Unkie, Sappho was not only an educated, but a dissipated bear. She was on in a minute. I had introduced the suds to her with a doubting heart, and it hadn't a show in the same room with her. Two gurgles and a grunt, and she was up to licking the foam from her whiskers, and looking up in a way that said, plainer than words: "You are so good to me."

I had just passed the third bottle down to her and was wondering how many it would take to make a bear good-natured, when I woke up to a rapping on my door, and a girl's voice saying:

"Knock louder, Mamma; he must be in."

Old Spinoza knew his business when he laid down Proposition LXIII in Part IV of his Ethics: "He who is led by fear to do good that he may escape evil, is not guided by reason"; but I didn't think of it until a week after Edith and her Mother had gone home. Instead, I remembered that they were there in response to an invitation which I had given them to take tea in my rooms that afternoon; and before I could think of anything else to do I had let them in.

I looked next morning and smelt last night, I'm afraid; and I started right in to talk very fast and loud because

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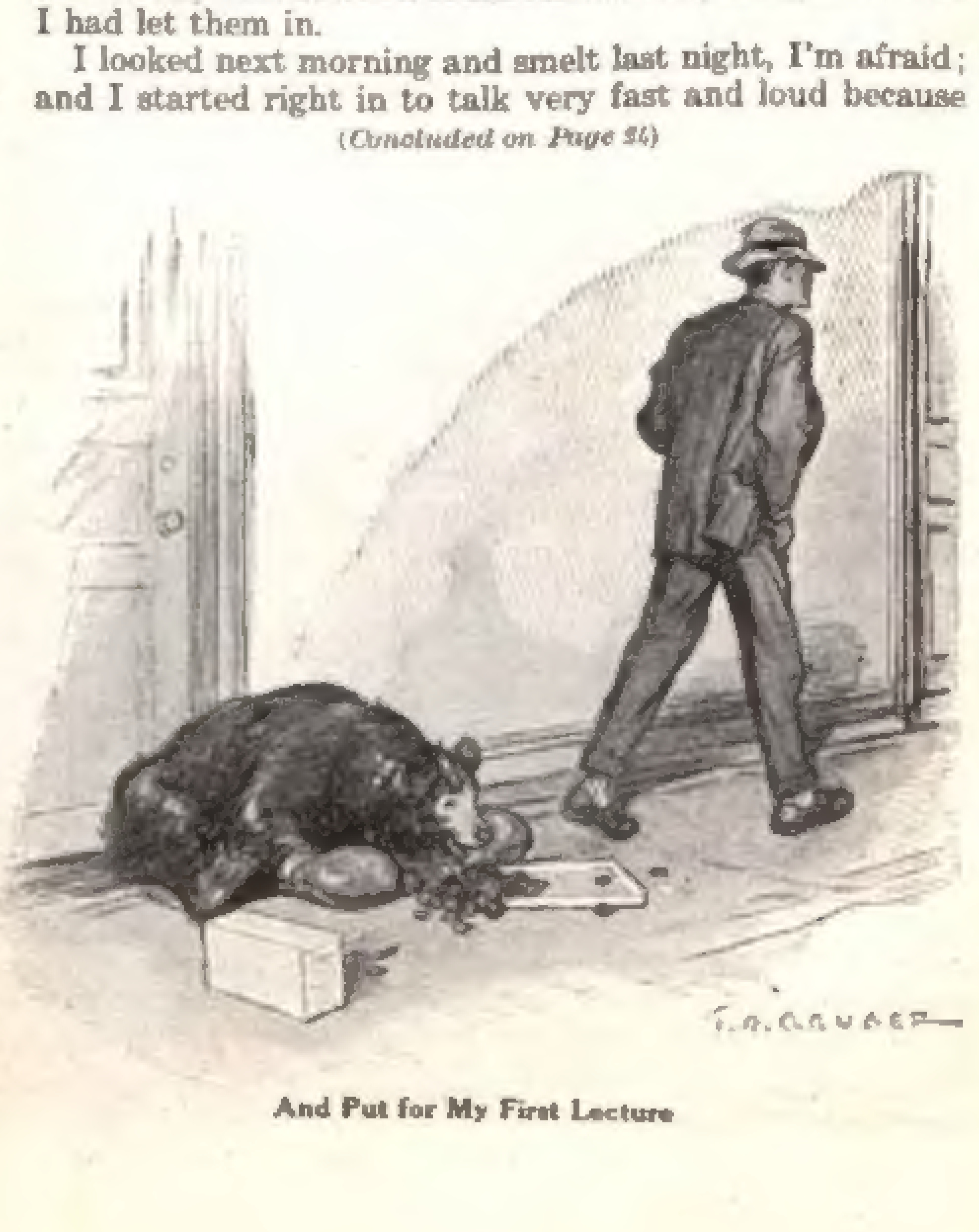

And Put for My First Lecture

DIOGENES PAUSES

Showing How Honesty is the Best Politics

BY

Jacques Futrelle

Diogenes was Passing Along the Highway, Lantern in Hand

THE political destiny of a great commonwealth was snugly tucked away in the pudgy palm of the Honorable Richard Fraker. He had but to wiggle a finger, and the executives of his State and a few odd cities kotowed humbly; he had but to clench a fat, apoplectic fist, and a governor and a legislature scuttled to cover like frightened rabbits in a warren. When he raised his voice, chaos was come. Such was the power of one suavely porcine individual whose proudest boast was that he had "never done nobody dirt."

Once upon a time an intrepid, but ill-advised, antagonist had declared, perhaps with truth, that the only difference between the Honorable Richard Fraker and a hog was that the hog did not eat pie with a knife. The Boss turned purple when he heard it and issued some orders. Thus it happened that this foolish hero was politically drawn and quartered and his head stuck up on a voting booth as a warning. After that, the Honorable Richard, with content in his soul, was able to sit down to his pie in peace—knife in hand. So his round cheeks grew rounder, his fat neck grew fatter, and his pig-eyes grew piggier.

It was only by the grace of an inscrutable Providence that the Honorable Richard's fat arms were long enough for him to interlock his puffy fingers across his paunch, and 'twas thus he sat now, complacently facing Mr. Jim Heckler Smith, owner, president and active manager of a vast military supplies manufactory.

Mr. Smith's eyes had never before been gladdened by a sight of The Boss in person, and he looked him over curiously. The Honorable Richard submitted gracefully to the scrutiny. It was in Mr. Smith's private office, and the door was closed.

"You ain't interested in politics, Mr. Smith?" remarked The Boss casually, after a time.

"No," replied Mr. Smith. "I have no time for that sort of thing." The Honorable Richard tastefully rearranged his shirt-front so that a seven-carat diamond stuck out more obtrusively.

"Yet you must have at least a thousand voters on your pay-roll," he purred. "If they was organized right they'd give you a pull. As it is, there ain't more than six hundred of 'em who vote right."

"I don't happen to know their politics," remarked Mr. Smith.

"Well, I do," declared The Boss emphatically, "and them who are voting wrong ought to be handled. Now look here, Smith, you vote our ticket. You ought to bring some influence to bear to get 'em in line. Every week you ought to drop a dozen or so who don't vote right. It would wake the others up."

Mr. Smith only kept on looking at him hard.

"I've got a list of them that ought to go first," volunteered The Boss. "I brought it with me."

Mr. Jim Heckler Smith was on the point of arising at that instant and pouring some impassioned words into the eager, grasping soul of the Honorable Richard Fraker. But he didn't. Instead he smiled a little, and tilted his chair back. It was the first time he had ever been behind the scenes; he was studying a revelation. The Honorable Richard waited patiently.

"You mean," ventured Mr. Smith at last, calmly, "if I let go a dozen men each week, the real cause of their dismissal will become known to my other employees, and they will feel constrained to 'vote right'?"

"That's the idea," replied The Boss enthusiastically. "You've always voted right, Jim, and there ain't no doubt but what you've got the interest of the party at heart. Now, you owe it to the party to line these men up right."

"I merely wanted to understand your idea perfectly," mused Mr. Smith.

The Boss leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief—satisfaction with a duty well done.

"You'll see it that way after you study it a bit," he said. "But I just mentioned that casually. It ain't really what I came to see you about."

"Ah, indeed?" remarked Mr. Smith.

The Honorable Richard moved his chair forward, and Mr. Smith displayed his interest by leaning toward him.

"Now, Jim, you have an annual million-dollar contract to furnish this State its military supplies," explained The Boss, and his voice was lowered cautiously. "You've had it two years and have made a bunch of money out of it. I know you're too good a business man to give 'em *real* guns and *real* ammunition, and I bet them tents you sold 'em are tissue-paper, eh, Jim?"

The Honorable Richard Fraker wheezed out a laugh and gayly poked Mr. Jim Heckler Smith in the ribs. Mr. Smith smiled pleasantly.

"*I* gave you that contract," added The Boss.

He leaned back comfortably to watch the effect of the words. Mr. Smith smiled with polite incredulity.

"The contract was awarded to me because mine was the lowest bid," he said.

The Honorable Richard wheezed another laugh, and for a fraction of an instant a heavy eyelid obscured one pale blue optic.

"But your bid *wasn't* the lowest," he said. "The Weston Arms Company bid thirty-seven thousand dollars less'n you. But I gave the contract to you."

The smile left Mr. Smith's face; he was frankly surprised.

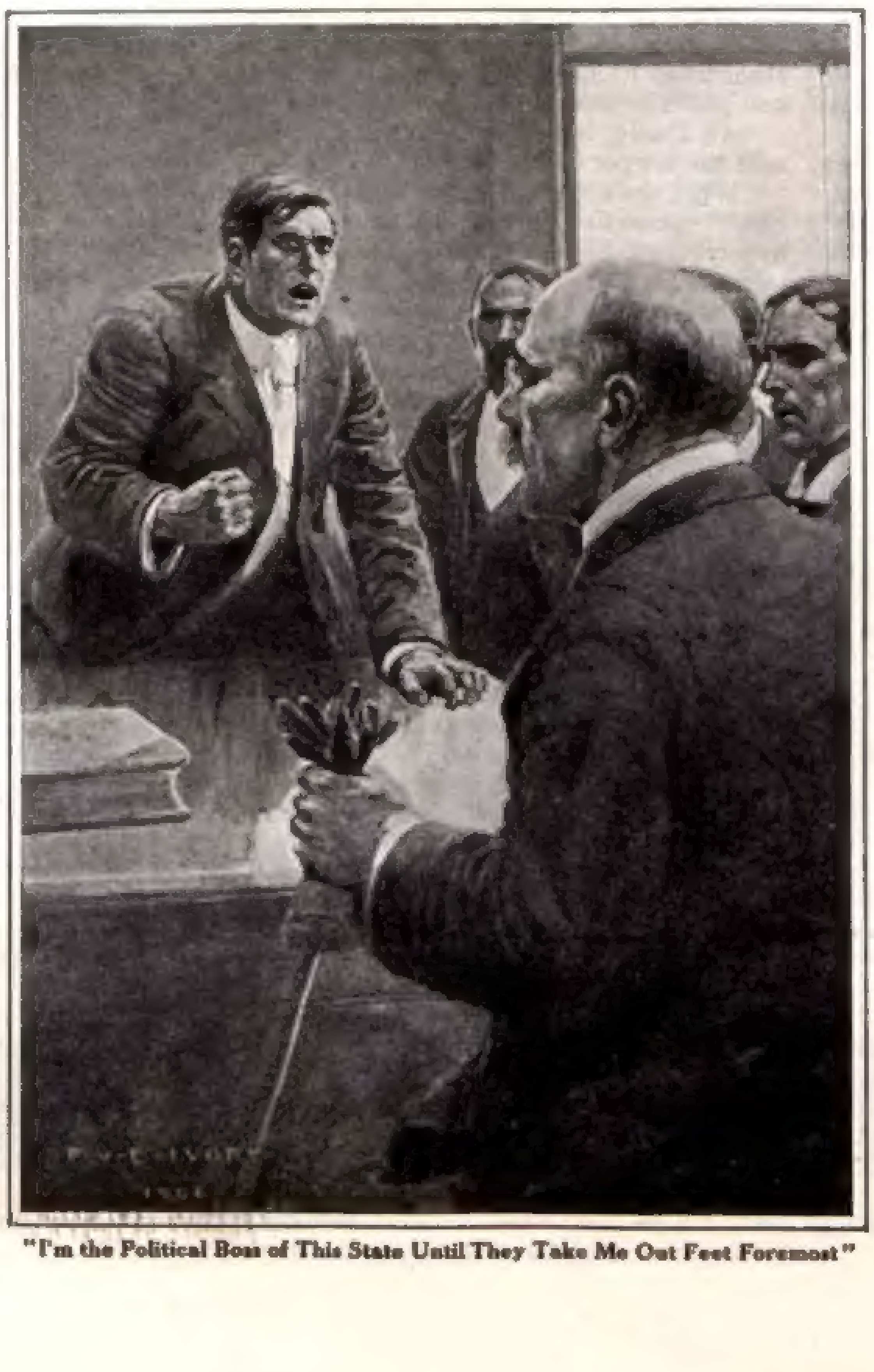
"If Weston's bid was below mine," he inquired at last, "why didn't Weston get the contract?"

"Because he don't vote right," explained The Boss naïvely.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Smith suddenly, "he knew what my bid was! Why didn't he make a fight? Why didn't he take it into court?"

"He don't vote right," repeated The Boss. "He ain't got any standing in court."

Mr. Smith arose and glared at The Boss. Evidently he, Jim Heckler Smith, business man, was in his swaddling clothes when it came to politics.



"I'm the Political Boss of This State Until They Take Me Out Feet Foremost"

Diogenes Picked Up His Lantern and Hurried On

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you say who and what shall be heard in the courts of this State?"

The Honorable Richard dismissed the question with a deprecatory wave of his fat hand.

"I stand by the friends of the party," he said.

Mr. Smith suddenly became calm, and sat down again.

"You ain't got any kick coming, anyhow," continued The Boss, "because you've got the contract. In two years we'll say you've made—say half a million out of it. You've got a thousand men working nine hours a day. That's the point I'm coming to—nine hours a day."

Mr. Smith waited for elucidation.

"Next week an eight-hour bill will be introduced in the legislature because the labor men want it. If it passes, after present contracts run out, the State will have to have all its supplies made in factories where they work only eight hours. And that's where you lose, because, to keep the contract, you'd have to cut your nine-hour day to eight hours, and you couldn't reduce wages, for you'd be tangled up with labor unions right off the bat. Therefore, you'd lose one hour's work from each man each day—one thousand hours a day—and this would make a difference to you of sixty or seventy-five thousand dollars a year."

The Honorable Richard had evidently studied the situation some. Mr. Smith turned and figured it out on paper.

"You don't want this here eight-hour law," resumed the Honorable Richard, "and there's a way it can be beat in the legislature. It wouldn't take much money—only half a million."

"Only half a million!" mused Mr. Smith. His brows were drawn together in deep thought.

"A lobby against the bill is what I mean," The Boss went on. His brows, too, were drawn down; he was studying his man. "Four other concerns hold State contracts and work their men nine hours. They are against this bill, and each one of them has contributed one hundred thousand dollars for a lobby. Another hundred thousand would complete the half million. This legislature goes on for two months more and then goes out of existence. There is an election in the fall, and I might—I say I *might*—be able to arrange it so the eight-hour bill won't come up again for three years."

Mr. Smith arose and paced back and forth across the room several times. He was evidently making up his mind.

"By George, you're right," he exclaimed at last, almost enthusiastically. "It could be done, and my share would be only one hundred thousand dollars."

"I knew you'd see it, Jim," remarked the Honorable Richard, and he rubbed his fat fingers together. "I said to myself that Jim Heckler Smith is too good a business man to ——"

"Pardon me just a moment," interrupted Mr. Smith. He left the room, was gone for half a minute, then returned. "You were saying ——"

"Too good a business man to throw down a contract which he can keep for three years more by spending a little money," concluded The Boss.

"It's a good scheme," said Mr. Smith. "I've made up my mind on it. But don't you think it would be better—cheaper at any rate—to block the bill before it is introduced?"

"That ain't politics," remarked the Honorable Richard from the height of his superior knowledge. "We've got to introduce it and make a fight to keep the labor vote in line."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Smith, and he laughed. "Sort of coax 'em along, eh? Of course, I don't understand these things and you're a past master. I'll give you a check now."

"No, no, no!" expostulated the Honorable Richard in sudden fright. "No check. One of my men will fix that up with you later."

And for ten minutes they chatted on like friends of youth. It was Jim this and Dick that, and half a dozen funny stories, after which the Honorable Richard arose to go.

"Oh, by the way, Dick," remarked Mr. Smith, "you never have seen my factory. Step out this way into the shipping-room a minute. It'll surprise you."

With radiant good humor beaming from his fat face, the Honorable Richard followed Mr. Smith through the offices and along a hall. Mr. Smith threw open a door, and the Honorable Richard walked out upon a small platform which overlooked a huge shipping-room. Then he stopped suddenly.

Packed in the room, elbow to elbow, were one thousand men—workmen with grimy faces, and in overalls. The Honorable Richard turned back precipitately.

"It won't do for all them voters to see me here," he blurted in sudden dismay.

Mr. Smith closed the door of retreat and smiled pleasantly; after which he stepped to the front of the platform.

"Gentlemen," he said, "permit me to introduce to you the Honorable Richard Fraker, the peerless leader of our party in this State. I shall lead in the cheering."

There came a roaring response. The Honorable Richard recovered himself with a jerk, and blushed and bowed in embarrassment. His sacred figure had never before been placed on public exhibition. The roar continued until Mr. Smith, still smiling, raised one hand.

"I take particular pleasure in introducing the Honorable Richard Fraker to you in this informal manner," he continued, "because I know his natural modesty would have prevented a more formal meeting—a modesty, gentlemen," and Mr. Smith's voice dropped a little, "which had made him almost unknown by sight to those thousands of voters of the great party which he so wisely directs."

The modest one tried the door behind him; it was fastened.

"In him you see labor's greatest friend," Mr. Smith went on, "a perfect embodiment of our governmental progression; the mast-head of political purity in our grand old State. In him you see the incomparable man whose word you accept as the final one; in him you see one whose leadership has placed labor in its exalted position of to-day. And, gentlemen, in him you see the dirty, sordid scoundrel who has just urged me to discharge those of my men who don't 'vote right'; the thief who wants one hundred thousand dollars from me as his pay to defeat an eight-hour law which you men want. There he stands. Look at him!"

There was one of those tense silences which follows violence. The Honorable Richard didn't say anything; he merely gurgled, and a hideous, new-born hatred glowed in his purple face. Mr. Smith paused as if waiting for him to speak; but he didn't speak. Mr. Smith continued:

"I don't know your politics, gentlemen. I have never tried to say whom you shall vote for, but now I am going to say that if any man in my employ ever votes for a person who has the sanction and approval of the Honorable Richard Fraker, I shall dismiss him—fire him—kick him out! Meanwhile now, to-day, this minute, an eight-hour work-day goes into effect in this factory. Wages will remain the same."

There was another pause. A ripple of applause was started, then died away as Mr. Smith, with clenched fist, tickled the pudgy nose of the Honorable Richard Fraker.

"That is my answer to you!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Now get out of here!"

. . . .

Diogenes paused incredulously, and scratched his chin-whiskers.

. . . .

Mr. Jim Heckler Smith took a full day to digest the occurrence, then he sent for a lawyer—one Palmerton Guy, a wise, dispassionate, long-faced young man of thirty-five, who had, on divers occasions, achieved the impossible for him. Mr. Guy entered quietly and took a seat. Mr. Smith was pacing back and forth across the room. Finally he turned to the lawyer.

"Who is the Honorable Richard Fraker, anyway?" he burst out.

"The political boss of this State," replied the lawyer tersely.

"Well, *what* is he, then? *Who* is he? Where did he come from?"

"He came from the same place all political bosses come from—nowhere. No one knows who he is beyond the fact that, years ago, his father was a street-sweeper with companions of the gutter. As to what Fraker is, you can best judge by the fact that he served one year in prison for shooting at a man. That was when he was a boy—seventeen or so."

"Do you mean to say that a man of that calibre has absolute political power in this State?" roared Mr. Smith.

"Yes—he is the boss," replied the lawyer. "How he became boss I don't know. He is bold, unscrupulous and clever, in a way, and has a reputation for keeping the promises he makes."

"But he's crooked, isn't he?"

"He is. Every one knows it, but I doubt if it could be proven in a court of law."

"Does he *own* the courts?"

"His influence is always felt when he is interested."

"Well, if everybody knows all this, why don't the voters of this State kick him out?"

"I couldn't tell you—they just don't."

"Well, by George!" And Mr. Smith sat down. He was learning something of politics. "It's perfectly incomprehensible how a big, mud-brained, vulgar hog, who's so fat he hasn't seen his feet in fifteen years, can rule a State peopled by human beings. Is he rich?"

"He is reputed to be enormously wealthy. He owns every other saloon in this city."

Mr. Smith was thoughtful for several minutes.

"Well, if there must be a boss why don't the people take the boss of the other party instead of this—this overgrown squash?"

"The other Boss is worse than Fraker—he killed his man."

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Mr. Smith again. "Let me tell you what Fraker did here."

And at great length, broken frequently by expletives, Mr. Smith detailed to his attorney the happenings of the previous day. Then he was surprised because Mr. Guy wasn't surprised.

"He has done that sort of thing for years," explained the lawyer when the other had finished. "The scheme is to give a big contract to a man who is not in politics, thereby gaining a certain credit in the popular mind. Later, after the man has had an opportunity to make something, Mr. Fraker bleeds him as he has attempted to bleed you. It's quite simple—that's all there is to it. Yours is the only case I know of where the scheme didn't succeed."

Mr. Smith was sitting upright, staring at the attorney.

"Do you mean to say that they submit to a gouge like that?"

"Invariably—it means money to them."

"How—how do they keep from killing him?"

The lawyer wasn't good at riddles. There was a pause.

"You know now you'll lose the State contract?" asked Mr. Guy.

"I know it, yes," said Mr. Smith. "It wasn't mine, anyhow." He was silent a moment. "Is there any ground for action against Fraker for what happened here?"

"No," was the reply. "He was merely seeking contributions to a fund for a lobby. Lobbies are permitted. You couldn't get into court with this, and I may warn you now that, since you've antagonized him, he'll exert every effort to ruin you."

Mr. Smith arose angrily and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. He walked twice across the office, then stopped and glared at the lawyer.

"Ruin me, will he?" he asked. "Ruin me! I'd be a sad affair to stand still and let him do it, now, wouldn't I? Let me tell you, Mr. Guy, if ever I get after the Honorable Richard Fraker I'll make him climb a tree and pull the tree up after him. *Ruin me!*"

"As I said, it's difficult to get after him," said the lawyer impassively.

"Why, *isn't* there some way to get after him?" demanded Mr. Smith savagely. "If he's crooked, he must have made some mistakes in his life. I make 'em myself, and I'm conducting a legitimate business and trying to be honest. If I make 'em, he makes 'em—because I've got more brains in my head than he ever heard of. Do you hear that?"

"Doubtless," admitted the lawyer without enthusiasm. "He has made mistakes, probably, but it would take money to find them, and no one has ever been sufficiently interested to undertake a prosecution." There was a pause. "And besides," he added, "his influence is strong in the courts."

"How much would it take to find his mistakes?" demanded Mr. Smith. "I mean a mistake that a court *must* pay attention to."

"I don't know. It might take ten thousand dollars and it might take a hundred thousand."

Mr. Smith considered the matter in silence, and gradually a beatific smile grew upon his face.

"You know, Guy," he said at last, "I haven't indulged in a luxury all my life. I've been too busy. Now I'm going to revel in delight. I'm going to nail Mr. Honorable Richard Fraker to the wall. Do you understand me? Get the evidence that will send him to prison, the longer the better. I want something tangible—something real. Can you get it?"

"I can try to get it," was the modest rejoinder. "I'll have to *find* his mistakes first."

Mr. Smith sat down and seized a check-book. He wrote for half a minute, then turned and handed the slip of paper to the lawyer.

"There's twenty-five thousand dollars," he said. "Go to work now, and, if that isn't enough, come back. Ruin me! I'll be right there when it happens! I've got this factory here, and, for the present, it's paying me a million dollars a year. I'll just blow myself now to put the Honorable Richard Fraker clean out of the game."

. . . .

Diogenes put down his lantern and took a seat.

. . . .

It was just four months and eleven days later that Mr. Guy called at the office of Mr. Jim Heckler Smith for a long consultation. When Mr. Guy had gone, Mr. Smith pressed the buzz-button for his stenographer.

"Take this letter," he commanded, when she appeared. "Honorable Richard Fraker, No. 1111 Fourth Street, City. Sir: Come up to my office immediately, this afternoon, now. Yours, etc."

"Is that all, sir?" inquired the stenographer.

"It's quite enough," replied Mr. Smith grimly. "I'll sign that; then mark the envelope personal, and send it down by special messenger. Tell him to wait for an answer."

One hour later the special messenger returned.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Smith.

The special messenger blushed and stammered in embarrassment.

"Well, well? What was his answer?"

"Excuse me, sir," faltered the messenger, "but he told me to tell you he'd see you in—in Hades first."

Mr. Smith pressed the buzz-button for his stenographer.

"Take this letter," he directed. "Honorable Richard Fraker, No. 1111 Fourth Street, City. Sir: If you don't come up to my office I'll come down to yours and bring you up. Yours, etc."

The Honorable Richard Fraker beat the messenger back. When he entered, his fat face was almost ashen with rage and a fear which his dull imagination had conjured up from the imperative command. He read danger, because the Honorable Richard had been well aware of the interest certain persons had recently displayed in his past, and he remembered, whether anybody else did or not, that he had made one grave mistake. His manner was almost apologetic.

"Sit down," commanded Mr. Smith curtly.

Some of the Honorable Richard's color returned at the sharp order.

"Now, look here, Jim, you can't bluff ——" he began.

Mr. Smith turned on him with livid face.

"Don't speak to me as if you ever saw me before!" he thundered. "My name is James Heckler Smith—*Mister* James Heckler Smith—and I'm an honorable, decent, honest man—something you are not. Call your pals in crookedness what you like, but I am *Mister* Smith."

The Honorable Richard's mouth dropped open. The flush of color in his face was gradually making it purple. The most malignant hatred coupled with a sort of cringing fear shone in the pig-eyes.

"You have never in all your life been talked to as you deserved," continued Mr. Smith more calmly. "Now I'm going to tell you some things that are good for your soul."

He paused long enough to light a cigar. The Honorable Richard also lighted one with trembling, fat fingers. Mr. Smith's brows were drawn down and unrelenting, merciless gleams flashed in his eyes.

"I've read a great deal about political bosses, and I've heard a great deal about political bosses," Mr. Smith began evenly, "but I had never seen one until I saw you. I had supposed they were a myth, like the dodo-bird; that all this talk of their power and of corruption was a part of the game of politics. But, since I saw you, I have changed my mind. I know that this power and corruption exist; that a gang of crooks under your control get their share of every public dollar in this State."

The Honorable Richard drew himself up with a certain dignity.

"You forget that I ——" he expostulated gurglingly.

"Shut up!—I forget nothing!" blazed Mr. Smith. "I happen to know that, since I answered your demand for one hundred thousand dollars as I did"—and he paused to smile grimly at the recollection—"you have pulled every wire in your power to ruin me, to smash me. And you have power, because I've felt it in the last four months. I know that my contract with the State won't be renewed, and it shouldn't be."

The Honorable Richard was getting his nerves back. It seemed to be only a lecture; that wasn't so bad.

"You have felt it," he declared venomously, "and you will feel it more." He paused to puff from the violence of the remark. "I'll put you out of business if ——"

Mr. Smith shook his head.

"No, you won't have time—you're going away," he remarked, "and you're going suddenly. You're going to-morrow, and you're going to Europe, and you're going to stay until I get good and ready for you to come back—and I have no intention of getting good and ready. Don't make any mistake about that."

The Honorable Richard stared at this masterful person in amazement and awe. Mr. Smith leaned forward and took an envelope from his desk. From this he drew a slip of paper and held it before the other's eyes, but safely beyond his reach.

"This little slip of paper," Mr. Smith went on, "cost me precisely seventy-eight thousand, three hundred and forty-two dollars and ninety-seven cents, and four months and eleven days of mental anxiety. Do you happen to know what it is?"

"I don't care what it is!" blustered The Boss.

"This is the sole record of the one mistake of your political life," went on Mr. Smith. "It happened six years ago when you first began to get your grip as the big boss, and in the first flush of power you were not careful; you were money-mad. *Now* do you know what it is?"

The Honorable Richard knew. The deadly pallor of his face and the nervous workings of his fingers told his inquisitor that he knew.

"It's a check for fifty thousand dollars," continued Mr. Smith. "It was issued to and indorsed by Richard Fraker, and drawn by the Inter-City Traction Company in payment for a franchise granted by your dummy legislature." Mr. Smith drew two other papers from the envelope. "Now, don't think there is any mistake or argument about it," he went on. "Here is the affidavit of the man who gave you the check, and here is the affidavit of the man who cashed it. You were reckless because your power was new, and you wanted to display it. Now you don't take checks. You refused mine for twice fifty thousand dollars."

The Boss staggered to his feet and stood for an instant with upraised hand, threateningly. Mr. Smith looked at him with a slight, dog-like curl to his upper lip. The Boss faced him for a bare moment; then all bluff and bluster passed—the abject cowardice of the man asserted itself.

"I—I—what are you going to do with it?" he stammered huskily.

"It wouldn't do any good to put you in jail, so you're going to Europe to-morrow," Mr. Smith informed him. "When I receive a cable dispatch announcing your arrival I shall put the check and affidavits in an envelope, seal it and place it in a safe-deposit vault. The first time you show your face on this side of the Atlantic Ocean that safe-deposit vault will be opened, and you can guess the rest. I may say that I have altered my will and made provision for a sum sufficient to prosecute you in case I should die. In other words, you are exiled."

"But I don't want to go to Europe!" protested The Boss weakly.

"I don't give one continental whoop what you *want* to do," remarked Mr. Smith. "It's Europe or jail."

For a full minute The Boss stood staring at him, and the brain behind the pig-eyes was doing a tremendous amount of work.

"I had much rather retire from politics and remain in this country," he ventured finally.

"You seem to misunderstand this thing," remarked Mr. Smith almost pleasantly. "You are not retiring—you are kicked out. Now is it Europe or jail?"

The Boss was silent for a long time. It was the first time he had ever come up against a stone wall.

"Which is it?" demanded Mr. Smith again.

"Europe," murmured The Boss feebly.

"Very good." And Mr. Smith arose. "It's rough on Europe, but I can't help that. You have had your filthy paws on this State long enough. Now, I'm going to be the boss here—a boss such as nobody else ever heard of—an honest one. And there isn't room enough for one honest man and you on the same continent."

. . . .

Diogenes smiled approvingly.

. . . .

Within something less than three years Mr. Jim Heckler Smith had made himself the political boss of his State. It is not within my province to explain miracles, but boss he was—an undisputed monarch, jealous of his rights. The Governor, Frank Terrell, had rolled into office on a floodtide of ballots, and his was the highest voice in the State—after Jim Heckler Smith. Palmerton Guy was Attorney-General, and one hundred and ninety legislators out of two hundred and thirty-four were pledged to vote Smith's way.

So the Smith Governor was inaugurated, the Smith Legislature listened to the Smith Governor's message—which detailed at some length what Smith thought about things as they were—and Smith's Attorney-General went in to clean the Augean stables. Then, one day, when the squeaky places had all been worked out of the new State machinery, Philip S. Baker called upon Mr. Smith.

Baker was a smooth, shrewd, gifted individual, who was looked upon generally as Mr. Smith's right hand, for the reason that he had been able to untangle some knotty places in the campaign by right of superior political experience. He sat down modestly.

"Well," he began, "the Governor's on the job."

"Yes," replied Mr. Smith.

"And the legislature is at work."

"That's what it's there for," said Mr. Smith.

Baker leaned far back in his chair and studied the ceiling. Mr. Smith was staring at him inquiringly. Finally Baker's eyes were lowered.

"Well, what's the game?" he inquired casually.

"What game? What are you talking about?"

"The boys are waiting for orders," elucidated Baker. "What'll you have?"

"What'll I have? I don't want anything."

Baker smiled with polite self-effacement.

"Of course we all know you didn't do this thing for your health," he observed slowly. "If you'll just give me a tip—is it the military supplies contract?"

Mr. Smith came to his feet with blazing eyes and brought one clenched fist down on his desk so hard that it made the telephone jingle. Baker jumped.

"So that's the idea, is it?" demanded Mr. Smith. "Jumping Christopher! Am I the only honest man that ever lived?" He shook a long forefinger in Baker's face. "Go tell Terrell and Guy and my party-leader in the House to come here this afternoon at four o'clock, and you come, too. I want to say something!"

They came. Mr. Smith sat them all down in a little semicircle and took a seat facing them.

"Now, look here," he began belligerently, "there seems to be some misunderstanding. First, I want you four men to know that I made you, and again I want you to know that I can unmake you. I am not the political boss of this State for a few months or a year—I'm the political boss of this State until they take me out feet foremost. Now you've got that, have you?

"And now I want to make you understand that I am an honest man. It's hard to believe, but it's true. You people have simply got to run this State machinery according to honest standards—and, if you ever have any doubt as to what is honest and what is not honest, come to me. I'm not troubled with doubts, and I'll set you right." Mr. Smith banged his desk violently. "And so help me," he went on thunderously, "if I find out that any man in this State government has gotten away with as much as a one-cent stamp, I'll send him to jail! I've set a new standard in politics, and we're going to live up to it!"

Mr. Smith paused and thrust out one finger at Governor Terrell.

"If you go wrong, I'll impeach you," he declared. "I'll be judge and jury, and there won't be any appeal. I don't want anything from this State; I won't accept anything from it—military supplies contract, or anything else. Nobody is going to get any favors. If somebody wants a franchise, make 'em pay the State full value for it—cash down. If a bill is introduced that should become a law, *make* it a law. If a lobbyist appears in the building, throw him down the steps with my compliments, and remember, I am holding you four men absolutely responsible. If you make mistakes you lose. That's all."

Four sadly bewildered men wandered down the street, two and two.

"I wonder what the deuce his graft *is ?*" mused Baker.

. . . .

Diogenes chuckled.

. . . .

In the language of the amazed political world, Mr. Jim Heckler Smith took his State over the jumps during the next three months. When he banged his fist against the furniture and declared a bill was to pass, it passed with a unanimity that was dazzling. It was a lean time for legislators, and the State began to get real money for such rights as Mr. Jim Heckler Smith chose the State should grant. This was in violation of all precedent, because formerly this money had gone to individuals. Excessive pay-rolls were ruthlessly whacked off and dead timber thrown out of State departments.

And through it all Philip S. Baker was sitting up nights trying to fathom the impenetrable mystery of an honest man. He couldn't rid himself of the novelty of the idea, but he discreetly refrained from expressing himself on the point. One day he called upon Mr. Smith with a suggestion.

"You know that eleventh assembly district was always a doubtful one," be began. "Well, there's a chance now for you to make yourself solid there. The storm yesterday afternoon wrecked the State recreation pier, which was only half-finished, and five laborers were killed. They were employees of the State, and all of them lived in the eleventh assembly."

Mr. Smith nodded. He had read an account of the affair in a newspaper.

"The laborers didn't make but a dollar and a half a day," continued Baker. "Every one of them left a wife—and two of them several children. Of course, they are all poor, and now they are in want. Some one has suggested that a subscription be started for the widows and children, and it would help you in the district if you headed it with, say, five hundred dollars."

Mr. Smith tilted his desk chair back and looked at his right-hand man squarely.

"Baker, you're the most cold-blooded man I ever saw!" he said. "You've got to get over it, or you and I won't get along. Do you understand?"

"I merely suggested it," Baker hurried to explain.

"It's a good suggestion, but don't put it on such sordid grounds," warned Mr. Smith. "I would have helped, anyhow." He turned and wrote a check. "By the way, what does the State do in a case like this?"

"Nothing," replied Baker, surprised at the bare idea.

"Don't their widows get a pension or something from the State?" demanded Mr. Smith. "The men were at work for the State when they were killed, weren't they?"

"I never heard of such a thing as a pension in this State."

"Well, here's a thousand dollars," said Mr. Smith, and he passed over the check. "*These* widows and orphans are going to get a pension. You go up and tell Guy I said to shape a bill allowing each widow about twenty dollars a month, then tell my house leader to put it through."

"It's very unusual, Mr. Smith," ventured Baker.

"Yes, I know. A lot of things I do are unusual. That's their chief beauty."

"Do you think it's quite—quite honest?" asked Baker breathlessly. Mr. Smith glared at him, and Baker went away. An hour later Attorney-General Guy appeared with perturbed face.

"About this pension ——" he began.

"Yes, I know. What about it?"

"It can't be done," Mr. Guy explained. "It isn't within the power of the legislature to do it."

"Not within the power of the legislature to do a simple act of justice?" exclaimed Mr. Smith belligerently. "Why isn't it?"

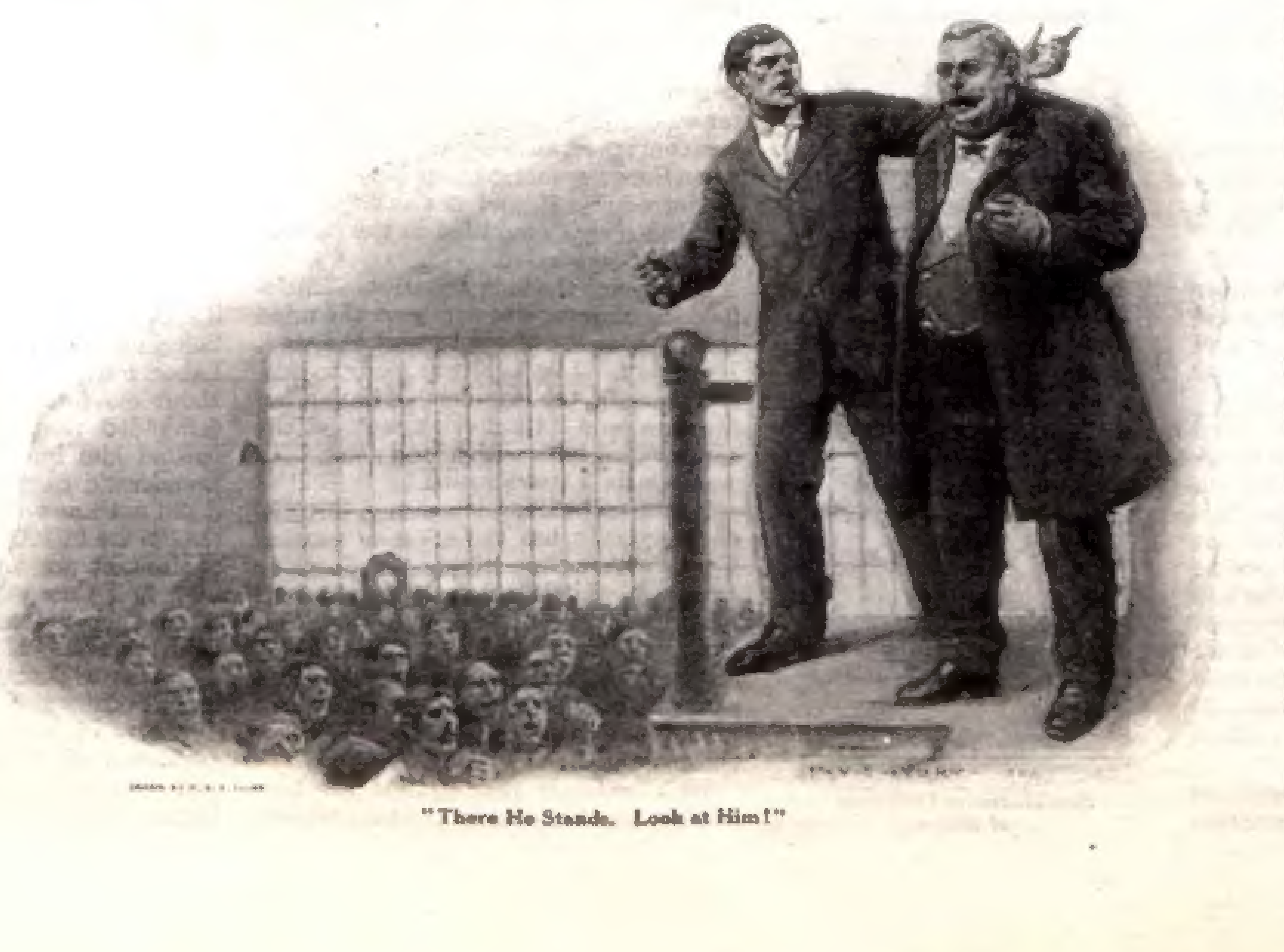
"The constitution," said Mr. Guy tersely.

"Oh, I see," observed Mr. Smith. "It doesn't fit the constitution? Well, I'll tell you what, Guy, we'll make it a law anyway, and, if it doesn't fit the constitution, then next election we'll change the constitution and make it fit the law. Is that clear?"

"Yes, but ——"

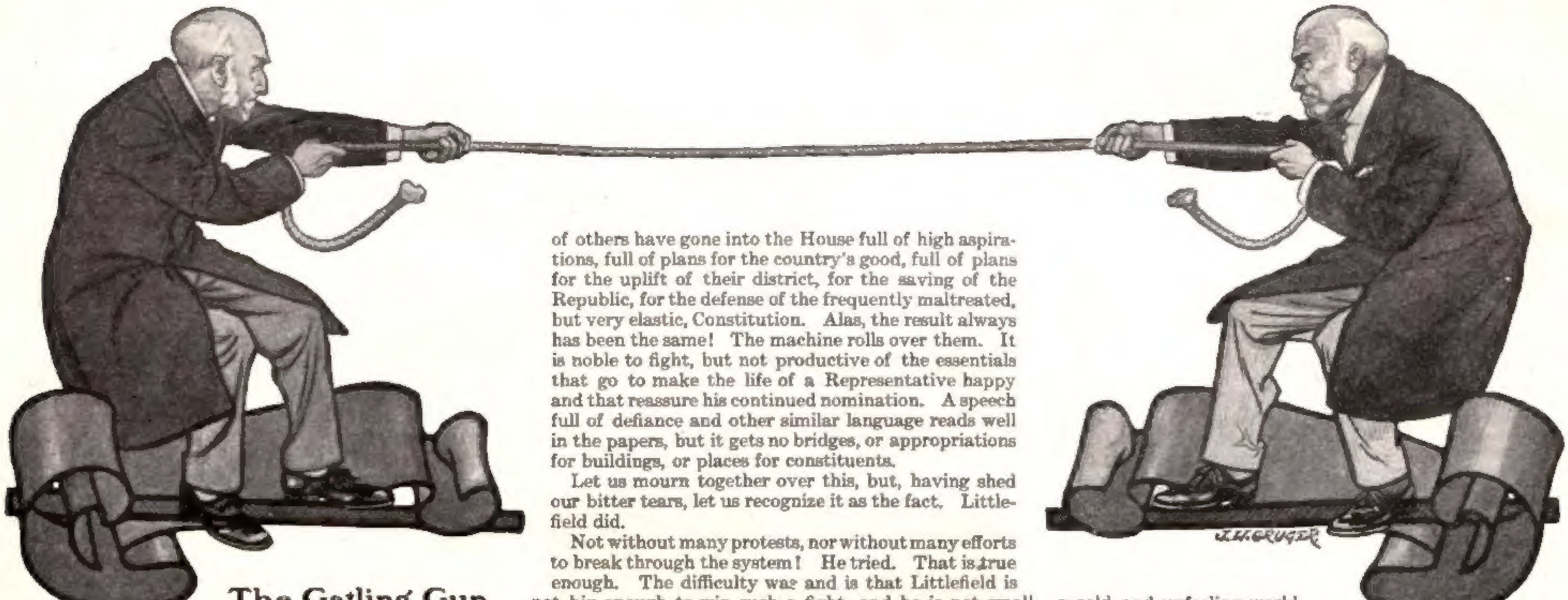
"Well, put the bill through. I'm busy."

(Concluded on Page 27)



"There He Stands. Look at Him!"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



The Gatling Gun From Maine

NATURE gave Charles E. Littlefield a good brain and a vocal apparatus capable of shooting out words so fast that one of his speeches sounds like the discharge of a rapid-fire gun loaded with alphabets. Nature gave him a big body and a courage that has three gears. Then Nature quit, and Mr. Littlefield has been struggling with the combination all these years.

Ever since Littlefield has been in Congress he has been on the verge of striking thirteen, but, so far, the best he has done is to get to about five minutes to twelve. He reminds one of a steeple-chaser—powerful, well-bred—that goes sailing over the hurdles in fine style and then falls at the water-jump.

Littlefield came to Congress to succeed Nelson Dingley, the father of the Dingley Tariff Law. He had been a legislator in Maine and Attorney-General for the State. One day there was under discussion some constitutional question that, at the moment—so the orators said—threatened the life of the Republic, but has since passed into the limbo of forgotten things. And then Littlefield made a speech. He is a tall and angular man, with a rasping and angular voice. He astonished first the stenographers and then his hearers with the rapidity of his talk. His words came tumbling out one after another, and with them there was an earnestness and an apparent knowledge that carried conviction, although it made no votes, inasmuch as speeches in this day and generation are mere fireworks.

Littlefield stamped down his aisle, with his long arms extended in front of him, smacking the back of one hand with the palm of the other, and whirlwinded through an hour or two. Everybody was gasping when he had finished.

"Who's that?" was asked.

"New man; Littlefield, from Maine. Cyclone, ain't he?"

He was a cyclone, but, like all cyclones, he was not periodic. He was sporadic. When he should have been blowing, he was calm as a summer's morn. When he should have been peaceful and still, he was rampaging through the chamber at ninety miles an hour. When he should have been regular, he was irregular, and he could be depended upon to be regular when he should have been irregular.

The machinery of the House rolled over him once or twice. That is a circumstance that leaves even a hardy son of the bleak coast of Maine rather flattened and breathless. He started out to be a free lance, an individual power. Three or four times beneath the roller and he wasn't so ambitious. The government of the House of Representatives is not predicated on the tenet of individual power—for most of the individuals. It is a cruel, cruel system—but how efficacious it is!

Littlefield is not the only man who has come to smash on that system. Hundreds of others have gone into the House full of high aspirations, full of plans for the country's good, full of plans for the uplift of their district, for the saving of the Republic, for the defense of the frequently maltreated, but very elastic, Constitution. Alas, the result always has been the same! The machine rolls over them. It is noble to fight, but not productive of the essentials that go to make the life of a Representative happy and that reassure his continued nomination. A speech full of defiance and other similar language reads well in the papers, but it gets no bridges, or appropriations for buildings, or places for constituents.

Let us mourn together over this, but, having shed our bitter tears, let us recognize it as the fact. Littlefield did.

Not without many protests, nor without many efforts to break through the system! He tried. That is true enough. The difficulty was and is that Littlefield is not big enough to win such a fight, and he is not small enough to be the uncomplaining cog they want him to be. He is in Tom Tiddler's ground, between both sides and not of either.

Littlefield is an almost. He approximates. He needs another ingredient. If science was far enough advanced to put Littlefield under a mindscope and discover what is not there that should be, and then supply the deficiency, he could be made a great man. As it is, he is always near the apex, but never gets to it.

Take his speeches for an illustration. Littlefield always feels deeply. That is his specialty. He says he feels deeply on every subject he studies and speaks about, and on every subject he speaks about and does not study, numbering a few. He has ample opportunities for this searching, longitudinal, artesian emotion, too, for he is some inches taller than the average run of statesmen and his depth of feeling goes down to his very heels—as he tells it.

But it doesn't. He mistakes mental interest for heart-throbbing emotion. He feels deeply intellectually, but that is as far as his limitations will allow him to go. He feels deeply through the battery of his vocabulary, but his pulse never quickens, never skips a beat. Thus, when he talks, he creates the impression of a man turning out a very good product of argument, backed by enough sincerity and all that, but without the red blood in it.

He has had his crosses. When the subject of trust-busting first began to occupy the mind of President Roosevelt, Littlefield, being on the Judiciary Committee, where the good lawyers of the House are supposed to linger, thought it his duty to lead the crusade. He dropped over to Oyster Bay one summer's day and talked the project up and down both sides with the President.

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST

Representative Littlefield of Maine

The President didn't say so, but Littlefield did—that he was to be the official trust-buster of the Administration in so far as the framing of the anti-trust law was concerned. He began the work, and, when Congress met, had his law in shape. He introduced it, and it was referred to the Judiciary Committee in the natural course of legislation.

Then came the long agitation. Littlefield, ambitious, was firmly of the mind that he was the Moses to lead the way. He wasn't. Just as he was ready to take all the credit, the President chose another measure, and Littlefield, almost at the summit, fell back with a loud noise. He was a busted trust-buster.

That sort of thing is wearing, but disciplinary. It has the effect of putting a man's valuation of himself down to bed-rock. Littlefield decided to devote himself to other things. He remained chastened for a time and then tackled an insurgent movement, or went into some of those little tempests that flurry up now and then in the House, and never get anywhere.

He alternately beat against the bars and sat and brooded on the injustices of a cold and unfeeling world, and a colder and absolutely non-sensitized House-machine. Then, at intervals that recurred with greater frequency, he asked himself that question that goes back to Adam: "What's the use?"—and gave the historic and correct reply: "There isn't any."

There is no doubt that, from time to time, Littlefield again will become insurgent. He will rise up and demand. He will protest in a speech that will scatter words around the House in pecks and bushels. He will defy. He will challenge. He will fling his banner to the breeze, hurl his gauntlet into the faces of the opposition, throw his cestus into the ring. It will be fine, pyrotechnic—but inconclusive. For, you see, the process of amalgamating Littlefield with the mass is going on slowly and surely.

The House leaders will not object. They know Littlefield is a strong man and a useful man, and they are willing to let him have his fling, but they will always have the roller ready. The futility of it all lies with that lacking element in Littlefield. He is a strong man, but he is not quite strong enough. He has no followers. He realizes this, apparently, for he is not in revolt so often as he was at first. He is reasonably regular. He is getting systematized.

He thinks he is just as independent as he was at first, but he isn't. Independence does not flourish in the Washington atmosphere. He is the creature of a circumstance that begins and ends with the Committee on Rules, naturally a partisan, and, therefore, instead of adjusting conditions, he is adjusting himself; and the adjustment is mighty near complete.

The Fight in Montana

THE Labor Party convention of Montana has changed the political landscape and atmosphere of that State by releasing Governor Toole from the pledge he made to the Labor Party, two years ago, that he would not be a candidate for the United States Senate, but would serve out his four-year term as Governor if he were reëlected. That pledge was demanded and given because at that time—September, 1904—there was fierce war between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the Labor Party feared that with another man than Toole in the Governor's chair there might be a repetition of the Colorado war between mine-owners and miners. The Labor Party is especially strong in Butte, which casts about one-fourth of the total vote of Montana, and it demanded that pledge of Governor Toole because it trusted him implicitly, and was not ready to trust the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, because it did not know him. But Norris' record as President of the Senate in 1905 was so clear and clean that the miners of Montana are now willing to trust him in the Governor's seat, and they say they want a United States Senator whom they can trust to "line up on the right side of the great questions that are now confronting the people."

Governor Toole is now serving his third term as Governor. He was the last delegate in Congress from the Territory of Montana, made a magnificent stand for the admission of Washington and Montana into the Union, and was elected the first Governor of the new State. During his first term he incurred the enmity of Marcus

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

Daly because of his veto of a bill, and retired from politics until 1900, when he was the candidate of the Democrats, Populists and Labor Parties for Governor—the year that W. A. Clark made his successful campaign. Again, in 1904, Toole was renominated by the Democrats, and indorsed by the Labor Party. In his message to the Legislature of 1903 he advocated the submission of an initiative and referendum amendment similar to the Oregon amendment, a primary nomination law, and a railroad commission law under which the commissioners should be elected by popular vote.

The Legislature paid no attention to these recommendations. Had it adopted his recommendations, he would have gladly retired to the practice of law after the expiration of his term, but these measures are popular with the people of Montana, and the Legislature's snub made Toole a candidate for reëlection.

For two years the Republican press and politicians of Montana sneered at the initiative and referendum and a primary nomination law, and asserted that the State did not need a railroad commission law. But when it became evident, in the summer of 1904, that Governor Toole would have no opposition for the gubernatorial nomination of his party, the Republicans suddenly determined to hold their State convention first and "steal the whole Democratic platform," as Congressman Dixon advised. Thus, in the campaign, every political party in the State was committed to the initiative and referendum, a primary nomination law and a railroad commission. The Democrats lost the Legislature partly on account of Roosevelt's popularity and Parker's unpopularity in Montana, and partly because, although the Republicans had two candidates for the Senate who were working harmoniously and had a large campaign fund besides, the Democrats had two Senatorial candidates who were pulling apart.

The Republicans, though having a good majority in each house of the Legislature, appeared to be determined to refuse the voters everything promised in their platform. Instead of a primary nomination law, a makeshift "local option" measure was passed, requiring petitions for its submission in any county, and the employees of corporations have feared to sign it because the petitions could be used for blacklisting purposes. Instead of a railroad commission law, the Republican caucus railroaded through the Legislature a measure good in its provisions, but invaded the constitutional prerogatives of the Governor and appointed the members of the Commission, for which reasons Governor Toole vetoed the bill in an exceptionally able message. With such a Commission the railroads could have been coerced into giving financial and other support to the powerful party. Instead of taking the Oregon initiative and referendum amendment, which has delivered Oregon and its Legislature from the influence of the corrupt lobby, the Republican caucus stood for a measure that the people would not have been able to use, and it was only by enlisting the aid of a few Republicans that the Democratic members of the Legislature were able to secure the passage of an amendment bill that the people can use.

Since March, 1905, many of Governor Toole's friends have urged him to become a candidate for the Senate, to succeed Senator Clark, but he has invariably refused, saying that he would not break his pledge to the Labor Party convention, nor appear to be attempting to break it. At the Democratic State convention, on September 25, he could have had the indorsement and nomination for the Senate had he hinted that he would accept it. But, in reply to some who suggested it, he said that his hands were tied, and that his friends must not mention his name in connection with a candidacy for the Senate. The Labor Party was holding its convention in Butte the next day, and its delegates, seeing that Governor Toole insisted on keeping his pledge, at their first session released him from that pledge, thus retiring from the race two wealthy Democrats who have been hunting the Senatorial toga for several years.

Governor Toole is a strikingly handsome man, an eloquent and most popular campaigner and one of the great lawyers of the Northwest. No other man in Montana can arouse an audience as he can. During all his public life his friends have complained that he does not "play politics," but whenever he has appealed to the voters they have given him a majority. His addresses and messages, and all his public papers, are models of clear, terse English.

When the Governors of the States affected by the Northern Securities Merger determined, in 1901, to take some action in regard to the consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads, Governor Toole invited them to meet in his office in Helena, and he himself drew up the resolution that was sent to the Department of Justice at Washington and started the Federal suit against the Merger. In 1902, during the Cœur d'Alene riots, when Federal troops were pursuing miners into different States, General Catlin telegraphed Governor Toole for permission to go into Montana to arrest some of the miners. The Governor replied that such permission would not be given, and that men could be taken out of the State only on proper extradition papers. In 1903, when the Amalgamated Copper Company's properties were shut down in Montana, and the demand was made that an extraordinary session of the Legislature be called to pass a "Fair Trial" law, petitions for an extra session were signed by some 27,000 voters and sent to the Governor. His reply was in effect: "First open your mines and mills. I will not have the Legislature meet with a club hanging over it." The properties were opened within an hour after the message went to Butte, and then the call was made for the extra session. Governor Toole was denounced in certain quarters, but in less than two months it was seen that the "Fair Trial" law had brought peace; it had stopped the seemingly endless litigation, and the result was the sale of the Heinze properties to the Amalgamated and a new era of mining prosperity in Montana.

Governor J. K. Toole, of Montana

In his official acts, the State Constitution is Governor Toole's semaphore. As a constitutional lawyer he has no superior in his State, and neither friend nor foe can swerve him from the straight, constitutional path.

Opposed to Governor Toole in the Senatorial race are two Republicans, former Senator Lee Mantle and Congressman Dixon. To the latter Senator Carter is bitterly opposed, because Dixon, last winter, had the temerity to fight Carter's attempt to legislate the United States Government out of court in a suit against a millionaire accused of appropriating water from an Indian reservation Dixon was successful, because Secretary Hitchcock and Indian Commissioner Leupp opposed the Carter scheme.

Governor Toole was married in 1890 to a daughter of the late General Rosecrans, and has two sons.

Taking the Rest-Cure

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS went up to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to make a speech at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that pleasant little city.

When it came time for Mr. Fairbanks to speak, the chairman of the meeting made no move to introduce him. "Don't you intend to introduce me?" asked Mr. Fairbanks.

"Oh, no," said the chairman. "Just get up and talk." And the Vice-President got up and talked.

After he had finished, the chairman rose and said: "Mr. Fairbanks asked me if I did not intend to introduce him. I told him I would not. Mr. Fairbanks needs no introduction to a Lancaster audience. Some of his ancestors have been resting in our churchyard for more than two hundred years."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed a young woman on a front seat. "Are they dead?"

Decorating Roosevelt

WHILE President Roosevelt was waiting to make his speech at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, Representative Lafean, of that district, and a committee came to him, and Lafean said:

"Mr. President, in commemoration of the completion of our new State capitol we have struck off a medal of pure gold which we ask you to wear on this occasion."

The President took the medal with a grimace. He doesn't like decorations.

"Isn't it fine?" he said, glancing at the gorgeous golden affair that was about four inches across. "I couldn't think of wearing so valuable a medal. Here, Dulany"—calling to one of his attendants—"take especially good care of this magnificent medal and see that it is put with my collection at home."

"But, Mr. President," protested Lafean, "we want you to wear it to-day. It was made with that purpose in view."

"Oh, my, no!" the President said. "I couldn't think of it. It is too beautiful. Now mind, Dulany, that you take excellent care of that medal. Don't lose it."

"My dear Mr. President," insisted Lafean, "please wear it! We shall all be disappointed if you do not."

"Dulany," said the President, "mark my words: you must be very careful of that medal. Really, gentlemen, I could not think of wearing it. I am afraid I might lose it, and it is too valuable and too precious to me for that."

Lafean took the medal and pinned it on the President's coat. "Set your mind at rest, Mr. President," he said. "If you lose it we will gladly make you another."

And the President laughed and capitulated.

The Letter of the Law

THE Honorable John Steel was a sheriff in Missouri. A new county-judge was elected and Steel, thinking to pay the judge a delicate compliment, selected for his first panel of jurors every fat man in the county: the judge weighed nearly three hundred pounds.

The day was hot and Steel, when he took the jurors out to dinner, fed them so heartily that they all went to sleep during the afternoon. The judge was furious.

"What do you mean," he roared at the sheriff, "by bringing these sleepy-heads into court as a jury? They haven't heard any of this afternoon's evidence. I discharge the panel. Go out now and get a panel of men who will stay awake. I want men with a single eye to justice, not dolts like these!"

Steel went out and rode the county that night. When the judge appeared next morning Steel had a panel of one-eyed men for him.

The Hall of Fame

¶ It is maintained of Senator Bacon, of Georgia, that he can use more language to conceal his thought than any man in public life.

¶ General Funston used to collect botanical specimens for the Department of Agriculture. He is an expert on the grasses of the Northwest.

¶ Representative McKinley, of Illinois, is not related to the dead President. His principal claim to fame is that he is one of the richest men in Congress.

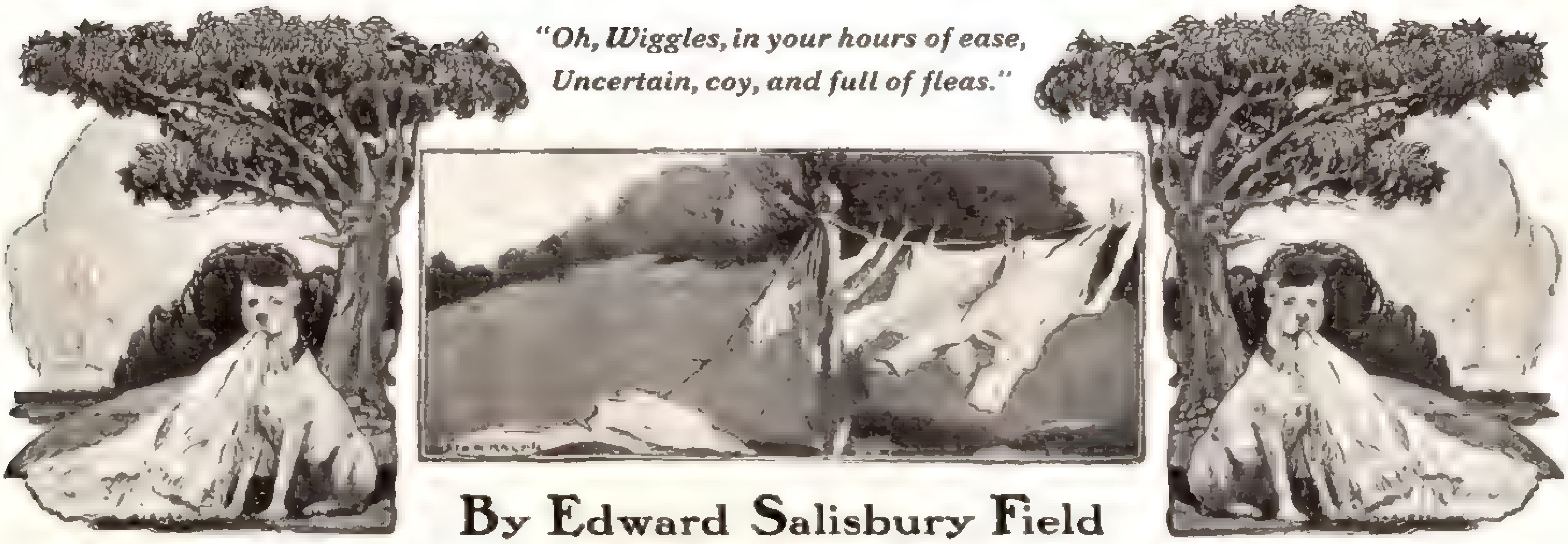
¶ The members of the great theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger are physical opposites. Klaw is little, bearded and nervous, and Erlanger is big, fat, smooth-shaven and placid.

¶ The recrudescence of William Jennings Bryan, since his trip around the world, was a great thing for him financially. He can now get $750 for magazine articles where he got but $500 before.

¶ Herr Conreid, impresario of the Metropolitan Opera Company, forgets his English when he gets excited, and splutters German so rapidly that even Herr Meltzer, his personal representative, has difficulty in understanding him.

CRACKERS

"Oh, Wiggles, in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and full of fleas."



By Edward Salisbury Field

IT WAS Tuesday—11 A. M.

"My name," he said, "is Peter Parkins. Rotten name, isn't it?"

"That's a sweet dog you have with you," she replied.

"It's about the dog that I came to see you, Miss ——"

"Miss Westover."

"Westover," he repeated; "that's a nice name. I wish I could trade with you."

"Did you come here to propose a trade?" she asked coldly. "Because ——"

"Oh, no!" he interrupted. "I came here to apologize and to—er—reimburse."

"Reimburse?"

"Yes. You see, my dog—his name is Wiggles. Fine dog, Wiggles; went through Princeton with me. Had a sonnet written to him. It was printed in the Princeton Tiger, and Grover Cleveland has patted him on the head dozens of times. Hasn't he, Wiggles?"

"But, excuse me, what has that to do with me?"

"Nothing, Miss Westover, although—about that sonnet, now: come to think of it, I don't believe it was a sonnet, after all. It was written by Gordon Standish. He called it *Lines on Being Bitten by a Bull-Terrier.* It began:

'Oh, Wiggles, in your hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and full of fleas.'

Rotten bad poetry I call it, but you can see that Wiggles is no ordinary dog—paragraphed in the Princeton Tiger, and all that."

"But, Mr. Parkins!"

"Oh, I'm coming to it," he said. "Do you mind if I sit down on your front steps? Got a weak ankle, you know."

"Sit down, by all means, Mr. Parkins."

"And you?"

"I'll sit here," she said, settling herself in a big porch chair.

"People are so nice and informal in California," ventured Mr. Parkins.

"They are uniformly good-natured, and often imposed upon," she replied icily.

"Oh, I say!" he protested.

"You will oblige me by dispatching your errand, Mr. Parkins."

"Well, you see, I'm from Indiana, Miss Westover."

"Ah, that explains it," she said, "though I've never happened to read any of your books."

"Books?"

"Of course you write."

"No," he said, "Dad makes soda-crackers, and I sell them. Best soda-crackers in the world. You don't mean to tell me you've never heard of Parkins' Crackerjack Crackers?"

"I never have," she admitted.

"I'll send you a box. I sold ten carloads of them in Los Angeles."

"I would appreciate them; my name is Polly, you know."

"Oh, I say!"

"It is, though."

"They are good crackers, Miss Westover."

"Doubtless," she said. "But how did you ever escape being an author—born in the Literary Belt, and all that?"

"Dad's crackers saved me, I guess. I wish I had one here to show you."

"Really, Mr. Parkins, I've other things to attend to this morning, and ——"

"Oh, that's all right!" he assured her. "I won't take a minute of your time."

"I begin to believe you're trying to sell me something."

"No, I'm not; I'm only trying to gather courage."

"What do you want with courage?" she asked.

"It isn't so much courage as—it's an awfully embarrassing situation, really."

"You don't look embarrassed."

"I am, though—frightfully embarrassed. But it wasn't my fault; it was Wiggles that did it."

"Did what?"

"I'm coming to it," he said. "Do you live in Santa Barbara all the year round?"

"I live here most of the time, Mr. Parkins."

"I'm visiting the Sterlings. Do you know them?"

"Yes."

"Would you believe it?—I haven't sold a single cracker in this town!"

"But, Mr. Parkins!"

"Yesterday was Monday, you know."

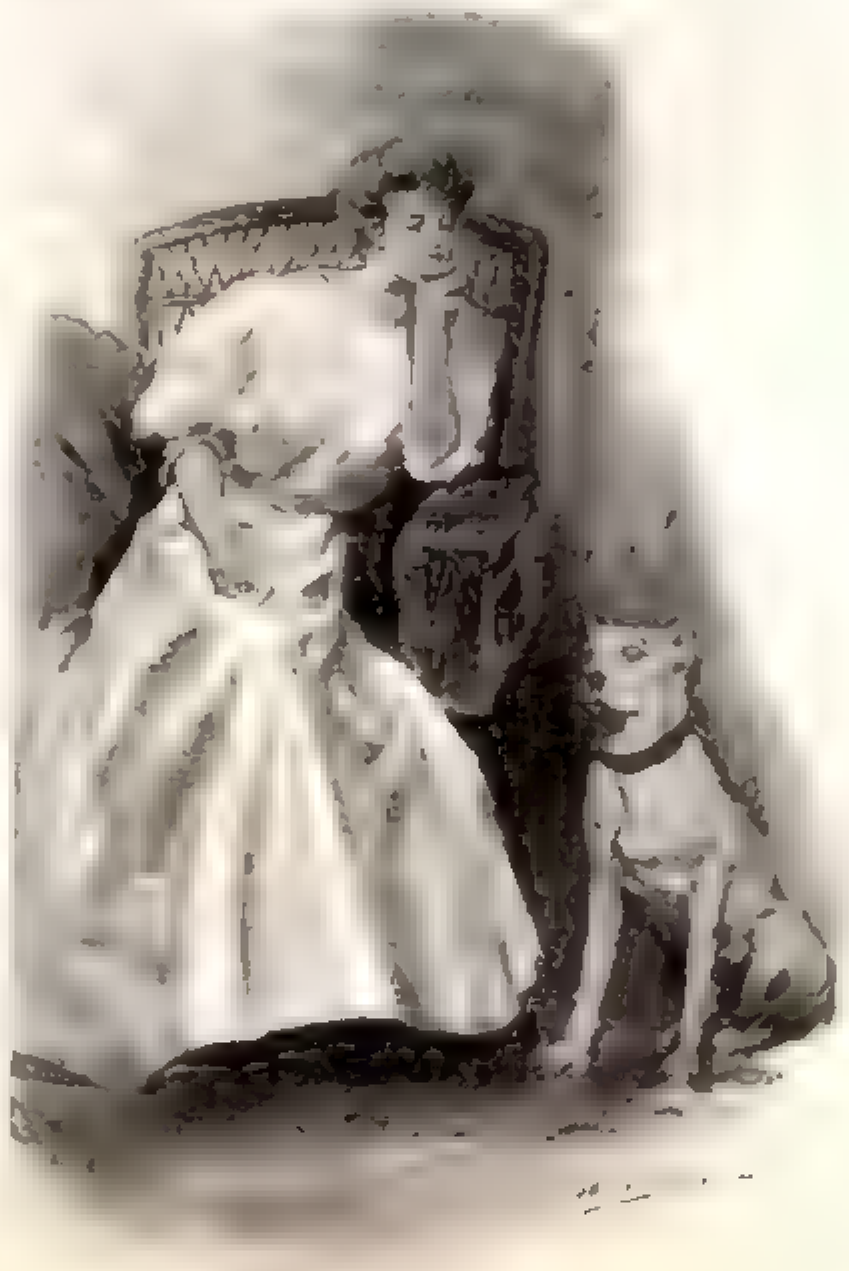
"Well?"

"Monday's wash-day, isn't it?"

"I believe so."

"You know it is."

"Really, Mr. Parkins ——"



"Naughty Wiggles! Come Here, Wiggles!"

"I walked past your place yesterday afternoon, and Wiggles crawled under your gate."

"Naughty Wiggles! Come here, Wiggles!" She patted his head.

"Isn't it wonderful?"

"Isn't what wonderful?"

"The way Wiggles has taken to you."

"Dogs always like me, Mr. Parkins."

"And you like dogs?"

"I adore them—especially bull-terriers."

"That's fortunate," he said, "because Wiggles did something awful after he crawled under your gate. There must have been some clothes hanging on the line to dry."

"There probably were."

"I never knew Wiggles to do anything like it before. He tore it into ribbons—and then brought it to me."

"Brought what, Mr. Parkins?"

"Guess what."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Was it a tablecloth?"

"No."

"A pillow-slip?"

"No, it was a—a—a—a petticoat."

"Why, Mr. Parkins!"

"It was," he declared, "and that's not the worst of it—it was one of yours."

Perhaps Miss Westover should have blushed, but she didn't. "Well?" she said.

"That's just it—I want to pay you for it."

"But I don't know which one it was. Besides, I wouldn't think of allowing it."

"Maybe you'll let me buy you a new one."

"Would you like to have me go with you and help you pick it out?" she asked sarcastically.

"That would be the very thing," he agreed.

"You are very stupid to suggest it, Mr. Parkins."

"I suppose I am," he said dismally, "only I didn't suggest it; you did."

"I suggest it? I did nothing of the sort! Really, Mr. Parkins, my time is too valuable to discuss petticoats."

"Who wants to discuss them? I'm only trying to do what is right and proper. If Wiggles had chewed up a chicken instead of a petticoat you'd be ready to accept payment—you know you would."

"It's a far cry from chickens to petticoats, Mr. Parkins."

"The principle is the same," he objected. "I'm not the sort that expects to get something for nothing."

"But you didn't get anything."

"Oh, yes, I did: I got the petticoat; Wiggles brought it to me. What is more, I have a piece of it in my pocket."

At this statement Miss Westover almost blushed. "You are needlessly impertinent," she said.

"I don't mean to be impertinent—indeed I don't!"

"People who are impertinent without meaning to be are most objectionable."

"Aren't you rather hard on me?"

"Am I?"

"Yes, awfully! Visiting the sins of dogs on their masters, although faintly scriptural, is hardly kind."

"I don't mean to be unkind."

"People who are unkind without meaning to be are—I sha'n't finish it, Miss Westover."

"You are most magnanimous, Mr. Parkins."

"Oh, no!" he replied cheerfully. "That's not magnanimity; it's policy."

"I thought policy was more a question of concealed motives, Mr. Parkins."

"Mine isn't," he declared. "You ought to see me selling crackers! Dad gave me the whole Pacific Coast on my last birthday."

"Your father was extremely liberal. Did he include this house in his gift?"

"You're chaffing me!"

"I'm not sure that you're not chaffing me. Or perhaps your father has a sense of humor. Were you, by any chance, born on the first of April?"

"No, but I was born on the Fourth of July. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Then it was your mother who had a sense of humor."

"Oh, yes, mother's the best ever! She helped me out of all kinds of scrapes when I was in college. Dad didn't want me to go to college at all—he said making crackers was a liberal education in itself. If it hadn't been for mother I'd never have gone to Princeton, and Wiggles wouldn't have had all the advantages he's had. Wiggles is the smartest dog! You ought to see him fetch a stick. But, I tell you, my first year on the road made Dad open his eyes; that's how I got the Pacific Coast territory—Washington, Oregon and California. I'm doing well, too, and Dad's no end pleased. There's nothing like crackers. But I could sell anything—you ought to see me. I'll telegraph to Los Angeles this afternoon, and have them send you a box of Crackerjacks."

"I'd rather see you sell me a box, Mr. Parkins."

"Ha, ha! That's rather good. Peter Parkins selling a box of crackers! My dear girl, I sell them by the car-load!—It's funny you've never heard of our brand, though. Why, in the Middle States, Crackerjack is a household word. We make oyster-crackers, too, only I don't like oysters; they make me sick. I believe I ought to send for some of our posters, and have them stuck about Santa Barbara. To think of you never having heard of Crackerjack Crackers! Why, it's remarkable! Don't you ever travel? Don't you read the magazines? Last month we had eighteen full-page, colored advertisements, and you can't travel anywhere round Indianapolis without seeing our posters. It's an awfully nice thing to be able to look out of a car-window and see your own brand framed up in letters three feet high; you don't know what a comfortable feeling it gives you."

"I think I can see how you sell crackers, Mr. Parkins. I hope you will pardon my ignorance, and I must insist that you refrain from plastering Santa Barbara with your three-foot-letter advertisements."

"But why, Miss Westover? They are the tastiest posters in the country."

"I must still insist."

"Oh, well, I give in!" he said. "I'm not here on business, anyway—I'm here for pleasure."

"I thought you were here to apologize for Wiggles, Mr. Parkins."

"So I am," he replied good-naturedly. "Now, about that petticoat, Miss Westover—can't we come to some agreement?"

"What do you suggest?" she asked.

"I've already suggested," he answered, "and my suggestions have been properly sat upon."

"We might compromise," she ventured.

"I'm prepared to do whatever's right, Miss Westover."

"I'm sure you are," she said. "Why can't we settle it in this fashion: you send me a box of crackers, and then I'll acquit you of all further liability."

"If you're talking business, that won't do; the crackers are worth more than the petticoat. Besides, I'm giving you the crackers."

"But I'm sure the petticoat is worth more than the crackers."

"Maybe," said Peter Parkins doubtfully, "but I'll bet you anything I can duplicate the article for ninety-eight cents."

"Why, Mr. Parkins! I pay ten and twelve dollars for my ——"

"Then you've been properly buncoed."

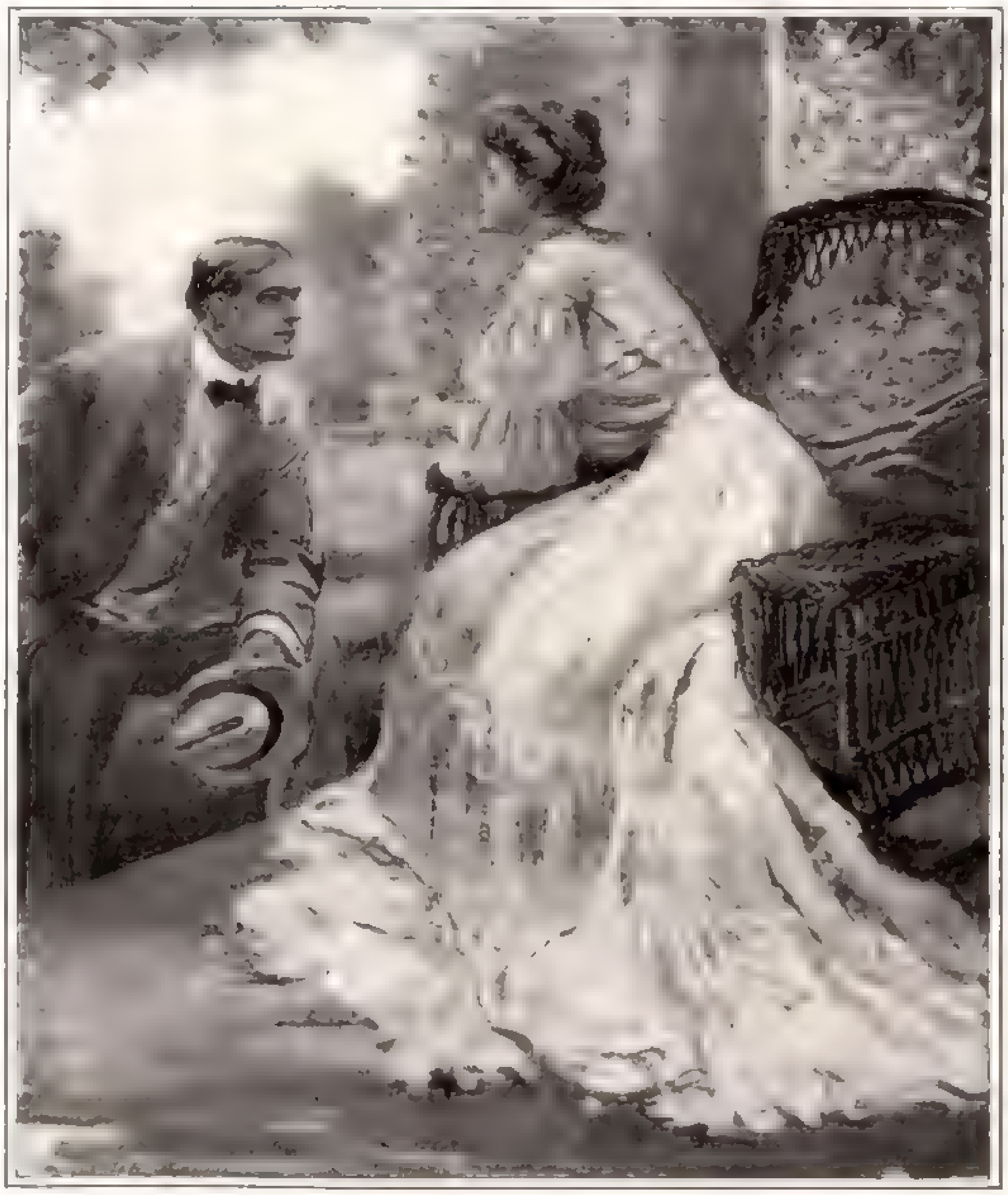
Miss Westover fairly gasped with indignation. "If you weren't a man you'd know better," she said.

"It's because I'm a man that I do know better. Don't I meet all kinds of traveling-men on the road, with all sorts of sample lines? Why, my dear girl, I know more about petticoats than all the women in Santa Barbara put together! I know who makes them, and where they come from. This petticoat of yours came from a Women's Reformatory in Georgia, I'll take my oath on it—a sort of refined prison-labor product. If the women of America only knew what the wholesalers and the manufacturers think of such work they'd consider twice before buying it."

Miss Westover accepted this statement with great frigidity. "I assure you, Mr. Parkins, you are wrong. And while I wish to end this discussion, and to bid you good-morning, I cannot let you go away with the idea that I wear prison-made petticoats. Oblige me by showing me the fragment of petticoat you have."

"Oh, I say, Miss Westover!"

"Oblige me, Mr. Parkins; I insist upon it."



"While We were at Princeton He Actually Chewed Up One of Grover Cleveland's Law-Books"

With a doleful air, Peter Parkins put his hand into the pocket of his coat. "Here it is," he said.

Miss Westover took the tattered piece of muslin in her hand; she examined it carefully, then looked thoughtfully at Peter Parkins. "So you believed this was mine," she said.

"I hoped it was," he replied feebly.

"You hoped it was? You hoped that this ninety-eight cent, prison-made petticoat of the cook's, with a thirty-six-inch waistband, was mine?"

"I didn't measure the waistband," he answered dejectedly.

"I shall be sorry for your wife, if you ever have one," she continued maliciously.

"Why?" he asked.

"I can see you buying her ninety-eight-cent petticoats from every traveling-man you meet, and two-dollar shoes, and take-me-home-for-silk dresses, and celluloid hair-ornaments with German-silver trimmings."

"Oh, I say, Miss Westover!"

"Yes, and I can see you feeding her on your horrid old crackers. 'What shall we have for breakfast, Peter?'—'Crackers, my dear.'—'Wouldn't you like a steak for dinner?'—'No, my love, I think we'd better have crackers.'"

Her victim squirmed. "Anything more?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "there is more, but I sha'n't bother you with it. Good-morning, Mr. Parkins." With an exaggerated air of dignity she arose and walked toward the front door.

"Oh, I say!" protested the unfortunate Mr. Parkins. But Miss Westover, heeding him not, entered the house, closing the door behind her. Peter Parkins stared wistfully at the door-panels for a moment, then stalked moodily down the rose-bordered walk toward the road.

"She's a beauty," he told himself. "Prettier than I thought she was when I caught a glimpse of her at the Country Club day before yesterday! They don't make them any nicer than she is, and, if she'll ever consent to lead me down the path of life with a string tied round my neck, I'm hers. Come along, Wiggles!"

II

IT WAS Thursday—3 P. M.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Westover," said Peter Parkins, mounting the front steps, hat in hand, with a beaming smile and a package under his arm.

"Good-afternoon, Mr.—er—er ——"

"Mr. Parkins," he supplied, quite unabashed.

"May I ask to what I am indebted for this second call, Mr. Parkins?"

"Purely business," he assured her.

"Is it about the box of crackers that arrived this morning?"

"It has nothing whatever to do with them."

"I shouldn't have received them had I been here, Mr. Parkins."

"You were playing golf. I sent them while you were away on purpose."

"You are a very wise young man."

"Oh, no!" he deprecated. "You liked the crackers, didn't you?"

"The box, at my express orders, has not been opened, Mr. Parkins."

"Didn't they get here in time for lunch?"

"They arrived at ten o'clock, I'm told."

"I thought you'd have some for lunch," he said. "Perhaps you're saving them for tea?"

"I'm not saving them for anything, Mr. Parkins."

"But surely you intend to do something with them!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"That's right," he said approvingly.

"I'd like to ask your advice, since you're here."

"They're awfully good with cheese—Welsh rabbits, you know."

"Isn't cheese rather expensive? Besides, I think the crackers will be appreciated without cheese."

"Then you *have* sampled them?"

"I assure you I haven't, Mr. Parkins. Maybe you'll help me decide ——"

"I'd love to help you," he interrupted.

"Whether to send them to the Associated Charities or the Odd Fellows' Orphans' Home."

Peter Parkins' face clouded. "Oh, I say!" he protested.

"Then you don't approve of charity?"

"You're not trying to be charitable, Miss Westover; you're trying to make me feel uncomfortable."

"Your penetration is remarkable, Mr. Parkins."

"I know when I'm uncomfortable, Miss Westover."

"Are you uncomfortable?"

He smiled radiantly. "I was never so comfortable in my life," he said. "The view from this porch of yours is fine! I've never seen anything so fine, not even in Indianapolis. When we have company there, what do you suppose we do with them? You can't imagine."

"Oh, yes, I can," she said. "You feed them crackers."

Again Mr. Parkins protested. "When a fellow tries to do the right thing he ought to be encouraged," he declared.

"And do you feel so discouraged?"

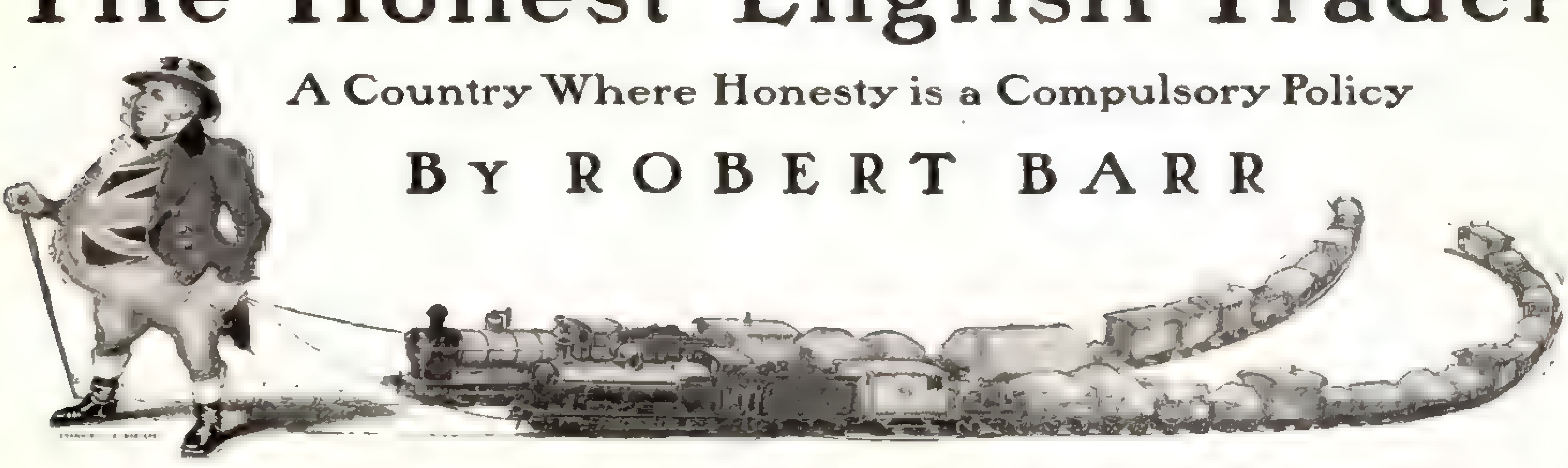
"Not discouraged, but distressed, Miss Westover. You see, I've been trying to liquidate my indebtedness to you, and it hasn't been the easiest work in the world. I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for that

(Continued on Page 25)

The Honest English Trader

A Country Where Honesty is a Compulsory Policy

BY ROBERT BARR



IN CONNECTION with the attacks on American business methods, I have been asked if the English trader is as rotten in his methods and his products as the American. To that question I answer No.

If I were asked if the average American were as honest as the average Englishman, I should answer Yes. These answers may seem to contradict each other, but such is not the case.

When the consoler asked the bereaved husband if his late wife was reconciled to leaving this world, the bereaved husband replied: "She jolly well had to be."

So it is that the English trader jolly well has to be more honest than the American, otherwise he would spend most of his time in jail. The absolute ruthlessness of the law in England prevents many of us from making more money than we do.

When a young man in New York constituted himself judge, jury and executioner in one flash of a pistol, and killed a useful man of genius without giving him a moment's warning, or a chance of defense, nothing was more astounding to a resident of England than to read the confident predictions of the slayer's friends that he had money enough to keep the electrical chair empty.

You may place a murderer in the Tombs in New York, but that does not mean he shall be placed in the tomb. In England his fate would be certain, and the person who hinted that all the money in the world could have an influence one way or another on the verdict would be regarded as a madman.

An Englishman has a deep and abiding respect for the law. This respect is part of his nature, yet it is not at all abject, and, if the occasion in his opinion is great enough, he shows no hesitation in becoming, for the time being, a law-breaker, but in doing so he makes no effort to escape the penalty. This was shown the other year when a Conservative Government passed an Education Bill which aroused the resentment of the large and very religious portion of the community, most of whom became what were called "passive resisters," imploring, in the good old martyr spirit, that they might be sent to jail, which many of them were. This universal respect for law renders more impressive any general strike against its authority, as in the case of the protest against the Education Bill, and even the promoters of that Act were influenced by the revolt of the passive resisters.

A Healthy Respecter of Statutes

WHEN laws, carven on stone, were handed down from Heaven to Moses, it was quite right and proper that mankind should respect them, and London's being some three thousand miles nearer Mount Sinai than is New York may account for the undoubted fact that the Britisher has a much greater regard for the law than is the case with the American. It is difficult to convince an Englishman that the American is both right and logical in ignoring or evading the law. I have often argued with him on this point in vain.

The American is the most logical and practical man on earth. He has a profound respect for the law of gravitation, for instance, and takes care not to monkey with its provisions. He respects the law of gravitation because he did not make it himself, and because its action is universal and impartial. If John D. Rockefeller steps off the top of a sixteen-story building, he will come down to the street in about the same number of seconds that would be required by Weary Walker, the tramp, in making the descent. There would be no stay of proceedings; no postponement of trial; no appeal from court to court; no exceptions taken in the case of the millionaire or in the case of the tramp. A sensible man is bound to respect a law like that, and does not attempt to evade it.

But when a *man* makes a law or makes a wheelbarrow, why should he respect one more than another? Both are his own handiwork. Each is made for a particular purpose. If one or other does not answer his purpose, he, being practical, "scraps" it, and either makes another or does without!

The United States at present is like a great mass of fermenting grape-juice. Its taste may be abhorrent to the connoisseur, yet the connoisseur knows that, when the fermentation ceases, and the scum is cleared away, the result may be priceless.

In America there is a big law-factory in Washington, and lesser law-factories in the capital of every State in the Union, with possibly legal machine-shops in each county-town. There is over-production in the law output. The law in such important matters as marriage, divorce, life or death, differs when you cross an imaginary line within the same nation. For instance, if you slaughter a man in Northern Ohio, you run some slight risk of being hanged, but if you step across the State line into Michigan you will be taken care of all your life, with free board, lodging, clothes and medical attendance. Thus, whenever I commit a murder, I always endeavor to lure my victim into Michigan.

Clogging the Wheels of Justice

WHEN I was a reporter in Detroit I had to record the progress of a case in which the imaginary State line became as important and sinister as a hangman's rope. One summer day a Detroit billiard-marker shot and killed his wife on the crowded upper deck of a steam ferry-boat then crossing the broad Detroit River to Windsor, in Canada. The quick and the dead were taken charge of by the Canadian authorities when the steamer arrived at her wharf. There was no question about the crime; a hundred people had been the appalled witnesses of it. The woman had run screaming along the thronged deck, while the man fired shot after shot until he brought her down.

A dastardly and even cowardly crime, all will admit, yet there were circumstances in the case which aroused that sentimentality that so often crops up and clogs the wheels of justice. The woman had been a light creature, fond of dress, admiration and pleasure. The man was shown to have been serious, hard-working and kind during their married life, but she had heartlessly deserted him at last, leaving her two helpless children.

The strenuous legal fight took place over the question: Had or had not the fatal shot been fired before the steamer crossed the invisible line down the middle of the Detroit River which separates the United States from Canada? It was decided that the ferry-boat had crossed the line before the shot was fired, and, the moment that decision was rendered, the murderer's fate was as inevitable as if he had sent the remaining bullet through his own skull. There was a very short trial; sentiment was not allowed to intervene; every one knew that money was powerless before a Canadian judge, and the prisoner was hanged.

I have heard Englishmen assert that the stimulating climate of America is responsible for disregard of law, but there is a stimulating climate in Canada, yet the action of justice there is as certain as it is in Great Britain. Why, then, if the people in each country are equally honest, can a favorable verdict sometimes be bought for gold in the United States, when such a thing is unthinkable in England?

In the first place, England has but one law-making shop, and that works with ponderous slowness. If a man in Scotland wishes to make a new road he must come to the Imperial Parliament for permission, and if an Irishman desires to drain a bog he needs the sanction of the British Parliament—therefore our Irish friends kick, with, indeed, some show of reason. Britain is wary of new laws, and, even in special instances where clamor is great, Parliament is chary of enacting the necessary legislation.

This conservatism is double-edged, and cuts both ways. For instance, the patent laws are a disgrace to any civilized community, and a horrible handicap to inventors. The postal laws are most unjust so far as periodicals are concerned, and charge the publisher of a monthly magazine from eight to twenty times as much as is asked from the publisher of a weekly journal, instead of taking everything by weight, as is the equitable rule in the United States.

In the educational controversy to which I have referred, there is at present a storm of debate over the religious question which was fairly settled long ago, both in the United States and Canada.

It is, however, when we come to the administration of law that we find the basis of the Englishman's respect for it. The average Englishman would regard as insane any proposal to make the elevation of a lawyer to the judicial Bench dependent upon popular vote. As a general rule, when a judge is appointed in England he has previously reached the highest pinnacle in his profession. He is renowned throughout the land for his honesty and knowledge of the law. He has usually served his country in some great international case, as, for instance, when Sir Charles Russell attended the Bering Sea arbitration in Paris, and pitted his powers against those of Mr. Carter, of New York. Afterward he became Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord Chief Justice of England.

An English judge is appointed for life, and it is easier to impeach a President of the United States than to remove a British judge, unless he displays the most flagrant incapacity or partiality. The judge knows he is secure, and that when he retires he will receive a pension sufficient to keep him in luxury all his days.

And here we come to the nub of the whole business, which is security of tenure in office, and the pension. This security and this pension run right down through English official life, from the Lord Chief Justice on the woolsack to the humble clerk in Somerset House. The result is that no sane official will jeopardize his position and run the risk of forfeiting his pension by accepting a bribe.

Wolves at the Door

SOME of the greatest evils spring from the holiest motives. There is no higher attribute in human nature than the desire of the man to secure his wife and children from hardship or starvation. While their future is insecure, the man will do almost anything to remove the apprehension of future want. If a man appointed to an office knows that, no matter whether he discharges his duties well or ill, he will be thrown out when the next Administration comes into power, how can efficiency be expected, and why hold up your hands in horror when he steals? If you sow the wind, don't be astonished when the whirlwind arrives.

And now we come to the effect of all this on English traders. There was once signed in Philadelphia a document which states that all men are born free and equal. I think this is a debatable point, and believe it would be truer to say that all men are born honest and gullible. I think every man is innately honest, and, speaking for myself, I'd rather be honest than not, if I could afford it. An honest man in a dishonest community has a very poor show, and, as the future of his family depends on his efforts, he may succumb to the maxim that it is well, when in Rome, to do as the Romans do. The gullibility of the public furnishes a constant stimulant to dishonesty, and, if the administration of the law does not check the tendency toward chicanery, the weeds of wickedness are bound to flourish.

As you turn down Essex Street from the Strand, in London, the first lane to the left is Devereux Court, and at the end of the court is the portal that gives admittance to that cloistered and comparatively secluded portion of London known as the Temple. Immediately after passing the postern you see to the right Tom Pinch's fountain, which Dickens made celebrated, playing its single jet of water up into the air. There is a charming atmosphere of mediævalism about the spot which makes it seem incredible that the Strand is roaring with traffic barely a hundred yards away; and, in order that commerce may be kept out, it is a regulation of the Temple that no porter bearing a heavy burden shall enter by the Devereux Court gateway. He must go round to Fleet Street, and take the trunk, or whatever it is, through the arch where a cab is allowed to drive, and the custodian may scrutinize the package and learn whither the porter is bound.

Now, instead of placing a notice to this effect above the Devereux Court gateway, which might be ignored under stress of temptation, with no policeman looking, the authorities of the Temple have set up two strong iron posts some twelve feet high, which place no impediment in the way of the unencumbered man, but which effectually stop the fellow with a Saratoga trunk on his back. Temptation is removed, instead of warning being given. Iron bars do not make a prison, but they may keep people out of prison. England likes to prevent, rather than to punish, but, if punishment must be meted out, it is expected to be severe, prompt and impartial.

It is probably in pursuance of this principle of prevention that a policeman is stationed at the cab-entrance of every railway depot in London, who takes the number of each cab as it drives forth with a fare, while the law compels the cabman to shout down his destination to the policeman. The number of the cab, and the hotel or private residence to which it is going, are duly noted in the policeman's book. I doubt if this mass of information, patiently collected day and night throughout the year, has ever yet caused an arrest, but it undoubtedly impresses the cabman, and if, after leaving the station, the fare acts in a suspicious manner, the cabby is apt to inform the police. He also knows that, if a bit of baggage goes astray, the fare who loses it may find the number of the cab by applying to the police, and giving the hour at which he left the railway station.

I once took a somewhat innocent part in the prevention of a scheme which might have cost the United States some money. A man in Chicago wrote to the London office of a popular American journal, of which I was in charge, asking if he might have his letters addressed there, as he intended to visit England. I replied, giving the required permission. In due time the Chicago man appeared, with a couple of friends from the same city. All three were young men, and they told me they were lawyers and college chums, neither of which statements I had any reason to doubt.

For the purpose of identification we may term them Brown, Jones and Robinson. Brown said he was interested in English Company law. This being a subject on which I was exceedingly ignorant, I was unable to be of much assistance, but did what I could to put him in the way of learning what he wanted.

Brown, Jones and Robinson proved to be very companionable young fellows, and we became rather friendly. They made my office a sort of rendezvous, and I saw a good deal of them as the weeks passed on. Ultimately we became so intimate that they confided their scheme to me, which, as near as I can remember, was something like this: They wished to form a company and get the capital for the building or the purchase of ten small sealing-schooners, sailing from British Columbia. At that time the international sky was clouded by the action of pirate sealers in the Bering Sea. United States cruisers were picking up odds and ends of sailing craft and taking them to American harbors. Trouble was looming ahead between the great Republic and Great Britain.

I pointed out to Brown, Jones and Robinson that it was rather strange for three citizens of the United States to come to a foreign country for the purpose of getting money together with the object of disobeying the mandate of their own Government, but the young men replied that they had gone deeply into International law; that the United States was wrong in its contention that sealers could be driven from the Bering Sea; that the United States would undoubtedly lose its case if it went to arbitration, and that, when the decision of the International Court was given against the United States there would be a tremendous rush into the sealing business. Therefore they wanted to organize thoroughly before the traffic began, and before the cream of the business was divided among too many.

One day there dropped in upon me a man with a notebook. He was a very suave person with gentle and insinuating manners, and he wanted some particulars about Brown, Jones and Robinson. I asked him if they had given me as a reference, and he said they had not, but he knew they called upon me occasionally, and he hoped I would tell him all I knew about them. I replied that they were strangers to me, had brought no letters of introduction, and that I could not vouch for them in any way. I then asked my visitor to tell me, if he would be so good, what he wanted to find out. He said that he was perhaps in the way of doing business with them, and was anxious to discover whether their record was good or not.

I suspected my caller of belonging to Scotland Yard or the detective arm of the British Government, and, when

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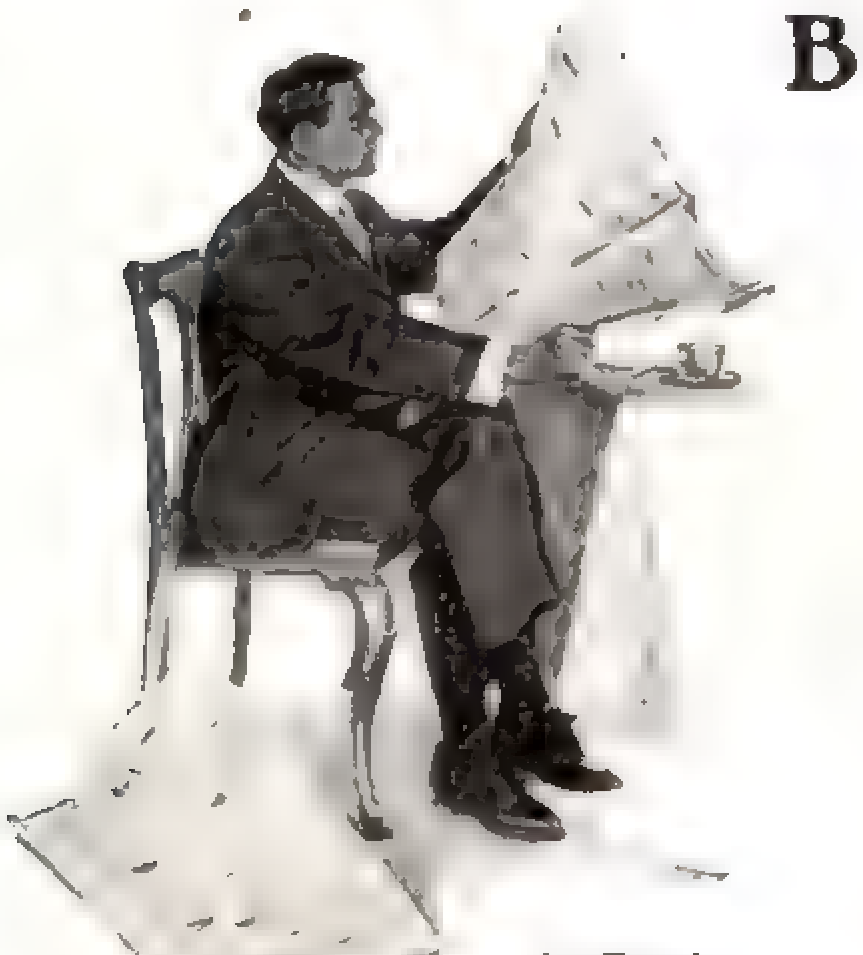
Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE



Sam Turned Eagerly to the Financial Pages

VII

SAM turned inevitably, almost eagerly, to the financial pages of the newspapers the first thing the next morning. In the money articles, the writers as usual gave reasons for the various market movements, but how sound those "reasons" were he could not tell and he did not care; they did not interest him. Of Virginia Central, which had been weak, and he knew why, the papers said that further liquidation was in evidence, doubtless due to knowledge of circumstances possessed by a favored few. One ventured the theory that the management was in need of money and was finding some difficulty in securing it on favorable terms, which difficulty had been duly reflected by the tape. Sam knew that, in this instance, the newspapers were mistaken, excepting one which was only half right. It was a tribute to the adroitness of his father. It emphasized the gulf between those who knew and those who did not. The existence of that gulf appeared vaguely unfair, but, he was forced to admit, inevitable.

As they rode to the office together in an electric brougham Sam began his cross-examination.

"Dad," he said, "the Virginia Central Railroad is what you are after, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Where does it run from; where does it go to; how big a railroad is it?"

"It begins nowhere and ends in the same place."

"I haven't any stock to sell you," laughed Sam.

Sampson Rock had not meant to be epigrammatic. He had said what he felt, what angered him in that ineptly-managed railroad, the aimlessness of which irritated him as being so much waste, so great and so unutilized a possibility—as the sight of an idler vexes a hard-working man, or a misused engine exasperates a born mechanic. He would make a railroad of it. But Sam's skepticism pleased him because it made enlightenment easy, and he answered in the way he thought Sam would understand:

"The Virginia Central Railroad was built before the war by Southern capitalists, at a time when nobody knew much about correct railroad building. They had little to learn from the past and they could not foresee the wonderful growth of the country. They let the road wind about like a crooked river. No town of over five hundred inhabitants was skipped, because the people were clamoring for a railroad and the builders thought the clamor meant dollars; it seemed to assure business at once. They got to Richmond. In time they hoped to get to some established port. So they waited for the port to establish itself. From the first they should have had two ends—logical, inevitable, natural ends—and they should have built an air-line—as straight a line as they could get—between these two points. If they wanted to tap sections off the main line, they could have run feeders to them. When the railroad does not go to the towns, the towns will come to the railroad. A new line must look less to the present than to the future. You don't build a railroad for a little while; you build it for all time. These Southerners were Americans enough to be thinking only of their own generation. That generation is gone, and because the road was built for it, it is not up-to-date. It paid once, but not now. Virginia has tobacco, coal, iron, to send North and East; and the North and East have hats, shoes, drygoods, hardware, to send to Virginia. The road that can carry what Virginia sells and what Virginia buys will prosper, if it carries enough. The farmer takes his produce to town in his market-wagon. If on the return home he can cart something to one of the neighbors, instead of going back empty, he is making money both ways, out of his wagon and his team and other people's work as well as out of his own farming. See? We must look for markets and we must find them and develop them and keep them ours. We must keep our wagons loaded, coming and going.

"And it is by an infinite number of infinitesimal economies that we can reduce expenses and meet competition. To haul your freight after you get it, more quickly, more economically, more efficiently in short, that is the problem. It cost the Roanoke last year $600,000 to reduce grades and straighten curves on the Riverside branch alone, which hardly was paying. But that made it possible for us to run as heavy trains and as fast trains on that division as on any other part of the system. Instead of six freight trains a day, we need only to run four to do more than the six did formerly. And we must be ready to run twelve. We save a fraction of a mill per ton per mile. But a good many thousands of tons go over the two hundred and twenty miles of that branch line in the course of a year, and as the country grows we shall be able to handle all the business likely to come for many years, and not only not increase rates, but even reduce them. We'll make up the initial expense in a little while. There will come a time when some of the increased business will be in the nature of 'velvet.' Transportation's what we have to sell. Apply the same principle that you would to any product. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

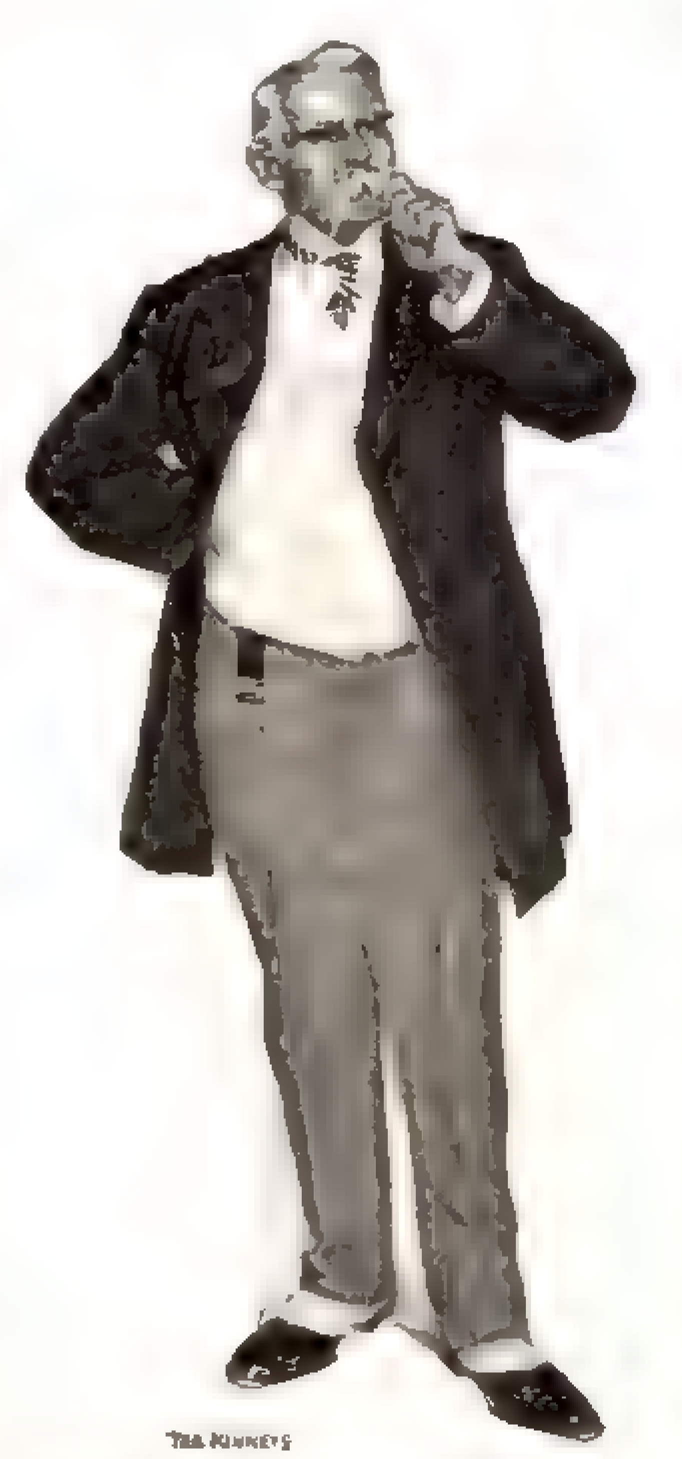
"Well, a railroad must gain; it must go forward all the time. There is a normal rate of increase as the country becomes more thickly populated and more intelligent in its productive work. To stand still is therefore really to go backward. It means some one else is getting the increase. We must strengthen or rebuild old bridges, double-track and use heavier rails and more powerful locomotives and larger cars. The crew of a small train is the same as on a larger train. You see the difference in the street cars—one conductor and one motorman and one car; but the car now carries twice as many fares as it used to—a greater earning capacity per working unit. But the increase in operating expenses is or should be—there is no reason why it shouldn't be—smaller than the increase in the earning capacity. Have you got all that down, Sam?" he finished, with a smile.

Sam nodded quickly. He was very much interested. He was getting elemental facts made comprehensible to infant ears, and he was not aware that his father was picking his words with that end in view.

"I want that road because, notwithstanding certain disadvantages, it has possibilities that the present management does not realize and moreover is financially unable to develop into realities, so that Virginia is not getting what it ought to get in the way of transportation. The capital stock is $35,000,000 and the bonded indebtedness is not large—not so large as it might be with benefit to the road—and safety to investors, Sam. Nobody wants to overload a property with bonds nowadays; only what we think it can stand—and stand in hard times. Do you understand that? Well, don't forget it, ever. The worst we do, and we do it because we are Americans, is to capitalize our hopes. We think this country will grow—the railroads help it more than anything else—and what some people call water to-day becomes the dividend-paying stock of to-morrow. The water, after all, is only an intelligent optimist's appraisal of the value of the equity *plus* the future. The money is made by the people who have faith in this country, by upbuilding and not by pulling down; and time will do more for all of us than the ticker. Rodney Bruce, of Chicago, said something at the club the other night to a chap who was very bearish and saw hard times ahead: '*In the last five years I myself have helped to bury thirty-seven men who bet against the United States.*' Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Sam impatiently. "But about Virginia Central stock?" Sampson Rock went on, with a slight smile:

"If I could get eighteen of the thirty-five millions of the Virginia Central stock at about thirty-five dollars a share it would cost only about six and one-half millions in cash. To build extensions from the main line of the Roanoke to the sections I want to develop would cost all of that and more. But it also would mean two roads going there; whereas by getting the Virginia Central and improving it out of its own earnings, there would be but one, and one that would throw the traffic our way just the same. The improvement of the Virginia Central will make it a valuable property. The Roanoke, therefore, would profit not only by the increased traffic it would get from the Central, but by its investment in Central stock itself, of which it would hold the majority. The Roanoke could afford to pay fifteen millions for the majority of the Central stock and issue four per cent. bonds for it, which would mean $600,000 a year, because some day the Central's stock will be paying four per cent., or even five per cent., dividends on its par value, or much more than the interest on the bonds, and in addition to this the Biddleboro extension alone ought to be good for $200,000 a year net in increased business to the Roanoke proper."



"But How Can I Sell the 5000 at Thirty-Six?"

"But if you buy stock for six and one-half millions and sell it to the Roanoke for fifteen——" began Sam. The work itself was good, praiseworthy, inspiring; but the financing of it was not.

"I won't get fifteen for it and I won't buy it for six and one-half. No such luck. I'll probably have to pay forty or fifty dollars a share, and possibly more, and I'll have to take the Roanoke's collateral bonds in payment, and I'll have to sell them at a discount, which won't net me the fifteen millions. And besides, I'll only be one of a syndicate. I can't make millions quite as fast as that. But I'll have to get the price of Virginia Central stock down, Sam, not so much to get it cheap, but to get it at all. I must make it very active and very weak, because that will bring stock from all over the country. Holders of it will read what the newspapers say of it and they won't like the looks of things. They don't have to sell if they don't wish; I can't force them to sell, and I won't advise them to sell. But I can't tell them to buy now, can I? Wall Street says the tape never lies, and what the smart Alecks of Wall Street say the public who listens will repeat, being sheep. If anybody has Virginia Central stock for investment and believes in the growth of his country, he will hold on. But it is neither these men nor the speculators who make the railroads prosperous. So the tape will say things which stupid people will imagine mean something that the tape doesn't mean at all. And those—the speculators—will sell their Virginia Central, Sam."

"To Sampson Rock?" His father certainly would be doing good to Virginia—over the emptied pocketbooks of the ticker-listeners.

"To somebody or other who doesn't put too much reliance on what the ticker or anybody says, but has brains to do his own thinking with."

"Then, if you put the stock down to ten dollars a share——" began Sam.

"I can't." He paused. Sam thought there was a limit to the ruthlessness of business. Sampson Rock went on: "The stock has value. I'm not the only one who knows it. You might not want to pay $10,000 for a house, even though it was really worth it; but you'd jump at it at $5000, even if you had to wait months or years for a $10,000 buyer. The stock is really worth more to the Roanoke than to any individual, because of the traffic arrangements which would be of mutual benefit. But at a certain price it is worth while to many individuals to buy it."

"Why don't you make a fair offer to Colonel Robinson?" Sam suggested this tentatively. He had strengthened his suspicion that what seemed fair would not be practicable.

"He would know what we can afford to pay. Wait; that isn't all."—For Sam had opened his mouth and his father had divined a conventional remonstrance, as it were. "He would add twenty-five per cent. to what really would be a fair price, in order to make sure he wasn't giving it away. I hate a man who is so ready to take advantage of the needs of others." He smiled.

"Yes," acquiesced Sam unsmilingly. "But do you count on getting all the Virginia Central stock you want in the open market?"

"I can't tell yet, Sam. I hope so. I have a list of the stockholders and I'm trying to find out where the stock is held. The stock paid dividends years ago, but the road has allowed competitors to grow while it has itself stood still, and during the last period of depression it narrowly escaped bankruptcy. It has not paid any dividends since. The stock is up where it is because other stocks have boomed rather than because its own future is as bright as that of the rest. But it has many stockholders. Robinson owns a large block and Robinson's friends are also heavily interested. Robinson's stock probably won't come on the market unless somebody guns for it, but I think I can do without it. Some of the others would sell if it went up a great deal, which it won't; or if it went low enough to frighten them. Some is held in England, and then there is the floating supply held by more or less speculative holders. *That* I know I'll get—that and what's knocking around the Street. If I get the bulk cheap I'll be generous enough with the balance."

"I should think Robinson——" began Sam, with a sort of wondering impatience.

"He would, if he had the brains and the money, Sam," interjected Sampson Rock; "but he thinks the New York bankers are extortionate in their terms, when, as a matter of fact, they are only intelligently prudent. They know where the fault lies; it isn't with the road, but with the management. He will be one of Wall Street's self-elected victims. The woods are full of them and you read about them in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, it is the human factor in the equation; it is always that, Sam. Robinson hopes the Englishmen will help him out, but before he can find out positively I hope to get what I want. You'd be surprised to know," he finished reflectively, "how much stock comes from strong-boxes all over the country when the price breaks and stays broke."—He was looking thoughtfully at the door-handle of the brougham. Perhaps he saw how much Virginia Central stock was coming from strong-boxes all over the country—a growing mound of engraved certificates, growing, growing, bringing with them the power to give to Virginia prosperity—life and the chance to work and sweat!

"It isn't a square deal, Dad," said Sam without heat, in order to avoid offense. "They don't know that the price is going down because you are——"

"Sam," retorted Sampson Rock impatiently, "that stock pays no dividends. It won't pay any as long as Robinson runs the road; and he'll never resign the management while he and his friends are in control. I don't want to wreck the road in order to get it for practically nothing. I'm after the control of it because I tell you, my boy, that the possible welfare of an individual must not be allowed to stand in the way of the actual welfare of hundreds of thousands of people. And I'm getting it in and through the stock-market because that is the easiest, cheapest and best way—and perhaps the only way."

He believed his own words; nevertheless, when he continued, it was in a defensive tone: "You won't know Virginia five years after the Roanoke gets the Central. Its own mother wouldn't know it in ten. And we won't stop there. The Roanoke must go westward. Let me get this road"—Sampson Rock's eyes shone and he clenched his right hand as though the Virginia Central were a struggling eel—"Let me get this miserable little road and I——" He drew in a deep breath and came back to an electric brougham in New York after having been on the shore of Lake Michigan, the inevitable terminus of the great Roanoke system of the future. Sam, who was watching him, asked:

"And you what, father?"

"That must be your work, Sam," answered Rock very quietly—"that is, if you care for that sort of thing."

"Yes," answered Sam quickly, "I care. But have I the brains to think——"

"Have you the will to work? That's more to the point. There is no mystery about these things. They are perfectly obvious."—The quality which makes some men leaders of men does not always go with the power to understand why the minds of the sub-chiefs do not always work quickly enough.

"Obvious to you," said Sam. Whatever sophistries there might be in Rock's speech, Sam could not put his finger on them. And the work *was* interesting! He could vision to himself pleasant, inspiring things in the future.

"And to you, after you have studied them and men a few years. What votes are to a political statesman dollars are to a business man. But there are other things in life than votes or dollars. You must know your own country first. You don't know it yet. Therefore you can't know your own countrymen."

"But I will. And I want to know Virginia and see for myself where and why it is going to change so much after the Roanoke gets the control." Sam felt certain he would see with his own eyes and understand.

"That's very easy. Industrial development is now held back by the lack of adequate transportation facilities. Take the Austin iron deposits. It's fine ore and makes a particularly fluid iron which is very desirable for mixing with the cheaper Alabama grades in making certain castings and for other purposes. But the railroad handicaps them. Nature gave these iron deposits to Virginia and Virginia cannot take advantage of them because the Virginia Central doesn't develop them. But *I* will develop the Austin and the Randolph County coal-fields, and instead of two blast furnaces there will be ten at Austin, and instead of shipping 75,000 tons of excellent coal to nearby towns at rather high prices we'll be carrying a million tons, not only to Virginia people but to New England. It will be good and cheap fuel. And there are many other things. And I shall profit because the Roanoke will get more tonnage, since the Central's natural outlet will be by way of the Biddleboro extension and then through us to tidewater. That is all, without any verbal fireworks on the subject of the nobility of labor."

Sampson Rock turned to his morning papers—big and little, yellow and staid, he had them all—and read them one after another; first the stock-market articles, then the headlines of the other pages; his glance jumping jerkily from one column to another, then quickly down the page. Then—a minute or two to each paper—he put them aside.

Sam was lost in thought. It occurred to him he ought to buy coal and iron lands and develop them, and that now was the time. He suggested it to his father.

"Yes; you'd make money, Sammy; but it would tie up a lot and I can do better, dollar for dollar, just now, down here. Of course, we'll come in on the coal and iron too, for I'll help to promote a big development company and we'll have enough stock to be in on the prosperity, at a relatively small cost, Sam." He smiled slightly at the thought of the smallness of the cost. Nothing could be smaller than nothing; and that was what this stock would cost. "You see, the Roanoke is anxious to help enterprises that will develop the country's resources and traffic. I'll send people out to work on that as soon as I see things coming my way."

"Have you all the Roanoke stock you want?" asked Sam presently.

"Yes; why, Sam?"

"Will the purchase of the Central make Roanoke go up?"

"Yes—with some help. The acquisition of the controlling interest of the Central will be a great bull card. But the public will have to know the reason why and then the tape will have to corroborate it. The tape," he added after a pause, "will duly corroborate. It is a wonderful educational force, at times."

"Are you sure the Roanoke will buy the Central from you if you get it?" Sam had the railroad in his mind's grasp. The philosophy of the ticker did not interest him very much now.

"Oh, yes."

"At what price?"

"It depends. I think the Roanoke would pay seventy-five dollars a share for fifty-one per cent. willingly enough. Some of it should not cost me more than thirty-five, but some may cost me eighty or eighty-five. The market price will probably be about eighty-five when the deal is made, because there will be a very small supply by that time. Also by having it sell way up on the Exchange it will make the price the Roanoke pays seem cheap and silence adverse criticism. We must defer to public opinion. *My* average must be a good deal below seventy-five."

"Roanoke is no higher now than Central will be then. Isn't it worth more?"

"Yes; much more. It's a better and stronger road. Only it has more stock." He smiled. The newspapers, three years before, when Rock reorganized it, had dubbed the Roanoke the "Hydrant-Headed Monster"—a felicitous allusion to its watered capital. But the boom in business had changed the water into real value, to Rock's enormous profit, for Rock had seen the boom coming when the majority were building cyclone-cellars. He went on: "Roanoke is paying four per cent. dividends now and it will be some years before the Central does that. If things turn out as I hope, Roanoke ought easily to pay five per cent. and sell at par before the end of the year. The Roanoke's future if it gets the Virginia Central will be bright."

Some people would have given up their chances of eternal salvation for such an assurance from Sampson Rock; but Sam could not help recalling Mrs. Collyer's habit of savoring that phrase—Roanoke at par—and he said:

"Aunt Marie would drop dead if she thought she'd have to wait that long. She ought to buy Virginia Central instead."

"Sam," Sampson Rock spoke sharply, "under no circumstances whatever are you to mention to any one what I've told you. I can't impress it too strongly on you, Sam." He was looking at his son more than impressively. "An indiscreet word might spoil everything. It might make the deal impossible and cost me a great deal of money—millions." The look on his face was not pleasant to see.

"I understand," said Sam. He was disagreeably impressed by the look. It was the dollar-hunter's look—the look a man should not have who is thinking of the work and not of the money. In other people, but not in his father, that look might have been natural—people who would have seized with avidity the opportunity to make money, much money, out of his father's illuminating information; people who would have thought of it as of playing poker knowing exactly their opponent's hand; people who would not have hesitated to play poker on those conditions. Sam resented this intrusion of the ticker, vaguely because he could not see how else he could resent it. But to understand fully and without prejudice he must understand one thing at a time. He asked:

"All you need is 180,000 shares of Virginia Central, isn't it?"

"Yes, just a bare majority of the capital stock."

"Why don't you take it all?"

"Don't need it; a bare majority gives control."

"How much of it have you now?"

"Not very much."

"How much, Dad?" he persisted. "I want to know the reason for everything you do."

"About 30,000." Sampson Rock reflected that it might really help Sam to be on the absolute "inside" of this deal. Sam was his only son.

"You'll have to work hard to get the other 150,000. What do you expect the whole will average when you get it?"

"I can't tell."

"Fifty?"

"I hope less."

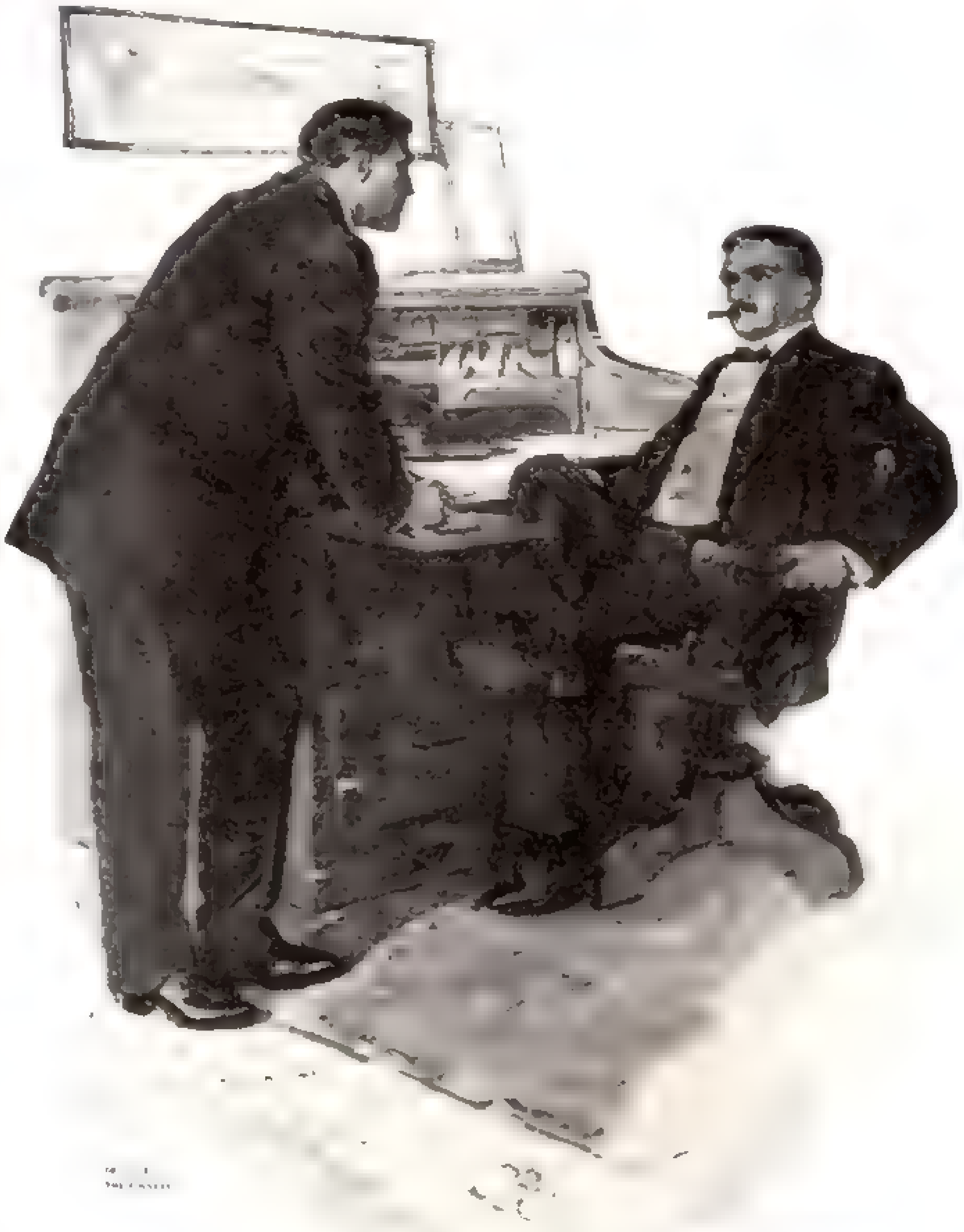
"Forty?"

"Probably more. It all depends on how much stock I can shake out in the next fortnight. At sixty or under I'll make enough money. It doesn't matter," he added—"whether it's lightning-rods, or rubbers, or railroads, Sam; the first rule of business is to buy as cheap as you can and sell as dear as you can. It will cost a lot of money to do such work as I'm doing now in the stock-market and I may not be able to get as much stock as I want, in which event I might have to come to terms with Robinson and lose a million of profits to avoid losing two or three of my own. But I don't think I'll need his help or his stock. Still, don't run away with the idea that there is no risk. There always is risk; but the odds are in my favor."

Sam understood fully that anybody who bought Virginia Central now and held it until Sampson Rock finished his purchases on a wholesale scale would make a great deal of money—money that would not actually come out of Sampson Rock's pocket, though it would reduce his profits. The Roanoke would pay for it in the end. And in the end everybody—workers and drones—would make money by the increased prosperity. The stock was selling under forty in the open market now, and Rock would make money even if he paid fifty-five or sixty for it. To secure 175,000 shares in the open market was difficult. Even his father wasn't sure he could do it, after all his preliminary manipulation and market-rigging and the skillful campaign of depression.

His father thought Robinson's stock could not be bought cheaply. Robinson would be on his guard against Sampson Rock, who was chairman of the board of directors of the Roanoke.

But would he be on his guard against some agent of Sampson Rock, Junior, who was nothing? Sam would pay Robinson a fair price; that would be playing the game fairly. The profit would be reduced but the work would be done. The work was the thing, not the money.



"What Price?"

On Sam's face there was a frown because he realized that he did not yet know the game well enough to play it intelligently, and the consciousness of it closed the door on confidence. It was like playing football with the eyes bandaged. The need of knowledge meant the need of patience, and the need of patience made him impatient. The impatience made him frown. And yet he had learned two things worth millions: that he must be patient, and that it was interesting work.

VIII

THEY walked into the office together, abreast, as though they were partners. The Old Man—Rock became the "Old Man" the moment he was in the ticker district—found a dozen cablegrams from his London brokers. They were in code, but Valentine had deciphered them, writing the plain English in lead-pencil over each code word, and Rock read them aloud in chronological sequence, for Sam's benefit. For the most part they were merely reports of sales for Mr. Rock's account, but two contained requests for information—which even Sam understood were thinly-disguised prayers for advice, that eager hearts across the sea might make money. Everywhere it was the same: people wished to make money. To Sampson Rock his work might mean more; to his acquaintances it seemed to mean the chance to get rich. The money end of the deal was the unpleasant part, but Sam dispassionately admitted the silliness of expecting the average man to think of the work without the money; everybody wasn't rich. He asked:

"Do you sell there for effect on this market?"

"Yes; and for effect on theirs, too," replied Rock. He rang the bell for Valentine.

In determining to learn, though he had not yet acquired the ability to analyze, Sam was developing an increasing susceptibility to impressions. Things whereof he had long known the bones now took on flesh and lived; so that he mistook them for discoveries. Thus, he was impressed by this fresh evidence that the game in its mighty ramifications extended across the broad Atlantic. The stakes were in Virginia. There his father was a railroad expert, knowing what was needed to-day and what would be forthcoming to-morrow, thinking only of efficiency because that meant increased work, increased prosperity, increased life; to everything else oblivious, insentient as a stone wall. The struggle for life differed with the individual; to his father, life meant work—a work that from its very nature meant fight. The newspapers called him many things, but never a wrecker, as they called other great railroad chiefs like John F Greener; nor a pirate, as they alluded to Commodore Stuyvesant. At the worst they referred—oftener than not, admiringly—to the way in which he had outmanœuvred some other great capitalist in a stock-market contest.

In this campaign—in which Sam's future way of living was involved—the first battle was waging in New York, with dollars for soldiers and the ticker for artillery. People he did not know, but for whom he still felt an impersonal sympathy, owned bits of paper called stock-certificates, and the game was to induce them to exchange these certificates for a certain number of dollars. The ways of inducing them to do so were not the ways of a railroad expert with his gaze on the future and his heart on the prosperity of a State, but the ways of a military strategist who left nothing to chance, but at the same time was insensible to the suffering of individuals. He would get that stock, as much of it and as quickly as he could, and he would use financial fear as a goad. Some people would lose some dollars; Rock would gain some. But Virginia also would gain some, he had said. Even in London would the dollar-strategist fight skirmishes, and it was civilization, work, progress—that same progress that his father had in mind when he spoke of "progress"—which now permitted so extended a battle-line because progressive men had invented banks and exchanges and telegraphs and submarine cables. A strong hand it must be and a quick and versatile brain that could grasp the situation. And, for all that it seemed hard, Sam again found something inspiring in the vital importance and magnitude of the game. It was small wonder that otherwise kindly men could convince themselves that the heart had no place in the struggle. Tears easily became insignificant, almost as meaningless as a lament against one of the natural forces. The law of gravitation had no conscience; the tempest was ignorant of ethics. Sam was forced to admit that the work was—it certainly seemed—bigger than the man.

"I send them selling-orders just as I do in New York. The price there comes lower unless they suspect ulterior motives. They are not asses, over there." It did not occur to Rock to add that New York, getting lower prices from London, would be sure to think that the report to the bondholders' committee was not favorable and that London speculators had advance news of it. It was self-evident. Valentine came in just then, and Rock told him:

"Cable Ismay and Israel that we look for lower prices for Virginia Central. Attitude of best bankers here toward present management not friendly."

Valentine, Sam noted, went out frowning, and Sam asked:

"Is that right?"—he corrected himself lest he be misunderstood—"I mean, are the bankers really unfriendly?" The sense of inspiration was buried beneath the sordid details of the great upbuilding plans. Even Valentine had showed by the look on his face that he did not relish his part in this work. As a matter of fact, Valentine had frowned because he was trying to remember the exact words of the message he must send. Ethics and accuracy in figures are not twin drops of rain.

(Continued on Page 2[illegible])

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Politics and Postal Clerks

THE attitude of the Department toward the Postal Clerks' Union appears to be that the union may exist so long as it doesn't do anything in particular. It is difficult to understand how it makes for good service, or for good citizenship, or for a proper relation between employer and employed when the public employee—whether of Nation, State or City—is treated as though he belonged in a class different from the employee of a private person or corporation. The right of the latter to form unions and advance their own interests in peaceful ways—even to petitioning Congressmen and threatening to vote against obnoxious candidates for office—is everywhere generally admitted.

A chief grievance of the postal clerks is that they work under a foolish, chaotic classification act. One clerk may get twelve hundred dollars a year and, under the same roof, another clerk may do precisely the same work for six hundred a year. Clerks having political influence are naturally anxious to get their "classification" right, and receive double the pay for doing the same work.

The manner of allotting pay for clerks has been criticised by many heads of the Department, as far back as Postmaster-General Gresham, in 1884. Postmaster-General Wanamaker said: "Carriers are placed upon a definite and determined scale of salaries, and that is well. Not so the clerks, and yet the duties of the latter are more exacting, their hours of work, days, nights and Sundays, are longer. . . . Yet the present classification law works great injustice and hardship to them."

Everybody knows how little usually comes of recommendations by Department heads in annual reports. The most objectionable features of the bad system persisted. It remained for the clerks themselves to organize and work for better conditions. We can see no reason why they should not be encouraged in this course just as any body of men who think that they suffer from bad conditions should be encouraged to exert themselves for an improvement.

It is pretty certain that, in about eight cases out of ten, they will not get the improvement unless they do exert themselves for it.

Mr. Rockefeller Views with Alarm

MR. ROCKEFELLER sees a grave peril in some current political tendencies. They aim, he says, to limit individual opportunity, and if we limit opportunity we inevitably put a brake upon national progress. "Will the individual," he asks, "strive for success if he knows the hard-won prize will be snatched from his fingers at the last?"

Mr. Rockefeller is unduly alarmed. He can easily convince himself that individual opportunity may suffer a very considerable limitation without arresting national progress. In order to do this he has only to study with care a certain body of evidence that is quite accessible to him—namely, the records of the Standard Oil Company. From the beginning that company has chiefly concerned itself with limiting the opportunity of other individuals—and has been amazingly successful at it, too.

Compelling big business to be tolerably honest and decent limits no opportunity the exercise of which is likely to prove profitable to the country. Abolishing freight-rebates, for example, obviously enlarges individual opportunity. How many, many persons have Mr. Rockefeller and the school of economics which he ornaments treated to the experience of seeing the hard-won prize snatched from their fingers at last? Consult recent testimony of men frozen out of the oil and coal trades.

This catch phrase of limiting opportunity is often nonsensically used. A visit to the Standard Oil's great plant at Whiting, Indiana, will suggest to any candid observer that many people must live there under conditions which impose a pretty heavy restriction upon their individual opportunities. They have a chance to work all day for wages that support physical existence on its barest terms; to see billows of smoke overhead and a fine prospect of sand, weeds and cinders beneath.

We doubt if even an out-and-out Socialist régime would do much worse for them in the important particular of limiting opportunity.

Hope in the Bottom of the Box

SOME little time ago, in one day and on 6428 counts, two Federal Grand Juries indicted the Standard Oil Company for taking rebates. The maximum fine on each count was $20,000; the possible aggregate would about equal the Standard's entire capital—and so, in trouble with the courts, this great corporation appealed to the people through that Palladium of our liberties, the public press.

We recall these facts not to vent a delayed and unholy glee, but rather because reflection has awakened a purely patriotic pride and convinced us that, in the words of a doughty doctor, "There is Hope." The country has long been traduced. Various people, from various motives, have rejoiced to say that certain aggregations of capital were mightier than the Government itself. From this slanderous premise big business has deduced the cheerful conclusion that it was not only a duty, but a necessity, of the Government to let it alone; and demagogy has concluded that we were in imminent danger of becoming slaves.

This theory of an inherent helplessness in a Republican Government against consolidated wealth has done harm. It is false. The Standard Oil Company (its affiliations being considered) is the richest and most stiff-necked corporation in the world.

Seeing the Government roll up its sleeves in earnest, this corporation begins to beg for quarter. The mere brandishing of the Government's sword causes its hair to stand up.

Let us put away the silly and humiliating idea that any corporation, or any combination of corporations, can possibly be more powerful than the Government when the Government is animated by a vigorous will.

Paternalistic High Finance

MANY good and able men view with alarm the growing tendency to turn for relief to the National Government whenever any considerable body of citizens find themselves in trouble. They think this extension of Federal powers breeds a debilitating hankering for paternalism, and tends steadily to make Washington so important that the quadrennial struggle for control of the Administration will soon degenerate into a sort of chronic civil war. There is only so much power. The more of it the Government takes, the less will be left for the individual to exercise his own initiative upon. A Government railroad is abhorrent to them, and a postal savings-bank obnoxious.

Some of these men are deeply interested in the New York money market, which periodically causes them great trouble. So now they propose that the Government shall set up a central bank of issue and discount, modeled upon the Bank of France or the Bank of Germany. This might help them in their money-market troubles; but we do not see how any one who has absorbed their philosophy of government can fail to view the proposal with profound alarm. If a Government railroad would be paternalistic, and therefore corrupting, what mysterious quality could save a Government bank from exerting precisely the same blight?

It is a not uncommon view that exciting Presidential campaigns are injurious, and the foes of paternalism seem pretty generally to share it. At the moment, however, we cannot think of any step which would be more likely to heighten the zest of struggle to control the Administration than this one of giving the Administration control of a great bank that dominated the New York money market. The debasing bacilli seem to have deeply infected even high finance.

The Ordeal of Wealth

THE uses of adversity are obvious. In the gray day of misfortune outlines are clear, objects are either black or white, duty is plain. But prosperity is another matter. Good luck casts a golden haze through which everything looks pleasant and limitless; outlines are softened, distinctions are blurred. The ordeal of wealth is the severest to which human nature is subjected. Everybody knows how hard it falls upon the individual: what America should now remember is that nations are, after all, only collections of individuals; that they have the same duties, and that they survive or perish by the same tests.

As a nation we are prosperous. We "can make good our slips"—and so we take risks joyously. For the last three years the fire-insurance losses of the United States have amounted to many hundreds of millions of dollars—partly quite preventable. We can stand the shot; but joy in our ability to stand it need not exclude reflections of an opposite character. Our huge annual farm loss through negligent tilling is often spoken of. Everybody knows the staggering human waste that occurs yearly through careless operation of railroad trains. In spite of all that has been said and done, a senseless dissipation of wealth in forests still goes on.

All these things, and more of like sort, are essentially of the same piece as graft. They are the product of a selfish and unsocial will. A man is careless about his sprinkler-attachment because, if the building burns, the insurance companies will pay for it, and he personally will lose nothing to speak of. His imagination is as impervious to the social wrong as that of the thrifty alderman who takes a bribe. It would not be a bad thing should there arise a man who would devote his energies to telling us about what we might save in hard dollars through a really alert social sense.

What is Real Hospitality?

WHEN company comes, the thrifty New England housekeeper takes off the covers from the horsehair furniture in the parlor, gets out her best preserves, bakes a batch of cake, and puts her finest linen on the spare-room bed. That is the type of hospitality most generally recognized in our country. It is a strenuous thing, whether it occurs in a farmhouse, or a city mansion, or a seaside cottage. The best that can be got is provided for the guest within the gates.

There is another kind of hospitality—the kind the Bedouin offers the chance guest that may stray into his tent. He invites the stranger to share his salt, to take pot-luck with him. So long as the guest desires, he may remain with his host: he is welcome to his protection, to his food and lodging. But his host does not send around the corner for a fillet of gazelle or order up delicacies from Cairo. He gives him what he gives himself, neither better nor worse. There is much to be said in favor of this primitive sort of hospitality besides its great economy. It is not embarrassing to the guest; it does not demand elaborate repayment in kind; it does not bankrupt the host, or put him to shame because he cannot go his neighbor one better.

Hospitality of the sort Americans are fond of indulging in is a nuisance and a positive evil. It is also vulgar, when looked into closely. It would be better if people should live all the time as they can afford to live and like to live, and share this living, its meat and bread and drink, with the passing friend and stranger. But they should have enough independence and pride to offer the guest what they have and nothing more. If we took to the Bedouin style of hospitality we should entertain more often and more hygienically than any but our millionaire friends can do at present.

Our Untimely Holiday

THANKSGIVING and Christmas are the only real festivals that, as a people, we celebrate. Thanksgiving, which has spread from the Puritans pretty generally throughout the country, comes at a poor season of the year for festival purposes. It is too near to Christmas, and the end of November is one of the least lovely periods of the twelve months. It should be moved to an earlier date, not later than the last week of October, and take the place of the old harvest-home and of Hallowe'en.

Schools and colleges find it convenient to observe Easter by granting a short vacation. A spring festival, such as Easter was in its origin, is most appropriate, and should be secular as well as religious. For that end it would be well to have it fixed, rather than movable, somewhere about the first of April.

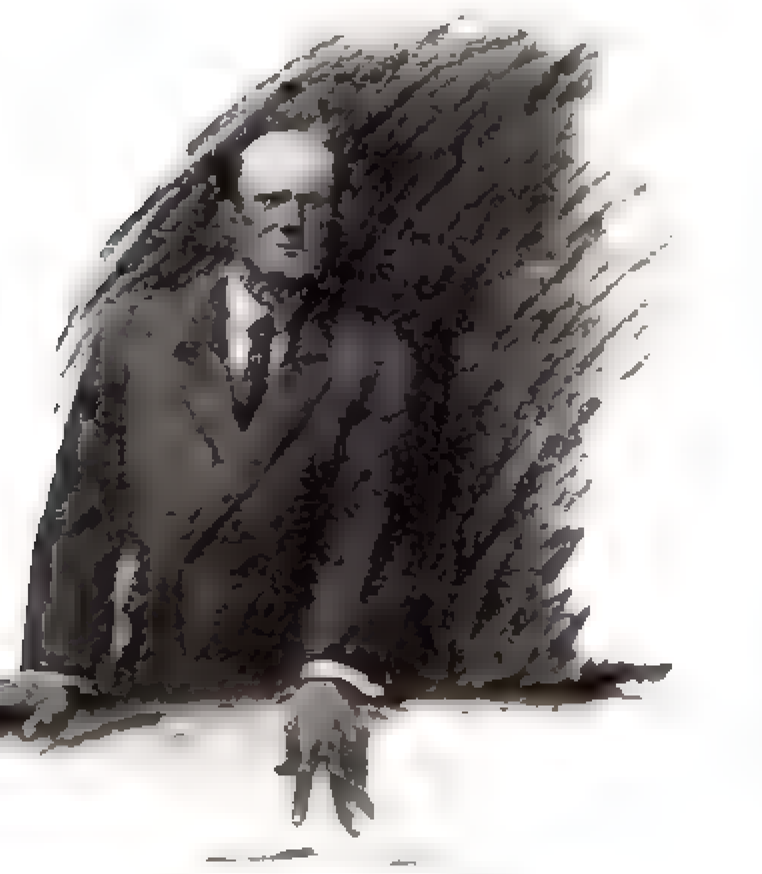
There is good reason for holding a summer festival which could have something more of the season in it than the Fourth of July. Perhaps the custom of "old home week"—which has been successfully tried in New England and elsewhere—to be held between "hay and harvest," might be made into a real festival over the whole breadth of the country.

Four festival seasons each year are none too many for a strenuous people that needs to relax and cultivate the joy of living. For the festival should be something more than a holiday like the Fourth or Labor Day. It should be an occasion for city folk to get back to the country, for renewing old associations, for enjoying the changing gifts of the seasons. There should be cheer and jollity, games and special customs. The oftener and the nearer man gets to the earth that feeds him the better he will be for it.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-TEACHER

An Attempt to Smoke the Political Pests Out of the Public-School System

By FORREST CRISSEY



"There's His Signature in Black and White"

BEFORE he had scarcely caught his breath from the surprise of his election, the School-Teacher found himself assailed on every hand by the abiding pests of the public-school system of American cities—the politicians. From the moment he first opened his desk until the Board of Education reconvened after the summer vacation, the hum of the political pull was perpetually in his ears.

Never, since he had recovered his educational impulse in the grammar-room of the little school at Strawberry Point, had he thought of the School-Teacher's position as merely a job. He knew the plain and practical bent of his own mind, and knew that his nearest friend would not accuse him of being only an idealist; but it had not occurred to him that there was any great number of decent and self-respecting citizens in the Middle West who held the position of instructing their own and their neighbors' children as a political bone to squabble for—a mere piece of political spoils, like an appointment as bridge-tender or deputy oil inspector.

Whatever of idealism the School-Teacher had with regard to American citizenship and the public-school system received a severe jolt in those vacation days which he had dedicated to getting hold of the reins of the school administration and securing a near and practical view of the big problems with which he must deal in a responsible way. Instead of finding his office frequented by teachers, principals, district superintendents and Board members eager to consult with him on measures for the interests of the school-children, he awoke to the fact that fully one-half his time was being demanded by politicians inside and outside the ranks of teachers, who came to ask for appointments, transfers and promotions, and to impress him with the "backing" which they were able to bring.

The school-teacher as a job-hunter, as a cog in the City Hall "machine," as a side partner with the district boss, the ward-heeler and the precinct captain, was a new species to this educator from the tall grass of the Iowa prairies. He was, for the moment, stunned by the force and volume of the current of political pressure which was turned upon him; but soon he began to pull himself together, and when the members of the Board of Education returned for the first meeting prior to the opening of the schools he had digested this revelation of public-school politics and was prepared to act.

At this time nominations for appointment, transfer and promotion in the teaching and supervising force were made jointly by the superintendent of schools and the members of the district committee—each district having a committee composed of two or three members of the Board of Education which did its work in secret.

Just before the first meeting of a certain district committee its two members called upon the School-Teacher to arrange for the nomination of a list of principals and head assistants in their district.

"I'm new to this situation, and I must have a chance, gentlemen," replied the School-Teacher, "to talk this over with the superintendent of your district."

The members of the district committee smiled tolerantly and gave an offhand assent to this suggestion. The district superintendent had been asked who were the best persons to fill the places in question and the list was in the desk of the superintendent of schools. But he was again consulted and his superior was satisfied that the recommendations were good ones.

The afternoon before the session of the big school-management committee, the two members of the district committee and the district superintendent suddenly appeared before the School-Teacher and submitted a list of nominations almost wholly different from the one already in possession of the head of the school system.

"Are these your recommendations?" the district superintendent was asked.

"Yes, sir. You see ——"

But his explanation was interrupted by the members of the district committee, who pointed to the bottom of the list and said:

"There's his signature in black and white."

At this moment a messenger appeared and summoned the School-Teacher before the school-management committee. As he went into the room he slipped the recommendations just delivered to him under the stack of papers which he carried in his hand. This, his first important committee session, seemed to drop easily into the commonplace until all the documents in his pile save the last had been disposed of; then very quietly he remarked:

"Here is a list of recommendations signed by the district superintendent and by the district committeemen, but not by myself. I know nothing about them and can make no recommendation on them."

Instantly the chairman of the school-management committee reached for the list and put his "O. K." upon it, as upon all the other reports, at the same time declaring the session adjourned.

"What's the meaning of this?" suddenly inquired Chester M. Dawes, a keen lawyer and a son of the late United States Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts.

Briefly the School-Teacher explained to the railroad lawyer the incident which had dictated his course regarding the last list of nominations.

"If I had known the circumstances," said Mr. Dawes, "that recommendation would have been held up."

When the School-Teacher found the district superintendent he asked:

"What did you mean by giving me one set of nominations and the district committeemen another?"

"They insisted upon it," was the reply, "as they always do, and although their list was enough to make angels weep, I felt that I must concur. But what can you do?"

"I can stand out and make a fight," answered the School-Teacher, "and that's just what I'm going to do, too."

"Then I'll stand with you," responded the district superintendent, "and do all I can to straighten the thing out." And he did.

Then followed lively sessions with the district committeemen, the chairman of the school-management committee and Chester M. Dawes—sessions which made school-history in Chicago beyond the realization, at the time being, of those who were concerned in the fight. A truce was called by an agreement that the report in controversy was to be withheld from the full session of the Board of Education.

After one meeting of the Board had passed without action upon the matter, the representative of a big city boss, who controlled and dictated conventions, called at the office of the superintendent of schools and "read the riot act" to the School-Teacher, informing him that the name of a niece of the Big Boss was on the list and that it "must go through."

"I'll see the president of the Board about it," declared the emissary of the politician.

He did—and the president sustained the superintendent of schools. The war was on, and the man from the tall grass started in to smoke out of the school system the pest of the professional politicians.

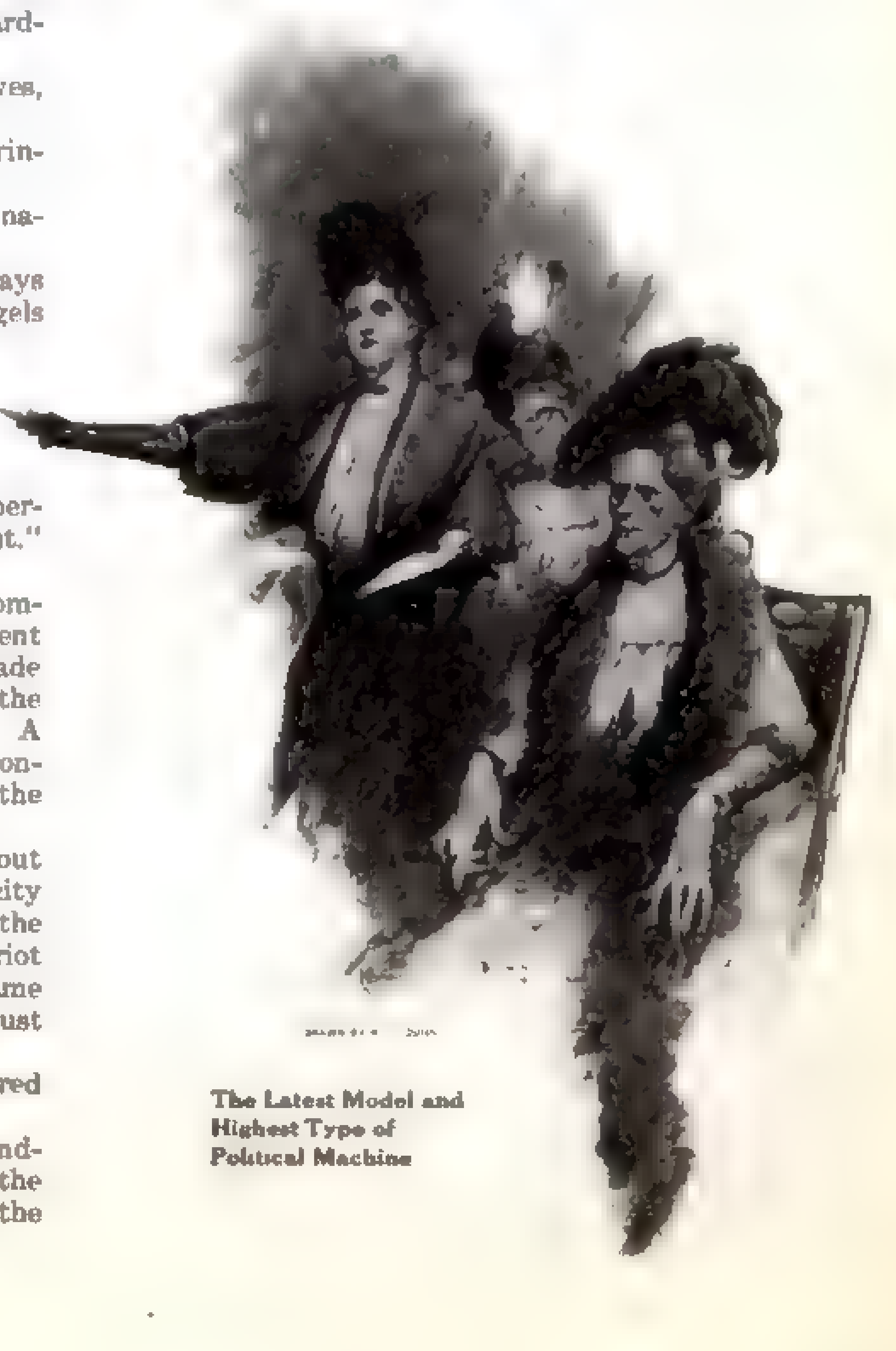
Just before the close of the next session of the Board of Education, the School-Teacher arose and made the request that the Board go into executive session for the purpose of listening to a statement which he wished to make. The president requested all outsiders and members of the press to leave the room, and for the first time in its history the Board was convened in secret session. The School-Teacher realized that he faced a crisis at the very beginning of his administration.

He related his experience with the case in hand, and he asked that a ruling be made on the method of formulating lists of nominees for appointment, promotion and transfer which should not only guide the superintendent of schools, but should also be binding upon the members of the Board of Education. His talk opened the eyes of his hearers, and, after a sharp fight, a rule was adopted which left him free to make his recommendations direct to the big school-management committee, where they should be heard and discussed in open, before the public and the representatives of the press.

This was a long step in the direction of freeing the public schools of Chicago from the coils of the boa-constrictor of political influence, and district committees have never since been consulted regarding nominations.

At the same meeting Chester M. Dawes introduced the resolution which has since borne his name and will always entitle him to the gratitude of those who have the real interest of the pupils of the Chicago public schools at heart. In essence this resolution made it mandatory upon the superintendent of schools to report to the Board of Education the name of every person whether a member of that Board, a teacher or an outsider—who in any manner sought to influence the nomination for appointment, transfer or promotion of any person to a position in the teaching or supervising force of the public schools.

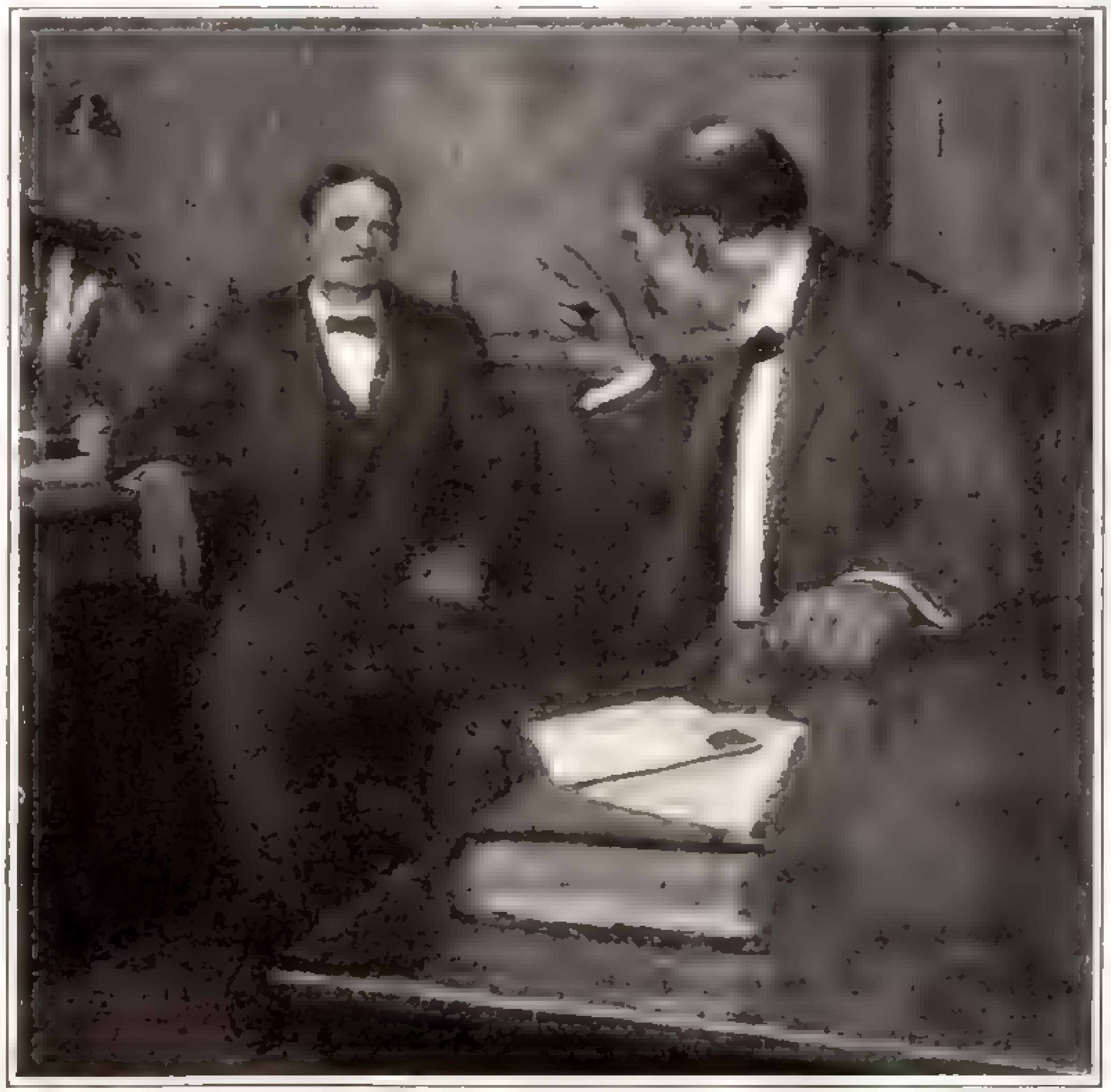
This resolution was resented and resisted by some members of the Board, but, after a fight of about two



The Latest Model and Highest Type of Political Machine

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles on the career of Mr. Cooley, who is at the head of the Chicago public schools and one of the foremost American educators.

months, it was finally adopted. Perhaps it was voted for by some members who did not fully realize the effectiveness of publicity as a preventive against the pull evil. At one meeting fourteen of the twenty-one members of the Board were reported as having pulled for various nominees, and their names were printed in the newspapers in connection with the transaction. The names of many "distinguished citizens" were also published, from time to time, in the "pull list," and the people of Chicago began to arouse themselves to the fact that the public schools were being used, and had long been used, as a rich preserve for pot-hunting politicians and professional job-seekers. This hunting-ground was especially tempting to those politicians and citizens who had women relatives and friends whom they wished to "place" on the public pay-roll.



"I'll See the President of the Board About It"

Although this smudge of publicity helped to drive back the political pests, the School-Teacher realized that he had won only the first fight in the long battle against politics in the public schools, and that the pressure of influence was always there and ready, on the instant, to take advantage of the least non-resistance, the slightest relaxation, on his part. He realized, too, that he must keep pushing ahead in his campaign, or he would lose the ground he had already gained. Not only this, but he must fortify and protect each position gained so that it would be fairly safe from future assault from the political contingent. In this effort he was supported by the majority of the Board and by the Mayor.

There were bosses and ward-heelers obtuse enough to ask why he was so afraid of "a little politics"—had not kissing always gone by favor, and should not a man of influence take care of his friends? Was there anything sacred about a job in the public schools that it must be filled by divine inspiration? To these questions the School-Teacher laid down the law that public schools exist for one purpose alone—*the best good of pupils;* that all other considerations were secondary and insignificant, and that political influence in appointments was bad for the pupils because it did not *provide* the best teachers, *keep* the best teachers, *promote* the best teachers, or get the best work out of the entire teaching and supervising force. In a certain school, for example, one teacher—and a woman, at that—openly defied the principal and challenged him to report her to the superintendent, adding, significantly, that she could pull more votes in the Board of Education than he could. Then, too, the School-Teacher fought politics in school matters not only because it brought poor teaching and supervising timber into service and destroyed discipline, but also because it forced the teachers to think more of cultivating their pulls than their pupils, and it continually occupied the time and energy of the school executives which the good of the children demanded should be spent in dealing with practical educational problems.

Never since he first laid down this platform has the School-Teacher deviated from its simple lines. The politicians and their followers had long been accustomed to think that the public schools *existed for the teachers.* The School-Teacher's declaration that they existed solely for the pupils seemed a strange doctrine—a bold and blatant heresy which marked the author as a "reform crank." But the pupils sat up and took notice.

The next advance movement of the School-Teacher was for the securing of a permanent and well-fortified merit system which should make promotion automatic on the basis of efficiency in the schoolroom and of progressive scholarship. Of course, this movement was beset by political snags, but the people had experienced an awakening with regard to their schools, and the Board was with them. After more than a year of steady work for his measure, the School-Teacher marked another mile-post in his career by securing the adoption of a merit system which placed the appointment and transfer of all elementary teachers, kindergartners and teachers in positions not involving special qualifications on the basis of scholarship and efficiency in the schoolroom. Appointments and transfers were made, and have ever since been made, from this merit-list. So far as the list of those eligible for appointment is concerned, the merit-list is an open book and is kept on the public counter in the office of the superintendent of schools, where all comers may freely examine the roll of eligibles and note the relative standing of the applicants for appointment.

And how is this merit-list filled? Briefly thus: Old teachers who have dropped out of the service and desire reinstatement are the only ones put on this list without "cadet" or probationary service; they are marked according to their old record. Experienced teachers from outside the city are admitted to the eligible list after an examination for scholarship and a satisfactory probationary service of four months as "supplies," their number of rank being fixed by a combination of their scholarship and their efficiency marks. The third class and by far the most numerous one—is that of graduates from the Chicago Normal School, which is maintained expressly as a feeder and an inspiration for the teaching force of the Chicago public schools. Although these cadets are required to do a liberal amount of actual supply-work in the classrooms of the public practice schools, they are also marked for efficiency by the principals under whom they teach while serving a four months' probation. These marks, together with their scholarship marks in the Normal School, determine their standing on the merit-list, which is revised twice a year. All regular teachers are assigned, automatically, from the merit-list, and no teacher is regularly employed in an elementary position who has not been tried by this probationary process.

An important evolution from this merit scheme was worked out by the School-Teacher and adopted by the Board of Education. It marked another significant step toward more complete protection from political interference. This is called the salary-grouping system. It classifies all elementary and high-school teachers and principals into groups, and provides that promotion from group to group must be based, first, upon *efficiency of service in the schoolroom*, as marked by the supervising force, including principals and district superintendents; second, on the evidence of their *progressive scholarship* shown by examinations, by work done in universities, colleges, certain recognized correspondence schools, or by study under direction of the Chicago Normal School. Upon a combination of their efficiency marks and their proofs of progressive scholarship depends their progress from one salary-group to another.

The opponents of this plan contended that length of service should be the determining factor in salary increase, but the School-Teacher said: "To permit teachers to advance from the minimum salary paid to the highest limit, without let, hindrance or interruption—save that they continue efficient enough to avoid dismissal—absolutely ignores the real purpose for which the school exists—the *welfare of the children in the schools*—and suggests the necessary effort to get into the system *and then letting the clock do the rest.*" He finally scored a victory over the clock-watchers and secured a rule requiring progressive scholarship. This forced the teacher who secured salary promotion beyond a certain point *to keep alive.*

Since that time the proportion of teachers who have joined the "Keep Alive Club"—the Normal Extension movement—has fully held its own and perhaps increased. This summer the phenomenal number of 731 teachers have asked for the Normal Extension summer course.

Reorganization of the system of school administration also imposed a heavy burden upon the shoulders of the School-Teacher and opened another means of placing further obstacles in the way of the school politician. First the number of district superintendents was reduced from fourteen to six, and later to four. In the old days each district superintendent was practically supreme in his district. Now the assignment of teachers, the making of transfers and all kindred matters are handled by these superintendents sitting as a board, thus working together along the line of a common policy to a common end. These superintendents practically constitute a Board of Equalization on educational matters, not only as to the marking of teachers and principals for efficiency and the transfer and dismissal of teachers, but also on methods of teaching, matters of discipline, the equitable distribution of school equipment and supplies, the locating and building of new schoolhouses, the placing of kindergarten, manual training and domestic science centres and of playgrounds. All these matters were once subject to the influence of local politicians, but are now handled with reference to the needs of the children and *the good of the whole school system*, instead of being at the mercy of politicians and citizens seeking to serve their immediate ends.

No problem with which the School-Teacher has had to deal can be considered as more important than that of the Teachers' Federation, because, stripped of all disguises, the real animus of this secret organization is to run the public schools *for the teachers* instead of for the pupils. But this statement is altogether too generous; it should be qualified by the clause: *for the teachers who belong to the Federation.* Again, the Federation fight is significant to every educator, and every public-school pupil in America, because the organization is being systematically extended to towns and cities throughout the entire country. And, finally, it is most important, *because it is the latest model and the highest type of the political machine especially adapted to school politics. It is warranted to show efficiency in the tightest and most prohibitive situations where the old-style political machine is powerless and obsolete.*

The Teachers' Federation has set out to subjugate the school management to its purposes and its control. It has systematically assailed the Board of Education and the superintendent of schools as tools of the "plutocrats" and "tax-dodging corporations"; it has assailed the plan basing teachers' salaries on efficiency and progressive scholarship; it has demanded a schedule of salaries based on length of service only; it has proposed to take the initiative in the selection of textbooks out of the hands of the superintendent of schools and his advisers and throw it into the hands of the grade teachers; it has demanded the "democratization" of the schools by the creation of councils of teachers having authority to deal with important administrative and pedagogical questions as an advisory body; it has sent its lobby to Springfield to oppose legislation for the better organization of the school system.

The Teachers' Federation is a secret organization, so far as its rank and file, its methods and purposes are concerned. In every school where it has one or more members it has a correspondent whose duty it is secretly and regularly to inform the officials of the Federation on all matters believed to be of interest to them. The Chicago Tribune recently contained a letter from the only male teacher in the school where he is employed, stating that the correspondent of the Federation in the school wields more power than the principal. The "drag" of the Federation is such that, in all matters of discipline involving teachers belonging to it, the power of the Federation is quickly felt.

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Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

Making the Office Pay

A FEW years ago I secured a position as telegraph operator at the small town of X ——, in upper New York. The office had been open scarcely a year, and business was very dull, only three or four messages, on the average, being sent during a day. The larger part of the messages from here were sent by a rival company, and, try as he might, the former operator had diverted but very little business from that concern.

It was owing to these facts that I was informed, upon taking charge of the office, that, if business did not soon increase, the office would be discontinued. That I might not lose my position, I set out to make the office pay.

First I interviewed the managers of all the manufactories of the town and requested business. I asked for and obtained an order from my manager for the privilege of "rushing" all messages sent from the largest shop of the place. In this form of message the word "rush" is inserted after the number of words and secures preference over all messages on the line. That order I showed to the factory manager and assured the best of service. On the strength of this he gave me half his messages and the other shops added some to the quota. I then asked the storekeepers for a share of their patronage, and succeeded in obtaining it.

I now had a fairly good business built up, but I soon thought of other ways to add to it. Permission was given me by the district manager to take stock reports. I set up a sounder in the office and listed stock-sales during spare moments. I invited the officials of the local banks and other interested persons to drop in and look these over at any time. As there was no brokerage office in town, I soon had many people in to see the reports every day. Since one good turn deserves another, the business of the bankers soon became mine.

I then made the acquaintance of several of the more popular young men in town, many of whom were just from college. To draw them to the office, I offered to get the results from the football games as soon as possible. They fell into the habit of coming to the office, and I soon had their messages to send.

My next report to headquarters showed such an increase in business that I was advised that the office would be continued and my salary raised. —*X.*

The Binder Extraordinary

AS A YOUNG man I worked my way through college with a business which started with a needle and a can of paste and which sold for $1200 at the end of my course. As I had often attempted some crude bookbinding in an amateur way, a specimen of my handiwork came to the notice of a classmate, who asked me to bind a volume of music for him. I did so as a mere accommodation, and soon had so many calls for work that I fitted up a workroom in my house where, with no tools other than a hand-made sewing-bench, shears and a paste-pot, I was able to secure enough work, unsolicited, to keep me in spending money.

There was no bookbindery in the town, and I very soon saw that, if I were to "learn the trade," and fit up a little shop, I might be able to secure a considerable amount of business. During the following summer vacation I went to a near-by city and, through the medium of a city directory, found the name of a bookbinder in one of the large shops, whom I sought at his home after working-hours, and astonished with the request that he teach me how to bind books in a week. He proved to be a good-natured German, who, upon finding that I was in earnest, set about teaching me the fundamental principles of binding. With the aid of a few sheets of paper and a pencil he was able to impart a theoretical knowledge of the art, and, after a few visits to the shop where he was employed, I felt that I was ready to attempt anything, from binding a magazine to making a blankbook.

Writing the college librarian that I was about to open a first-class bookbindery, and soliciting the patronage of the college binding, I secured a small stock of leathers and binding materials, together with a few needed tools, upon sixty days' time, and returned to my home, where, with the help of a carpenter, I fitted up a room that had at least the appearance of a bindery.

Before the expiration of the sixty days I was able to meet my stock-bills and purchase additional machinery. The college people were very patient with my first attempts, and, as my work showed a continual improvement, eventually gave me all of their work, which, with other work that came in, finally enabled me to move into quarters downtown and purchase more machinery.

I was obliged to hire more help, and at times had from six to eight hands working for me. Upon completing my college course I sold the plant for twelve hundred dollars. —*B. A.*

A Bed of Lavender

WHEN I was eighteen years old my mother died. This left me to be the housekeeper for father and little Jim, nine years old. We lived in a country village. Our house was small, but we had a large, old-fashioned garden. I was anxious to go on with my education, but going away to school was now out of the question, so I decided to take up a correspondence course with a well-known school, only—how was I to get the money to pay for the lessons? My father had suffered reverses and I knew it would be impossible for him to help me.

One day I read an article about lavender. The article said that the old-fashioned perfume was again very popular. On this account the price had more than doubled and the supply was not equal to the demand.

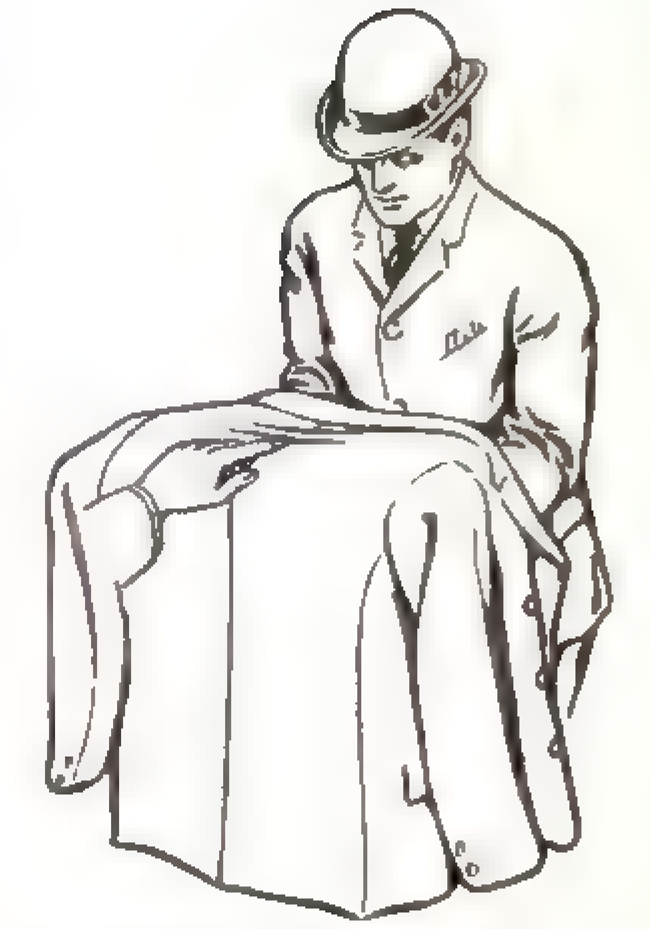
My problem was solved. My mother had always loved the perfume, and the long bed of lavender—we had always called it mother's bed—with its fragrant, blue blossoms gave promise of aiding me. In a few days there was an excursion to the city, or rather a very large town, twenty miles away. I went first to one of the leading druggists. He promised to take all the dried lavender I could send him. I then visited the Woman's Exchange. The manager said the demand for fresh lavender was excellent. She also suggested that I make some pillows and sachets, and fill them with lavender. She said she would charge ten per cent. for selling the articles for me.

I went home and set to work. I made some fans from the longest stalks of the blooming lavender. I wove in and out, between the slender stalks, shining rows of lavender ribbon, until at last I had a lavender-tinted and lavender-scented fan large enough for use. The blue blossoms were first folded down upon their stems, and the baby-ribbon woven very closely in between, the blossoms being in the centre. The stems were then expanded and trimmed with scissors into proper shape to make a rounding edge. This makes a broad, flat fan like the palm-leaf fans that went with our grandmothers to meeting.

I made some old-fashioned "lavender sticks" that my mother had taught me to make. They are similar to the handle of the fan described, and three or four are pinned together in a cluster by large rosettes of lavender baby-ribbon. They are hung against lace curtains or on the backs of chairs, and the pungent, spicy odor from the blossoms fills the room.

When I received the generous check for my first consignment I was very happy. My enthusiasm was so contagious that the whole family became interested. Brother Jim helped me to pick the flowers and lavender-leaves, and father busied himself with breaking ground for a new lavender-bed larger than the first. During the fall and winter I made some dainty pillows and sachets of white linen, outlined with the blue lavender blossoms. I filled them the next summer and sold them at good prices.

This is my third year in the business and I have paid for lessons and books and have a nice little bank-account. —*B. C. E.*



The Sure Way to Test Clothes

By A. Frank Taylor

LOOK at that illustration

Have a friend hold the Coat you consider purchasing the way that Coat is held.

Then press your finger along the Center Seam toward the Collar.

In 99 cases out of 100 there will be a Fulness of Cloth—

Which will form a wrinkle just below the collar—

And you had better *not* purchase that Suit.

* * *

For that Suit has either been cut improperly or made improperly—

And the Fulness of the Cloth here and the scantness there—the wrong curve of the Shoulder and the flabbiness of the Collar—when the Suit was being made—had also to be "remedied."

And the way fully 80 per cent of the tailors, whether Custom or Ready-to-wear, "remedy" such defects is *not* by ripping a Suit to pieces and carefully re-making it as they *should*.

For that would be *too expensive* a Proposition—

They simply hand it over to the Presser and with the Hot Flat Iron—Old Dr. Goose—the Fulness of the cloth here and the Scantness there—*all* the defects with one exception—are shrunken or stretched into a *temporary resemblance* of a perfectly made Garment

That *one* exception is the *fulness* in the back of the Coat below the Collar.

That fulness or wrinkle may be *flattened out temporarily*—you might not notice it when you look at the coat—

But, if you apply that test in the illustration, you will find it *every time* in a poorly constructed Suit.

* * *

Now, most Tailors won't like you to look for that Wrinkle in a Coat—

They'll pooh-pooh that Test—Say the Wrinkle is due to the weight of Cloth in the Collar—that the Coat has not been properly hung up.

They'll tell you a thousand and one different Things that appear reasonable—

But if you take their word for it and purchase the Suit they try to sell you—you'll be sorry.

For the Collar will soon sag away from the back of your Neck—

The left Lapel will Sag—

The Shoulders will lose their Shape—the cloth in the front will break and become lumpy—

The back will wrinkle under your Shoulder blade—

For these are Defects, indicated with *absolute certainty* by that Wrinkle under the Collar that the Hot Flat Iron treacherously conceals until you have paid for and worn the Suit a few times.

* * *

Now, that "wrinkle finding" test is the Expert Tailor's way of judging a suit—

It is absolutely impartial—you can apply it to any suit made.

We give it to you because "Sincerity Clothes" are not cheaply doped into a false fit and shape resemblance by the Hot Flat Iron, Old Dr. Goose, as are about 80 per cent of all other Clothes—

But because "Sincerity Clothes" are moulded into permanent and wear-defying shape by sincere, conscientious, and expert Needle-work—

That wrinkle finding test is a definite sign by which *you* can tell, before you purchase, not after, when a suit has *not* had the expert tailoring in its designing and cutting—the care in its construction—that "Sincerity Clothes" have had.

It enables you to secure extra Value for your Money—It insures you against the shapeless burlesques, so-called Suits, that have been doped into temporary shape by the Hot Flat Iron—Old Dr. Goose.

If you want Clothes that *will* hold their Shape and Form and Style until you want a New Suit, see that the Label (below) is on your next Purchase. Your up-to-date dealer will handle "Sincerity Clothes." Here is the label

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO
CHICAGO

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

We Outfit Boys

from head to foot, in apparel that is distinctively superior in fit, fashion and service.

No matter where you reside, our thoroughly organized Mail Order Department will bring our exceptional facilities for the correct outfitting of boys, girls and infants within your reach.

Special attention given to orders received by mail. Send for

Complete Illustrated Catalogue of Fall and Winter Juvenile Fashions

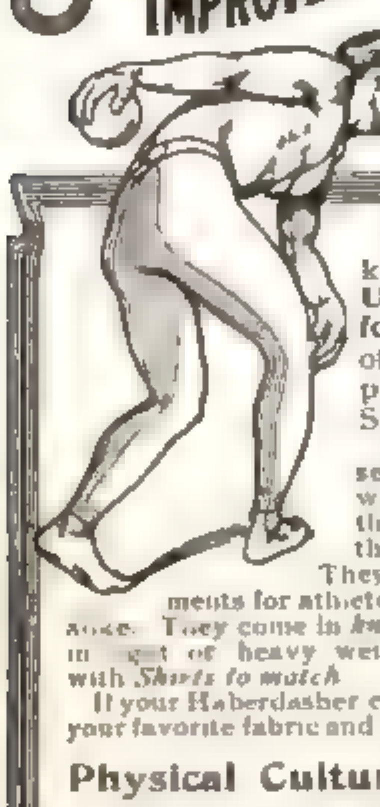
mailed to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Address Dept. 13

60-62 W. 23d St., NEW YORK

We have no branch stores — no agents.

The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS.



If you want to know what **Real Underwear Comfort** is, try a pair of The Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers. They have an insertion that *stretches* when you want it to, that *moves* every time that *you* move.

They are the ideal garments for athletes and business men [illegible]. They come in *knee* and *full lengths*, in [illegible] of heavy weight winter fabrics with *Shirts to match*.

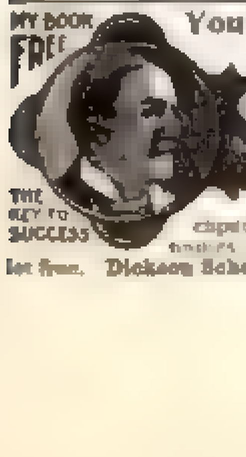
If your Haberdasher cannot supply you in your favorite fabric and exact size, write us.

Physical Culture Book Free

On request we will send [illegible] "Physical [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

J. A. SCRIVEN COMPANY
16-18 E. 15th St. New York

MY BOOK FREE



THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your Memory

Stop Forgetting

My course simple. [illegible] earning capacity, social standing, gives ready memory for names, faces, [illegible] let free. Dickson School of Memory 932 Kimball Hall, Chicago.

Sense and Nonsense

Thanksgiving

We thank Thee. Yea, in the even tone
Of those who are glad of the goods they own.
We thank Thee. Yea, that Thou hast preferred
And blessed us more than the common herd.
We thank Thee, part with the heart's intention,
But most, let us own, with the lip's convention.

"We thank Thee." Lord! what a selfish prayer.
Thanks! — while a beggar's breast is bare?
Thanks that our own full feast is spread
While another creature is lacking bread?
Thanks that our full-fed blood runs warm,
While a starveling baby breasts the storm?

Thanksgiving! The word is a godless taunt
From the "House of Have" to the "House of Want."
Until I share my uttermost crust
With sinner or saint, with jailed or just,
I will not clamor to God and raise
My complacent eyes — and call it praise.

Why, what am I, that Thou givest a feast
Which Thou hast not shared with Thy worst and least?
I look at the world and I see the yield
For all from forest and mine and field,
And because I have seized a share, shall I
Cry out Thanksgiving — and only cry?

Thanks? Nay, for though I am cloyed, I know
The taste of the hungering want. And though
My limbs are whole, I can feel the crack
Of the bloody bones on the torture-rack.
I have looked in the pit and have not feared,
But I know the shrink of the soul it seared.

Yes, yes; I am even as you — of those
Who can not, or will not, heal these woes.
I am what I am, but I will not be
At one with the smug-lipped Pharisee
Who praises his God for his earthly gain,
While Misery stares through the window-pane.

— *Edmund Vance Cooke*

Don't Hire Relatives

IT IS practically impossible for the average man to maintain such discipline with a force of employees who are related to him as with those to whom he is simply an employer and nothing more. But another element enters into this question of the employment of relatives. If one clerk is related to the employer and the other is not, the latter is almost invariably inclined to feel his fellow-clerk has the best of him because of this relationship. A situation of this kind almost invariably results in jealousy, dissension and open outbreak. It is human nature that this should be the case, and there are few things more detrimental to the interests of a merchandizing house, no matter how small, than a lack of practical working harmony among the employees.

This reason alone is sufficient to dictate the desirability of not employing a store force made up of both relatives of the proprietor and those who are unrelated to him. If relatives must be employed, then have the entire force made up of them, so that such feeling of favoritism and jealousy may be partially avoided. But this course is so seldom practicable that this should be set down as a rule:

Do not employ relatives!

If any other reasons are needed to convince the reader that it is poor policy for a storekeeper to employ his kin, it should be remembered that any person feels a greater incentive to do his utmost when working for a person who is entirely unrelated to him, than when working for an employer to whom he is attached by family ties. The feeling that he is *standing absolutely upon his own merit* and making his own way is invariably the strongest kind of an incentive with any young man who has real strength and stability of character. The practice of hiring relatives is well-nigh universal among the smaller storekeepers of the country, and a very large percentage of them have learned from practical experience that the course is a mistaken one; but they feel themselves almost helpless to discontinue it.

However, they would far better create a little family feeling right at the start and have it over with, than to make the still greater mistake of dragging the thing along and allowing it to become more serious. There are literally thousands of stores whose proprietors have attempted to run them on the "family-help" plan only to find the experiment ending in disaster and often in family misunderstandings and feuds which have lasted for years and caused great unhappiness. As a general thing, the experiment is tried because it is believed to be a much cheaper way of securing help, but in ninety per cent. of the cases where it is tried it has actually been proven to be the most expensive instead of the most economical way of securing help. Then, taking also into consideration the fact that family help is generally the least efficient kind, there is little ground left for believing it, in the long run, to be anything but a failure.

Edison's New Invention

ALTHOUGH it was after ten o'clock when, the other day, a certain reporter sought Thomas A. Edison, the hardworking inventor had not yet appeared at his laboratories, and the newspaper man had to strike out across the road for the quarter-mile climb up the beautiful West Orange hill to the home of the great scientist, where the butler took the interviewer's card and the interviewer, upon the butler's invitation, took a chair.

Five minutes later the inventor and the news-gatherer were strolling down the hill toward the laboratories. Mr. Edison was charming, he flapped along in his suit of pongee silk, a fifteen-cent straw hat threatening the upright position of his ears and a pair of tan "romeos" generously covering his feet. The interview was practically completed before the laboratories were reached, for the walk had consumed more time than distance.

But, just as the press representative was about to take his leave, Mr. Edison remarked with a smile and a screwing up of his kindly eyes:

"Would you like to know what I am expecting to turn out as my final achievement before retiring?"

The young man expressed himself as entirely willing to listen to anything Mr. Edison had to say, and tried hard to hold his breath, for, from the inventor's remark, it appeared that he was going to give the reporter a scoop that would be good for a page in "next Sunday's issue."

"This country of ours is becoming very prosperous," continued Mr. Edison; "every one is getting rich — the mason, the bricklayer, the engineer, and even the plumber; they are all getting into the capitalist class. As my retiring achievement I want to produce something that will be of aid in a peculiar way to each of them. So I think I shall get out a cupon-cutter, one that works automatically, and shall get it out with a special design for each tradesman. Good-morning."

The Old Boys in the Dance

I

It sorter sets me thinkin' that I've got another chance —
To see the old-time fellers goin' roun' yit, in the dance!
Ain't a youngster that kin beat 'em! — when I hear the fiddle play,
An' see 'em swing the old girls, I jest holler out "Hooray!"

II

I clean fergit I'm sixty — I want to jine the crowd
That's movin' to the music of them fiddles singin' loud!
I want to be *one* actor in that halleluia show,
An' swing once more the sweetheart that I danced with long ago!

III

To think I'm still a youngster in the reel-roun' with the girls —
Fergit the gray hair glimmerin', feel the kiss of golden curls!
Then I'm dancin' down my troubles — then I'm laughin' em away,
An' old December's singin' of a love song to the May!

IV

Oh, thar's life still in the old boys' [illegible] jest tune the fiddle right,
An' they'll all stay by the music till the pale stars say "Good-night,"
An' the big Sun says "Good-mornin'!" — Oh, it's then I want a chance
To swing the old-time sweethearts, with the old boys, in the dance!

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

THE IMPERIAL $3.00 HAT

YEARS ago when makers had to divide the cost of manufacture into limited outputs, $5 might have been a fair price for the best hat. To-day $3 is as much as excellence can justly cost. The Imperial Hat is $3. It is the BEST hat.

Imperial Hats FIT. There are at least a dozen general forms of craniums, and we make a pattern for each one of them. Then we vary the brims and crowns to suit different sorts of faces, and the differing ages of Imperial customers. We make a different hat for YOUNG men than for OLD or MIDDLE-AGED men. It's the only logical way of making hats to fit not only one's head but one's looks too.

The Imperial Hat is guaranteed. If you are disappointed your dealer is authorized to give you another hat.

The Imperial Hat is sold by the best shop in every town. Following is a list of agents in the more important cities:

Hackett, Carhart & [illegible]

If you can't find Imperial Hats for sale in your city, write to the store on the above list nearest you, or send us $3 with the name of your dealer, and we will fill your order direct. Send for our Fall Style Book of Hats. It's Free.

Samuel Mundheim Co.
1 Astor Place, New York

A
B
C
D
E
F
H
No thing to Clog Up
No Odor No Smoke Safe

"See this grand Safety Burner"

A — Flame Spreader. B — Air space outside of Wick Tube. C — Air space inside of Wick Tube. D — Wick. E — [illegible] F — Air space between Fount and Outside Casing. G — [illegible] entirely separate from Burner. H — [illegible] Fount to Burner. I — [illegible]

The Aluminum OIL HEATER

Is the only Oil Heater with this grand Safety Burner which makes explosions [illegible] danger.

10 DAYS' TRIAL
Free From Cost

If dealer does not handle, mail [illegible] free of cost for a ten days' trial.

Novelty Mfg. Company
Dept. M., Jackson, Mich., U. S. A.

Armour's

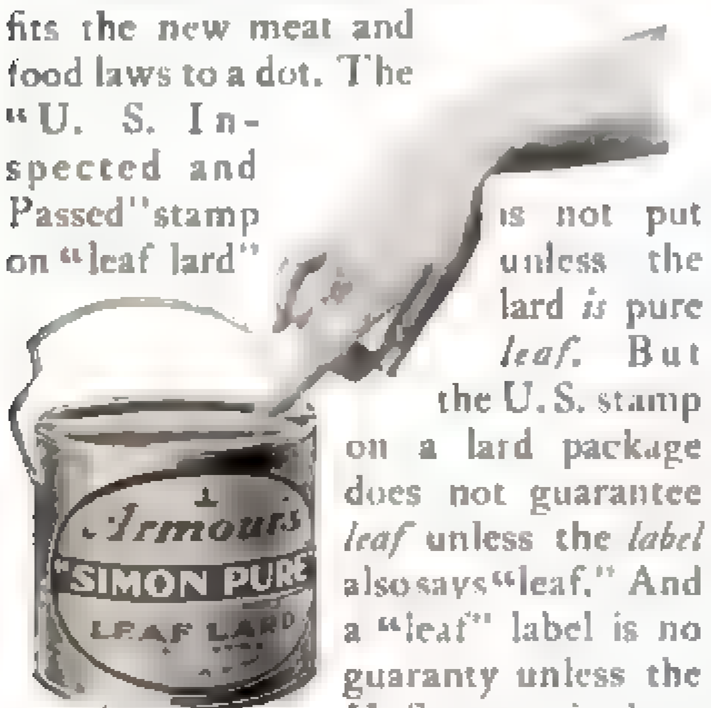
After all, it is the name on the label that counts. Under the new U. S. meat inspection law, the label is more important than ever. The law itself is a good thing. You want it. *Armour & Company want it.* The U. S. inspection stamp on meat or product guarantees purity, wholesomeness and correct labeling. But it stops there. Every good housekeeper wants something more. She wants *quality.* "Purity" and "quality" do not mean the same. Give two cooks identical materials. One will produce an epicure's dinner; the other, a failure. It's the same in meat and food production on a large scale. "The Armour way" *adds* the *quality.* Here's the arithmetic of it:

"Purity," plus "Quality," equals "Armour's"

The U. S. Inspection stamp, on every pound and every package, guarantees purity, wholesomeness and honest labeling of *all Armour* products. The government guaranty is in these words: "U. S. Inspected and Passed, under act of Congress of June 30, 1906." Look for that.

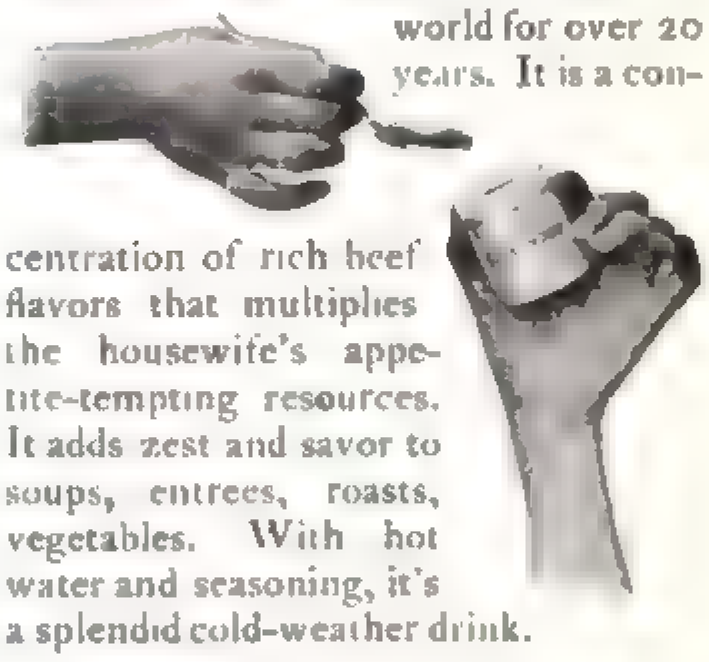
The Armour name on label or brand guarantees pure, wholesome, honest-label goods of *quality.* Constant effort to improve both the methods and the products, and to make them *better* than the law requires, is represented by the name "Armour & Company." Look for that.

Leaf Lard that is *Pure Leaf*



Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard fits the new meat and food laws to a dot. The "U. S. Inspected and Passed" stamp on "leaf lard" is not put unless the lard *is* pure *leaf.* But the U. S. stamp on a lard package does not guarantee *leaf* unless the *label* also says "leaf." And a "leaf" label is no guaranty unless the U. S. stamp is there too. *Look for both.* The U. S. stamp *is* on Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. This lard always has been all *pure leaf,* and more. Not an ounce of other fat goes into it. It is made of *selected* leaf rendered in open kettles. It is a *perfect* leaf lard. For your protection, this lard is put up in *sealed* tin pails ("threes," "fives" and "tens"). The Government seal is on a strip across the top (see illustration) which must be cut to open the pail. With that seal intact and with Armour's "Simon Pure" label on the pail, you *know* you get *perfect leaf lard,* exactly as it was put up and *sealed* under the U. S. Inspector's eye. The air-tight pail keeps out dust, air and contamination of every kind.

Armour's is Extract of *Beef*



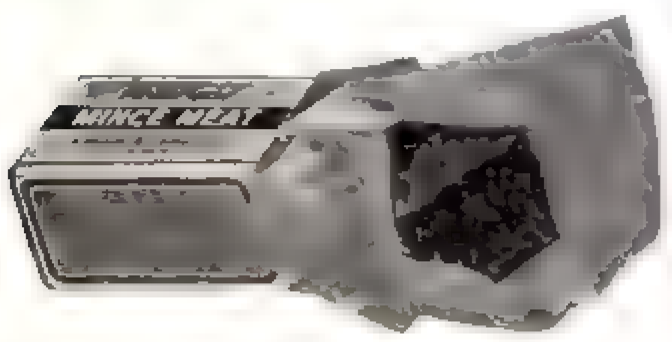
Read the Armour's Extract label again. It says now, as it has always said, "Extract of *Beef.*" There is no compound of miscellaneous "meat" extracts under that label. To be *named* "Extract of Beef," it *must be* extract of *beef.* The U. S. government inspection stamp guarantees that. The U. S. stamp is so put on that opening the jar breaks the stamp. See that the U. S. stamp is intact. Then you won't get Armour's jars refilled with an inferior substitute. The Armour label completes the guaranty of purity and *quality*—the quality that has made Armour's Extract of *Beef* famous all round the world for over 20 years. It is a concentration of rich beef flavors that multiplies the housewife's appetite-tempting resources. It adds zest and savor to soups, entrees, roasts, vegetables. With hot water and seasoning, it's a splendid cold-weather drink.

Culinary Wrinkles, a little cook book written by Ida M. Palmer, tells more than one hundred ways of using Armour's Extract of Beef to advantage. It will be sent on request.

Armour & Company's packing houses have been open to the public for forty years. Visitors are always welcome to see for themselves how Armour plants are conducted.

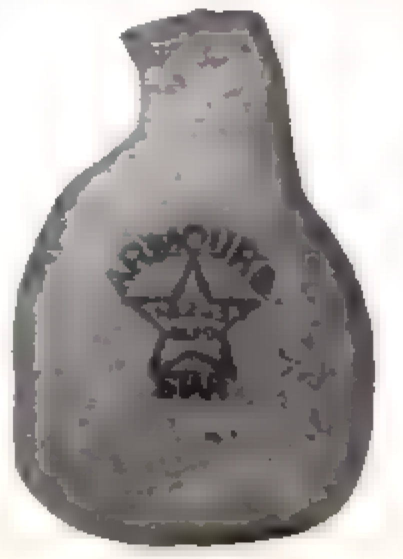
"Veribest" Meats

Ever try a tin of "Veribest" Ox Tongue? Get one. You'll find it a real delicacy. It is the whole tongue, perfectly cooked, in an absolutely air-tight package. The natural juices and flavors are all there. And for those delicious cold-weather mince pies! There's "Veribest" Mince Meat—in cartons as illustrated above. The U. S. inspection stamp guarantees that the meats and all ingredients are clean, pure and wholesome. The Armour label stands for the quality. The "Veribest" food specialties are unique as savers of time and worry to the particular housewife. Among them, there is something that just fits practically every household food-emergency. They are always ready to serve.



About "Star" Hams

All good hams are not "Star" hams. Armour's "Star" brand is reserved for hams of extra quality. It distinguishes the *best* of the good hams. The average is about one *best* ham among fifteen good hams. That one wins the "Star" brand. Hogs whose hams reach this honor must be the aristocrats of their kind. They must be young, but matured. They must be corn fed. They must be firm-fleshed and only moderately fat. They must be "barrow" hogs. And their hams must weigh not less than eight nor more than twenty pounds. The hams of these porcine aristocrats then receive special curing and are branded with the "Star," as the best among hams—"The Ham What Am."

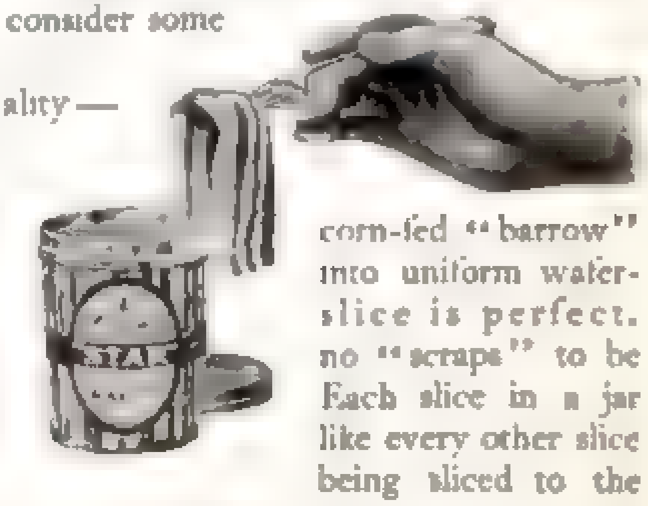


Bacon at Its Best

Armour's "Star" Bacon (in glass jars and in tins) is the result of forty years of keeping a little ahead of all competitors. Just consider some of its "points":

It is "Star" quality—the special cured "flitches" of selected young corn-fed "barrow" hogs. It is cut into uniform water-like slices. Each slice is perfect. There is no waste; no "scraps" to be thrown away. Each slice in a jar will cook exactly like every other slice in the jar. And being sliced to the "just right" degree of thinness, you can have it appetizingly brown and deliciously crisp without its being "cooked to death."

Ever try it? One jar or tin will make you its friend for life.



CHICAGO
SOUTH OMAHA
SIOUX CITY

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

KANSAS CITY
EAST ST. LOUIS
FORT WORTH

THE BLACK SANDS

A New Source of Wealth Like an Old Fairy Tale

BY RENÉ BACHE

DISCOVERY has been made of a new and wonderful source of wealth—of wealth boundless and inexhaustible, the story of which (possessed and made public by the Government Bureau of Mines) is like an old-fashioned fairy tale. It tells, among other things, of the commercial possibilities of hitherto unheard-of products, which are obtainable from the black sands of the Pacific Coast—not to mention unlimited supplies of platinum, which may soon become a comparatively cheap metal, the reduction of its price making practicable the utilization of this beautiful substance in many arts that know it not as yet by reason of its expensiveness.

To begin at the beginning, however, one should explain that the black sands were originally derived from the volcanic mountains of the region in which they are found, in California and Oregon. Under conditions of heat and pressure, ages ago, the mineral elements contained in the rocks underwent strange chemical combinations and transformations, and, eventually, disintegration by water and weather carried all the heavier substances, in a finely-divided state, down the slopes of the ridges and into the valleys. More or less of the material was borne away by streams, and thus to-day the beaches near the mouths of the Columbia and other rivers are largely composed of black sands.

When, the other day, a small electric furnace was set up in Portland, Oregon, and people saw it turn out high-grade steel from sand of the seashore, they began to marvel, and to think that perhaps there were possibilities here which had not been dreamed of. For, among other things, the black sands contain inexhaustible quantities of the valuable chrome iron ore, which hitherto we have been obliged to import, fetching it all the way from New Caledonia, half-way around the world. It will presently be seen, however, that this is only one of many precious substances obtainable from the same source.

A Curse and a Blessing

The black sands in the crude are worthless—worse than worthless, indeed, inasmuch as they have been a curse to the gold miners. Being so heavy with weight of metals, they sink to the bottom of the hydraulic apparatus used for washing the refuse away from the gold, and to separate the yellow stuff from them was so difficult and expensive that thousands of mines in the Pacific Coast region have been abandoned on this account. Work in a great many of these mines will soon be resumed profitably, doubtless, means being now available whereby the much-objurgated sands may be made at trifling cost to give up the gold they contain, as well as the platinum and other treasures they hold.

Quite a while ago the Bureau of Mines, under the direction of Dr. David T. Day, began a painstaking study of the black sands. The idea in view was to find out, first, what valuable substances they contained; secondly, how these substances could be separated; and thirdly, to what industrial or commercial uses they could be applied. It will be shown presently how some of them have become suddenly precious within the last year or two, owing to the development of new arts. Meanwhile it should be mentioned, as an incidental circumstance, that Congress, after refusing to furnish any money to help the investigation, was finally persuaded a short time back to give a few thousand dollars for an inquiry regarding "useful values" in the black sands.

The Bureau of Mines was able to turn this money to very profitable account. It obtained samples of black sands from hundreds of mines all over California and Oregon, and studied them. Everywhere was found platinum, platinum, platinum. This precious metal, for our supplies of which we have depended hitherto upon Russia, was so plentiful as to offer in itself a new and obvious source of incalculable wealth. But there were other things of value, such as "monazite" and "zircon," the chrome iron already mentioned, quite a good deal of gold, and, last but not least, "tantalum." Tantalum is now in demand, in a pure state, to replace the carbon filament of the electric light. It lasts longer than the carbon, and is able to utilize a current of lower voltage—which means a slower-flowing stream of electricity. On this account the lamp is safer, and the illumination it gives is better, being less of a glare and more of a diffused glow. Zircon, in the form of an oxide, is the material of the incandescent cylinder of a new kind of electric light; and monazite is used in the manufacture of mantles for gaslights.

The Keys to a New World

Other substances contained in the black sands may prove the seeds, so to speak, of arts and industries as yet unknown. Nobody wanted tantalum a year ago, and zircon and monazite were useless commodities a short time back. As for chrome iron ore, it is valuable not only for making chrome steel, but also for chrome pigments and bichromate of potash. Most important of all, however, is the platinum—especially in view of the fact that at the present time a famine of this indispensable metal is threatening.

The world's supply of platinum has hitherto been very limited. Four-fifths of it comes from two mines in the Ural Mountains, where it is obtained by exceedingly primitive processes. The miners dig down into the earth for a distance of about fifteen feet, and then burrow rat-fashion in all directions. All of the material dug out in this way is washed by women, with the help of rude mills, and two thousand cartloads of it yield only one pound of platinum. No wonder, then, that it is expensive.

Now, at the outbreak of the war with Japan, almost the first conscripts sent to the front were the miners of the Urals. Many never returned, and thus the production of platinum has been to a great extent cut off (though small supplies come from South America) and the price of the metal is going up. It is now over twenty-one dollars an ounce—higher, that is to say, than gold. Not only is there a scarcity of platinum, but an actual famine threatens.

Under these circumstances—there being no prospect that the mines in the Urals will be in active operation again for many years to come—the discovery that we have practically unlimited stores of platinum of our own, on which we may draw at will, is of obviously great importance. Thanks to this new knowledge, and to the ready means of extraction which are suggested by recent experiments of the Bureau of Mines, we ought soon to be entirely independent of foreign supplies of the metal, which (now that it is likely to be sought in this country on an extensive scale) ought to sink gradually in price until it becomes available for comparatively common employment in the arts.

Platinum at the present time is used to some extent for jewelry, and also in photography. It is employed mainly, however, for chemical apparatus, because it does not corrode, is not affected by any single acid, and will endure any heat short of the fire of the blowpipe. Many surgical instruments are made of it, and it enters into the construction of X-ray appliances. It is utilized in incandescent lamps and in connection with telegraphic instruments. The heaviest of all metals (not even excepting gold), it is very malleable, and can be rolled into sheets so thin that a thousand of them will make a thickness not exceeding one inch. So fine is the wire into which it can be drawn that a strand of it encircling the earth would weigh only forty-six ounces. Oddly enough, nuggets of platinum are extremely rare, the largest known, which is as big as a tumbler, being in the Dresden Museum.

When the Government experts had ascertained exactly what the black sands contained, they looked about for a means of separating the "useful values" of them. With this end in view, they tried many kinds of machines which were already on the market, and found that half a dozen of them served the purpose admirably. The machines were designed by the makers to separate gold from pyrite chiefly, but they were even better for treating the black sands than for the work originally contemplated. The principle on which they operate is that of an inclined shaking table, over which water runs. All of the lighter stuff is carried off by the water, and the heavy substances separate themselves from each other in the order of their specific gravities.

There is something decidedly picturesque about a process which, handling a ton of almost worthless black sand, can convert the stuff in a few minutes into material valued at $1000 or more, little streams of platinum, of gold, of chrome iron and of other precious substances coming out of it side by side, and spreading out like a deck of cards! All of this, too, mind you, at a cost of only six to eight cents! The sand, it will be understood, is poured upon the upper part of the table, and, undergoing separation as it descends toward the bottom, spreads out like the leaves of a fan, the iron, the gold and the platinum falling at length into a series of receptacles.

Into the electric furnace already mentioned, which was set up in Portland, chrome iron ore from a lot of freshly-received beach sand was poured, being fed in at the top, and fifty minutes later molten steel ran out of the apparatus. Hammers and other implements were made out of the steel, to show what fine stuff it was. And simultaneously—that is to say, while the steel was in process of manufacture—the sand from which the iron ore had been taken was made to yield a metallic button of platinum and another of gold. It is not surprising that witnesses should have rubbed their eyes in astonishment.

A Contemptuous Familiarity

You see, the black sands are an old story on the Pacific Coast. Everybody has always been familiar with them, and they are so widely distributed that the sight of them has become fatiguing. People found it difficult to realize that they could possibly contain anything of value. Accordingly, the Bureau of Mines has been obliged to make the facts obvious by practical illustration. After seeing with their own eyes the marvels described, the most incredulous were converted, and thus it has come to pass that at the present time a highly-intelligent fraction of the population of that region is enthusiastically interested in projects for exploiting the hitherto despised sands.

A while ago the Bureau of Mines sent an exploring party to make a study of beach sands of the Pacific Coast.

The party passed over many miles of beach which glittered with specks of gold—minute scales, often having the form of tiny cups or basins. What appeared one day, however, in the way of yellow metal was either washed away or buried by the morrow. On digging down, the true metal-bearing stratum was found at some distance below the surface, in a layer of black sand which varied in thickness from two inches to twelve feet. This sand is rich in both gold and platinum, but attempts to get these precious substances out of it are obstructed by the sea, which washes back the overlying and worthless material as fast as the latter is removed.

There is plenty of black sand, however, away from the beaches. As for the machines to be employed for separating it, anybody can buy them in the market to-day, and they have the great advantage of costing very little money. Their cheapness is a most important point, inasmuch as it will enable the small owner to develop his own mining property, rendering him independent of the greedy capitalist. It ought, on this account, to be impossible for trusts or great corporations to gobble up the new mining industry which is destined to spring from the discovery of the commercial value of the black sands.

According to the opinion of the Bureau of Mines the gold output of this country will be increased from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 per annum.

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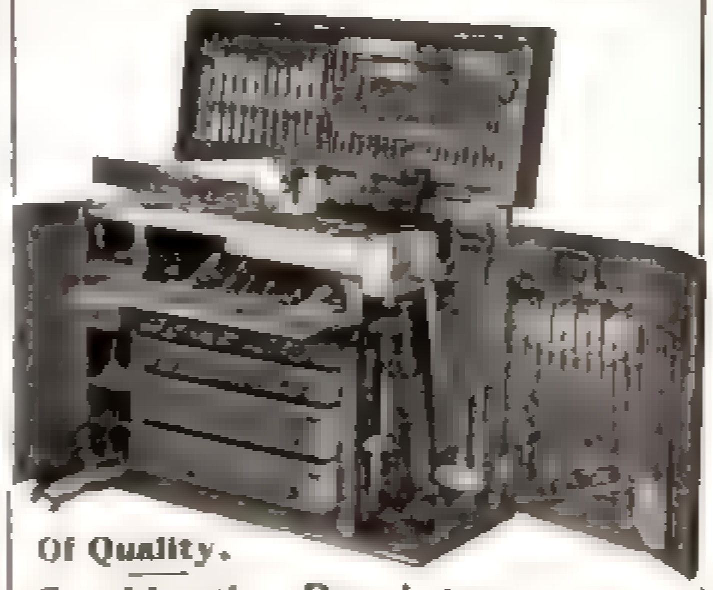

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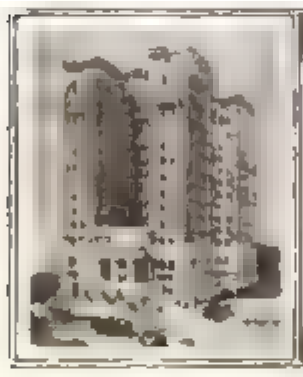

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

The Literary Gamble

THE law will never eradicate the gambling habit from any people. If men can't play policy, or deal in puts and calls, or go short of the stock-market, they will pitch pennies or bet on the run—try their luck in one way or another. The lottery-ticket is a profoundly human symbol of hope! Every man feels in an inner corner of his heart, even while he cuts the coupons from his Government bonds, that this life is a huge green table where judgment is only a matter of selecting your risks.

The gambling field has immensely widened of late, and includes some occupations that have been supposed quite above its fascinations. Take literature, for example. There the capital needed to play the game is trifling—a little leisure, postage stamps and patience, and, though there are many blanks, the lucky card pays so very well! Shakespeare laid by a few pounds for his old age, and we consider him thrifty, but the modern "Success" in this art keeps his country-house, his automobile, has a taste in pictures, and competes with "our very best." A thousand novels may fail to pay their hopeful authors twenty cents an hour on the manual labor of their composition, but the thousand and first runs into the hundred thousands and brings its happy publisher and still happier author a very comfortable "wad," which compares favorably with the profit of a successful deal on the Street. Probably, by and large, the actual net profits of literary labors do not average more than the wages of a good bookkeeper or a steady stenographer—but the lucky ticket! The bookkeeper and the stenographer do not participate in the grand drawings of life. Their earnings are nearly stable.

It is always true that the less human judgment can foretell the outcome of a venture the greater is the gamble, and nobody has ever worked out a sure system of playing the literary roulette table. To-day the tip may be to put your bet on the romantic novel, but, before the gambler has had time to get out his stake, most likely it will be a farce or an "expose" that has turned up the winner. It is not a matter of art, of truth, of soul—it is a gamble. There are many playing the game, and few winners—but no harm is done to the losers. On the whole, it is the least brutal game man has made.

What is True Biography?

THERE is a new life of Tolstoy, the first volume of which has just appeared. It is meant to be the authoritative biography of the great Russian to accompany a final, complete edition of his works, and Tolstoy himself has contributed to this volume some unpublished fragments of reminiscences, which are the best things in the book.

Tolstoy says that when, a few years ago, he attempted to write his autobiography he found that he was inclined to tell only the good things about himself, the honorable part of his life. Realizing the vanity of this method, the one commonly followed by men who write their own lives, he determined to tell everything: all the vices and follies of youth and early manhood—the sordid ambitions of his maturer years when he was writing his great novels. But he realized that if he did this—if he wrote an absolutely truthful account of himself—he should shock and pain many good friends and admirers, that he even might give them, on the whole, a false impression, and do more harm than good. So, caught in this dilemma, he abstained from writing a complete autobiography. Nevertheless, Tolstoy believes that such a whole-souled confession of the inner facts of a man's life ought to be written, with all the weakness in it as well as the nobility.

The only widely-known attempt to write such a record is Rousseau's Confessions, and Rousseau was such an incurable liar, constitutionally so incapable of telling uncolored truth, that his account of himself, fascinating as it is, has to be taken with many grains of salt. It demands a great truth-teller like Tolstoy to give a really truthful account of his own life.

Perhaps, after all, the nearest thing to truth for the ordinary man is that appearance which he presents to the world—not what the man knows that he has been to himself on occasions, but the total impression in word and act that he has given to his friends and contemporaries. That is the kind of life that the late Carl Schurz has written of himself, and it is a wonderfully lifelike picture that he creates. We know, of course, that much of a personal, intimate nature has been omitted, but what is left is pretty round and whole. In all art, in all life, something must be omitted—why not those baser parts that are more or less accidents?

The Silence of James Lane Allen

Mix metaphors, and while the sun still shines
Make hay with highly sentimental dames;
The public favor suffers quick declines:
'Tis a long Lane that has no turning, James.

R. W. K.

Imported Literature

NOTHING seems so foreign as a foreign story. Human nature may be the same at the bottom the world over, but when we get it in a novel we prefer the familiar home-setting, which helps out the imagination. That is the reason why the most popular European novels have so small a circulation over here, even in translation. One of the latest of these imported articles to be put on the American market by an American publisher is a translation of an Italian novel by Fogazarro, The Saint. In Europe, this story has had a tremendous success, quite eclipsing the novels of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

It is being discussed from London to Vienna, from Paris to St. Petersburg. It has had the great advertisement of being put on the famous Index by the Church, although Fogazarro is an ardent Catholic and the book contains a plea for liberal Catholicism.

Yet an American reading the story wonders what all the fuss is about. As a story, he finds it pretty dull: there are few characters, and they are only dummies used to present the author's views on contemporary conditions in the Catholic Church; there are no dramatic scenes, no "heart interest," no plot to speak about. In the background, to be sure, is the theme familiar in so many French novels, but even this is something which the hero has long before renounced to live the life of an ascetic, which wins him the reputation of a saint—much to the annoyance of the ecclesiastical authorities.

There are some pretty pictures of the superstitious veneration by the people for their saint, and a great deal of talk about the "reformation" of the Church, also an interview with old Pope Leo and another with a minister of state. Slender stuff to make a "masterpiece" (as the American editor announces it) surely! That this kind of thing stirs the European literary world only goes to prove that in literature, as well as in language and customs, the nations of the earth still differ pretty widely from one another.

In the Bookshop

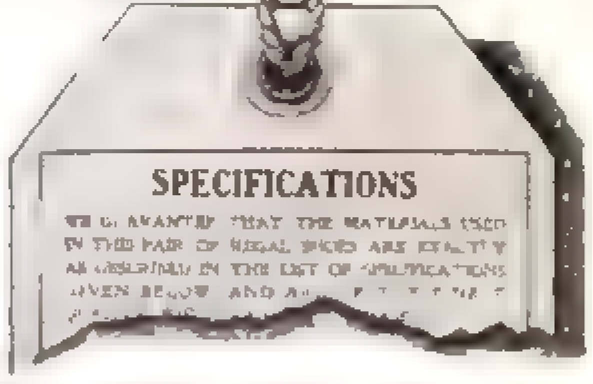
¶ BLISS CARMAN'S summer this year was passed at Haines Falls, New York.

¶ FOR SOME TIME this summer, Owen Wister was the guest of Henry James at the latter's English country-place.

¶ RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND, whose novel, The Count at Harvard, has made much talk in Boston, spent the month of August in England, whither he followed the plot of his new love story.

¶ KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, author of The Girl Out There, has the autograph-copy fad, and his library boasts autograph-copies of works from pens of nearly every prominent American novelist of the last quarter-century.

¶ ERNEST POOLE, author of The Voice of the Street, sailed for Europe last July. At the time of his departure, the Russian Douma was just tottering to its fall, and Mr. Poole was more firm than ever in his hope for a Russian revolution.



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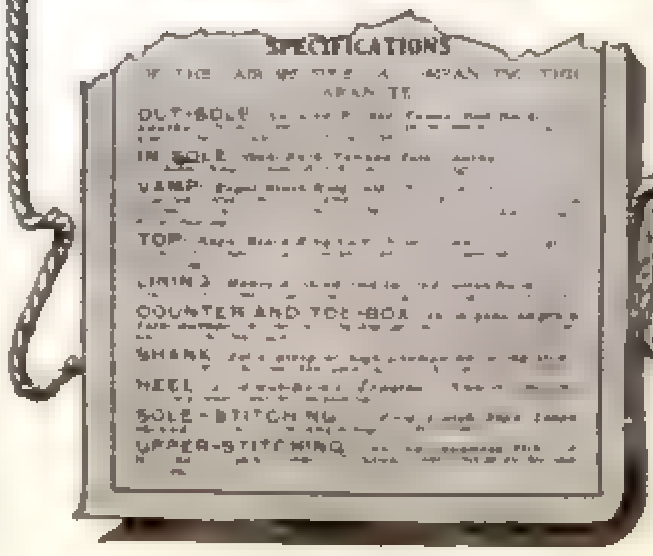


Letters to Unsuccessful Men

(Concluded from Page 4)

Sappho in the bathroom was breathing so hard that I was afraid they would hear her. But they didn't appear to notice anything especially out of the way, and I had the water almost boiling, and we were talking of the Puvis de Chavannes pictures, and the influence of President Eliot on the student body, and all those foolish subjects which come up if the girl's mother is along, when Sappho let out a frightful snort, and followed that up with a series of little gurgly, grumbly growls. Edith jumped, her mother started, and I coughed in one of those feeble attempts to change the noise. It was an awful moment and my heart skipped two beats, but living in that atmosphere of danger must have quickened my faculties, for I explained in an embarrassed way that made them sorry they'd noticed the racket:

"Plumbing's all out of order; beastly shame the way they're letting the buildings run down."

They blushed, and it went. Sappho simmered off, and it looked as if I were going to get away with it, after all, when bang! and an empty beer bottle came through the transom—and me talking about the Pop. Concerts and the place of music in our efforts to elevate the masses. It was very embarrassing for me as hostess. I didn't cough this time; I laughed—a gibbering, idiot laugh, while Mamma got up, as stately as the Gilt Dome and as stiff as the Sacred Codfish.

"E-dith!"

"Yes, Mamma."

"Let us be going." Then to me: "You would better attend to your plumbing, young man. It seems to be growing playful." And so they faded out of my life forever.

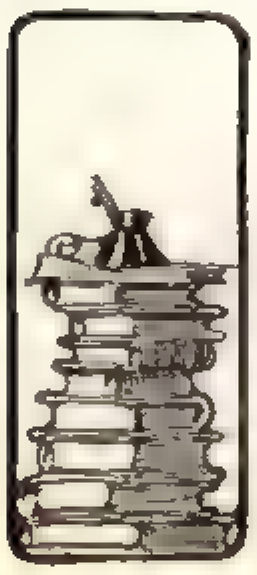
Oh, unkie! What a School for Scandalousness! Your favorite nephew compromised by a bear, locked up in the bathroom!

I haven't done any forgetting about what happened *that* night, but let me hurry over it; how Monty pounded on the door and finally gave it up with, "Off hitting it up again"; how I fed Sappho chocolate creams, and debated whether it would jolly her along if I opened more beer, or give her a head that would make her crosser; how at one o'clock I peeked through the bathroom door and just escaped with my life again; how Sappho, in her disappointment, tried to climb over the transom to get at me; and how, finally, I settled down in an armchair and dozed, my sleep broken by horrid nightmares, in which Sappho was chasing Edith through the water-pipes into President Eliot's office, where she was going to complain that it wasn't healthy for me to sleep in a room with all that sewer gas.

I didn't wake up until nine o'clock, and then it was with the determination to do what I should have done when I first discovered Sappho—to get her out into the hall and leave her in the first room I found empty.

I heated the poker over the spirit lamp, filled my pockets with chocolates, and opened the bathroom door, ready for the first wild spring. Nothing sprung. Instead, Sappho walked out like a lap-dog, smelt of me appreciatively, and followed me into the hall. The doors that we passed were all locked, so I dumped the chocolates on the floor in the entry, and, as soon as Sappho got busy with them, put for my first lecture, where I found a secluded nook in the back of the classroom.

The professor was at the blackboard with his back to the class, doing stunts with the binomial theorem, and I was sitting there wondering why he took such a passionate interest in it, when there was a scuffle and a titter on the other side of the room, and I saw Sappho sniffing along up the aisle. One of the most remarkable exhibitions of discipline that I have ever seen followed, for some one raised a warning hand, and all the time that Sappho was shuffling toward the professor not a man batted an eyelid or did a thing to distract her attention.



Step by step the bear progressed. Step by step the professor demonstrated. Would the binomial theorem hold out? Would the professor turn around? It was a ten to one shot.

It did; he didn't—until Sappho got right up behind him. Then he swung around suddenly, saw her, and threw up his hands to ward her off.

What did he do that for if he didn't want to mix it up? Couldn't he see that she was a trained bear? What did he think she wore the mitts for? And what did he expect, when he put up his dukes that way? I tried to tell him all this afterward, but he wouldn't listen. Just flew into a childish, unreasonable rage.

Of course, Sappho thought that he wanted to spar her a few rounds, and it was anything to oblige with her that morning. She was certainly a fine and dandy scrapper. She came right back at him with an upper cut which landed, and then fetched him a left hook under the jaw that made him take the count.

"Seek not that the things which happen should happen as you wish," as Epictetus puts it in the Enchiridion; "but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life." Far be it from me knocking so wise a guy as Epictetus, but he certainly called it wrong that time. At least, I've got evidence against him.

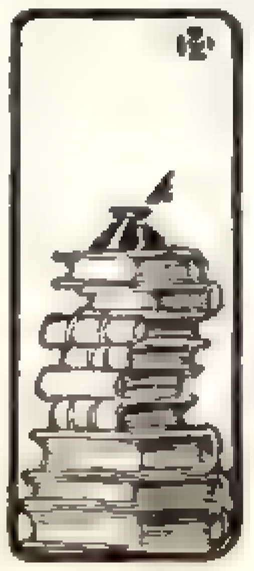
Why didn't I run home then and lock myself in my room? Why, oh! why did I butt in? I was one of the first up to the platform, one of the first to assist the professor to his feet. And, as I murmured sympathetic words in his ear, Sappho saw me and made for me.

If she had biffed me one it would have been all right, but she simply fell on my neck and slobbered all over me with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection. Unkie, have you ever had one of these mushy girls dead gone on you and trying to let you see that it was all right, while you wondered how you could put her next to your loathing for her without hurting her feelings? That was me, right then. I unclasped Sappho's clinging arms roughly, but she came back; I kicked her shins and she licked my face; I explained that perhaps she was a bear that I had been kind to once when she was a cub; that all bears liked me; that I possessed a strange fascination for animals, and especially intelligent ones. I protested my innocence; swore that I had never seen this bear before; that I had never in all my life seen any bears except stuffed ones. But the professor simply looked at me with the cold eye of certainty.

Finally, I on my dignity and Sappho on her hindlegs, we withdrew, the whole class following and cheering. They attended in a body to the Zoo, where I carried out my original intention and in a neat little speech presented Sappho to the City of Boston.

I am writing this while waiting for the governor to get home so that I can explain to him how it happened. I understand that he is all for ordering me into chains and away to the galleys, though I hope that wiser counsels may prevail. But while I'm no Cassandra, and don't want to yell fire until some one actually picks up the kerosene can and starts for Troy, I've an awful premonition that I'm standing on the threshold of the grocery business. Meanwhile, I'm back in God's country, though after a hasty evening on Broadway I'm inclined to think that He's a non-resident.
Yours, JACK.

P. S.—Now don't munch off the ends of that mustache of yours mulling this over. You haven't any to spare. I'm not particularly proud of myself, and I wish I hadn't had to tell you, but I didn't want any one springing an unauthorized version on you. I've given you all the facts, for, as you know, I never lie except to help a friend or to entertain a lady. While you'll disapprove of me, I know you won't misunderstand like the others.



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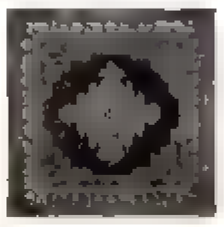

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687-G Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

CRACKERS

(Continued from Page 11)

nice clerk in Los Angeles. She was awfully nice about it when I told her it was for my wife. I had to tell her that, you know."

"So you've bought a petticoat for the cook? It was very nice of you to represent her as your wife—very nice and chivalrous, Mr. Parkins."

Peter Parkins smiled amiably. "Just wait till you see it!" he said. "Shall I open it here?"

"I think we shall let the cook open it, Mr. Parkins."

"But it isn't for the cook, Miss Westover. You see ——"

"Well," she said coldly.

"You see, I didn't tell you all that Wiggles did the other morning."

"Where is Wiggles, Mr. Parkins?"

"Poor Wiggles is in disgrace; he chewed up one of Mr. Sterling's riding-boots while I was in Los Angeles."

"He seems to delight in chewing up things that don't belong to him."

"He does seem to, doesn't he? Why, do you know, while we were at Princeton he actually chewed up one of Grover Cleveland's law-books. The dear old boy was awfully nice about it, though—and of course I replaced the book. I was thinking about that yesterday. Here he has got me into just the same sort of scrape, only this time it's a petticoat. Wiggles is what you might call omnivorous, isn't he?"

"He is a dear dog."

"Then you forgive him?"

"Indeed I do, though I've really nothing to forgive."

"Oh, yes, you have! As I was saying, Wiggles chewed up two petticoats the other morning, and one of them was yours. Aren't your initials P. W.?"

Miss Westover rose from her chair. "Please consider the matter closed, Mr. Parkins. You pretend to wish to do the fair thing; you buy me a petticoat that I don't want, and ——"

"You'll want it when you see it; it's a beauty."

"And you do not even consider the cook, a poor woman whose petticoat Wiggles also destroyed? My advice to you is to send the cook (her name is Mary—Mary Riley) a suitable petticoat, and then let the matter drop. Believe me, as far as I am concerned, I never wish to hear the word 'petticoat' again as long as I live. Good-morning, Mr. Parkins."

For the second time that week Peter Parkins walked dismally down the Westovers' rose-bordered walk. "It's uphill work," he told himself, "and lots harder than selling crackers, but I never saw a girl I liked half so well—and I never will. I'll write mother all about her to-night."

The letter was twenty-eight pages long.

III

IT WAS Saturday—4 P. M.

Miss Westover smiled maliciously on seeing Peter Parkins, followed by Wiggles, stride up the front walk. She had ample time to escape, but escape seemed no part of her plan. Instead, she stayed where she was, and greeted Peter Parkins almost cordially, bestowing more than usual attention upon Wiggles.

"Wiggles and I have been hanging about down there for three hours, waiting for you to come out on the porch," Peter Parkins informed her, pointing toward the road. "The fact is, our business this afternoon is of more than usual importance."

Miss Westover smiled. "Yes?" she said.

"I've always made it a rule not to follow unsolicited advice, Miss Westover."

"An excellent rule, I'm sure, Mr. Parkins."

"My making an exception of it, in your case, has made me think so more than ever."

"In my case, Mr. Parkins? Perhaps you will explain."

"It's about your cook's petticoat."

"I thought I told you I never wanted to hear the word 'petticoat' again!"

"I'm sure I don't, either," he replied. "But this is really serious."

"Well?" she encouraged.

"You see, I took your advice, and sent the cook a nice petticoat. It cost four dollars. I also wrote her a nice note—a very friendly little note, Miss Westover—and this is what I received in return." He drew a soiled piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "Please read it," he said.

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[illegible] Lily, baroque pearl [illegible]

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You Will [illegible] Direct from Workshop.
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The Above Picture [illegible] It contains Illustrations of [illegible] It's a beautiful catalog, intensely interesting [illegible] It's free. Do it NOW.

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 262 Essex Street, Salem, Massachusetts

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Makes tough meat tender [illegible]
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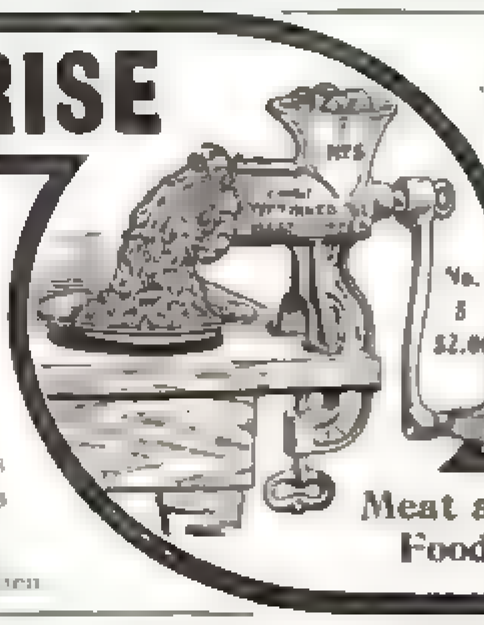

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Write for the [illegible] FREE.

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on a Year's Free Trial

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An opportunity [illegible] WRITE US from each locality to start a BIG PAYING BUSINESS with small capital. If you are going to build a home you should have it. Whole outfit costs only $125.00. Sand, Water and Cement only materials required. One man can make 200 blocks daily. Machine sent on trial.
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Views in Texas Illustrated booklet of Town and Country scenes, sent free. Address Geo. H. Heafford, Dealer in Texas farm lands, 277 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Write now.

Miss Westover obediently took the paper and read:

> Mr. Peter Parkins;
> *Deer sur :*
> I want to no what you meen by sending a petycoat to Miss Mary Riley. Her and me is enguaged to be marryed. Take back yur petycoat and if I ever katch you hanging around the Westover place I'll hammer you flatter than one of yur own crackers. A word to the wize is suffishent. If you ain't wize you'd better get wize.
> WILLIAM BLAKE.

"What do you think of it?" demanded Peter Parkins.

"I think you're either very brave or very foolhardy. Or maybe you don't know—perhaps it's ignorance."

"Perhaps what is ignorance?"

"You *don't* know, then?"

"How do I know whether I know or not, when I don't know what it is I don't know?" demanded Peter Parkins.

"I almost wish you did know."

"Perhaps I do know, only I don't know that I know."

"If you do know, you're awfully brave."

"Or foolhardy."

"The words would be synonymous in this case, Mr. Parkins."

"At least, it is comforting to know that you would rather have me brave or foolhardy than ignorant, Miss Westover."

"Yes," she admitted, "I would rather have you one of the two, only I'm not sure."

"What aren't you sure of?"

"That it isn't ignorance, after all. Is it ignorance, Mr. Parkins?"

"I'm blest if I know!"

"Then it is ignorance. You've not seen Mary's sweetheart?"

"I've never had the pleasure."

"And you don't know what he is?"

"What is he?"

"He's a blacksmith."

"Well?"

"Perhaps you've never seen a blacksmith, Mr. Parkins?"

"I've seen hundreds of them."

"Aren't you frightened?"

"Not a bit."

"But think how strong blacksmiths are!"

"What if they are?"

"Mary's sweetheart evidently means what he says."

"What if he does?"

"What if he does, Mr. Parkins? Why—can't you see?"

"No, I can't see that is—— You don't suppose I'm afraid of him?"

"Aren't you?"

Peter Parkins smiled enigmatically. "Do you think I am?" he asked.

"You might well be," she answered, eying this foolhardy young man with something like respect. "Perhaps you are depending on Wiggles to help you?"

"I'm depending on nothing," he said. "There's only one thing in the world I'm afraid of, and that is that you won't like me. I want you to like me, Miss Westover. I want to call on you—not on business, but as a friend; I want to meet your father when he returns from San Francisco."

"How did you know my father was in San Francisco?"

"Never mind about that," he replied. "I shall call here tomorrow afternoon. Please inform Mary; tell her I should be pleased to meet her blacksmith by the big oak at the turn of the road—he'll know where I mean—and that I shall leave Wiggles at home. I'm sorry you didn't care for the crackers. Good-afternoon, Miss Westover."

Polly Westover found herself looking with approval at this persistent and resolute young man. "Good-afternoon," she said kindly, giving Wiggles a pat on the head.

"I'm sure he didn't suspect that I wrote that note," she told herself.

Peter Parkins smiled as he reached the big live-oak at the turn of the road.

"I'm sure she didn't suspect that I knew she wrote that note," he told himself. "It was the *cracker* in it that gave her away; she couldn't resist the chance to throw a cracker in my face. Good old crackers! They've fed us, and clothed us, and taken us through Princeton, haven't they, Wiggles? And now they're helping us to win—to win Polly!"

It was the first time he had ever called her that to himself. "Polly, Polly," he repeated—"dear little Polly! She doesn't care much for crackers yet, but she's going to; isn't she, Wiggles?"

For More Salary

From Clerical Drudgery to Advertising—$1,200 to $6,000 a Year

Every overworked and underpaid subordinate with a desire to earn from $1,200.00 up will be interested in this brief testimonial from one of my graduates.
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Handsome – Sanitary
Its bright aluminum "face" behind the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in green boxes, by good stores, everywhere. Remember the name—don't accept substitutes.

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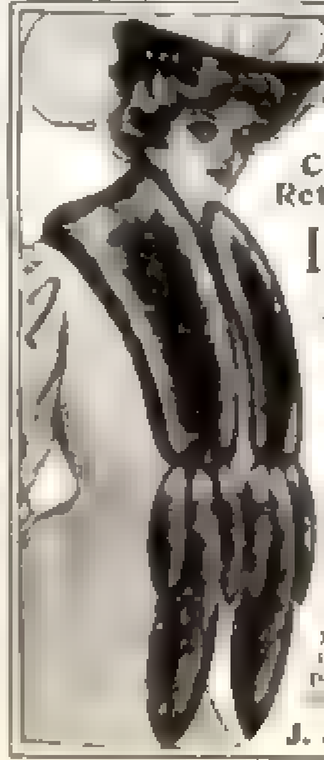

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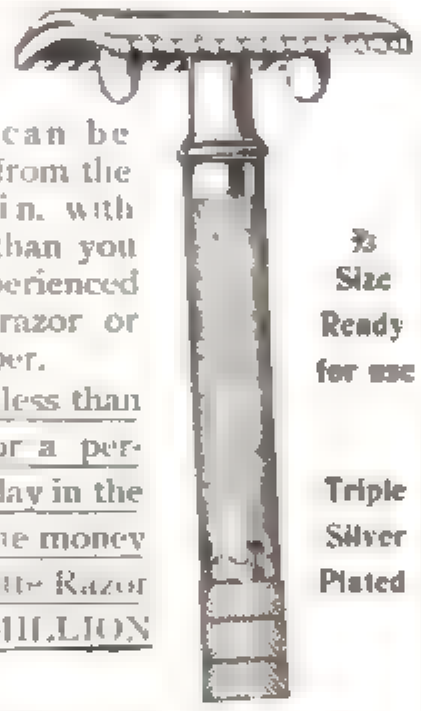

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Made in [illegible] Schools, Universities, Colleges, Clubs, etc. [illegible] buy the hat you don't want to get the band you [illegible] the regular hat [illegible] off in a twinkling. They make [illegible]

25 AND 50 CENTS

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WICK NARROW FABRIC CO
Dept. F Philadelphia.

Diogenes Pauses

(Concluded from Page 7)

The bill was put through. Two days later Governor Terrell called.

"I have some doubts, Mr. Smith, as to whether I can sign this pension bill that you ordered," he began.

"You have some doubts, eh?" demanded Mr. Smith. "I told you if you were ever in doubt to come to me. I haven't any, so sign the bill."

Governor Terrell flushed at the peremptory command.

"It isn't legal," he insisted. "You have always stood flatly for what was honest and equitable. Now, this isn't honest with the taxpayers because it imposes a burden which their constitution specifically provides against, and ——"

"Isn't honest to do an act of justice?" thundered Mr. Smith. "Isn't honest?"

"Ethically, I mean, of course," replied the Governor. "I can sign the bill, but Mr. Guy would only have to take up the matter to nullify it."

Mr. Smith wheeled in his chair and glared at him.

"Oh, he would, would he?" he asked. He was silent for a moment. "You get rid of your doubts and sign the bill," he commanded at last; "and, when you go back, tell Guy I want to see him."

The gubernatorial errand-boy went away and signed the bill. Mr. Guy appeared.

"Now, look here, Guy," said Mr. Smith, "I understand that all you'd have to do to annul this pension law would be to appear in court with it?"

"That's correct," said the Attorney-General. "It isn't strictly honest to place this burden upon the State."

Mr. Smith looked at him keenly.

"Then don't you appear in court with it," he commanded. "Do you understand?"

"I can't say what I might have to do," returned the Attorney-General. "The opposition may compel me ——"

"Don't you appear in court with it," repeated Mr. Smith, "no matter what the opposition does. Now, Guy, I get along with you. You are an intelligent human being, which is a great thing when I consider the others up there. I have been thinking of making you the next Governor of this State, anyway, and perhaps ——"

There came a flush into Mr. Guy's face; an eagerness into his eyes.

"Are you disappointed in Terrell?" he ventured.

"I don't like the way his coat fits," remarked Mr. Smith. "Don't appear against this pension bill. Do you understand?"

The Attorney-General stared quietly into the unflinching eyes of Mr. Jim Heckler Smith for an instant, then turned and picked up his hat.

"I won't appear," he said. The door closed behind him.

Mr. Jim Heckler Smith put his feet on his desk and smoked two cigars.

"Well, this is the easiest thing I ever did," he mused at last, "this being a political boss. Override the constitution, make your Governor sign your bill, then sew your Attorney-General up in a bag so you can get away with it." He was silent for several minutes; there were puckers on his forehead. "With a power like that a man could do anything—anything he wanted. It's got the military supplies business beaten to death. I wonder if ——"

. . . .

Diogenes picked up his lantern and hurried on.

Snap Judgments

Alimony: Taxation without representation.

A sure cure for kissing—the fever-blister.

Walls have no ears, but be careful of the telephone.

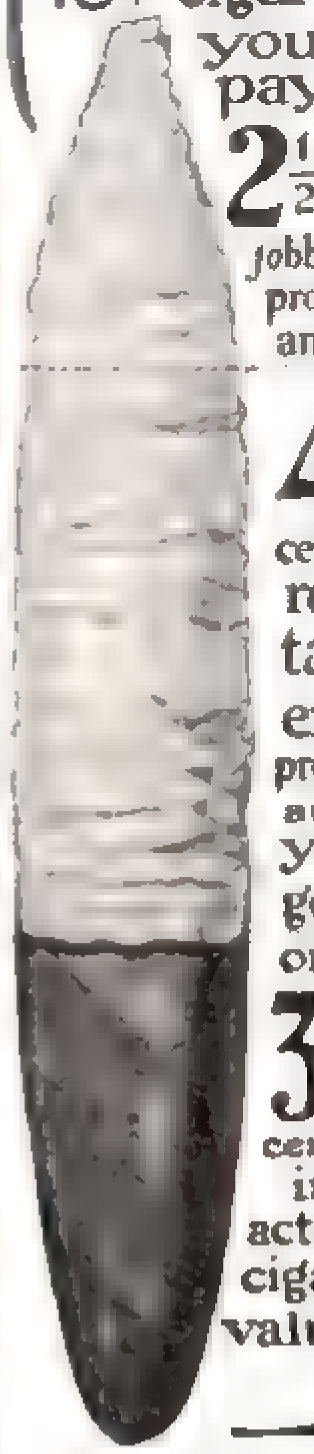
The stockyards' motto: The more haste the less feed.

A bird in the hat is worth $20—and sometimes more.

"All the world's a stage"—but most of us are only supers.

It is never the unmarried who ask: "Is marriage a failure?"

—*R. W. K.*



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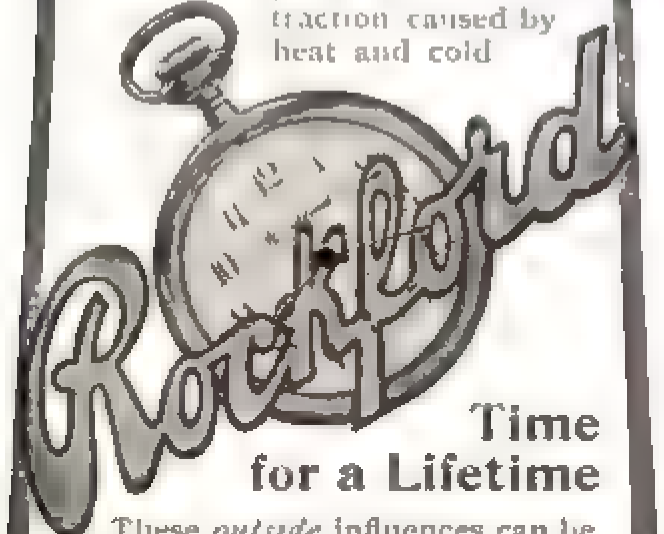

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SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 15)

"Yes. I explained it to you." Sampson Rock turned to his mail. Some of the unfriendly bankers would be in the syndicate later, but Rock did not think of mentioning this.

Sam perceived that his father was again at his favorite practice of telling the truth because of his conviction that it would be misinterpreted. Was it ever right to tell less than the whole truth? It was impossible to exclude doubts as to the righteousness of it all; but certainty of its utter unrighteousness was quite as elusive. Sam's was not a metaphysical mind.

"What about your orders in this market?" he asked.

"Given last night." Sampson Rock did not look up as he talked. "Valentine will distribute them this morning. I wish to see what effect on the commission-houses last night's weak closing will have. We have enough stock for sale at forty to guard against too strong a rally. Then at about half-past ten, if it looks as if pressure is needed, we'll let them have enough to do the trick."

These were elemental facts—things which Sam, being his father's son, should have known these many years. The details, the knowledge of the personal characteristics of the brokers employed, the "revelations" of the tape, the psychology of professional Wall Street and of the stock-gambling public, the ability to eliminate the inessential which made it easy to perceive when it was time to strike and when to hold off—they were as the eyes and nose and mouth of the game, that gave it a recognizable physiognomy. Sam saw these but dimly now; yet he realized—though he vaguely resisted too prompt an admission of it—that this game of the ticker, viewed from the "inside," might indeed be more than an unfair raid on a heap of dollars in the distance, more than a struggle for a potentially profitable railroad. The interest of it was very obviously human interest.

Valentine reëntered to say Mr. Harding was waiting to see Mr. Rock.

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Rock.

"Good-morning, Mr. Rock," growled Harding, of F. W. Harding & Co. He was not known to be one of Mr. Rock's brokers. The firm did a large commission business, most of it for out-of-town, and they had a branch office in Richmond, Virginia. Frank Harding was the most unpopular man on the Stock Exchange, and he was aware of it. This made him even more unpopular, because he revenged himself in the only way possible—by exacting the last drop of blood wherever there was blood to be exacted. And, as he expected reprisals, he was always on his guard. He was not a gentleman, and was so unwise as to show it in little things; also in big things. But he was an experienced and alert broker and he could be trusted. Rock would use him now because Harding's Southern connections would enable him to convey certain impressions to the observant Street; and also later in the campaign, because, having no friends in the world, Harding had the blessed gift of silence. With silence indiscretion comes hard.

"Good-morning, Harding," said Rock. "How are you feeling?"

"All right," answered Harding curtly. He almost sneered, from force of habit, when he suddenly remembered that more was expected of him in this office, where there were no reasons for hostility. He added: "How are you?"

"Not well, not well," answered Rock, half-crossly. Sam stared at his father in amazement.

Harding grudgingly reassured him: "You look all right."

"Ah!" said Rock with a shrug of mingled recklessness and resignation. Then he went on: "I want you to sell some Virginia Central for me. But you must use the utmost discretion."

Harding nodded unenthusiastically.

"Ten thousand shares," went on Rock. Sam was not sure he guessed why his father looked almost guiltily uneasy. He did not know that Rock knew what Harding would be sure to think.

It was a good order. Harding merely nodded and asked: "What price?"

"Wait and see if it rallies. It closed at thirty-eight and a quarter to three-eighths

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last night. It ought to rally a point or a point and a half."

"Don't think so myself; but *you* ought to know."

"I don't. Sell it at thirty-nine and a half or better. If the market has not rallied that much by half after ten, sell the lot as well as you can." Rock hesitated. After a pause he continued with the air of a man who is taking chances but trusts his friend: "You'll have to borrow it. There's no harm in telling you, Harding, that it's short stock."

Harding had suspected that it was short stock when Rock first spoke. But of course now he was certain it was not. He remembered that Dunlap had been quietly picking it up for some days, presumably for Sampson Rock. Very obviously Sampson Rock was now selling that same stock. Sampson Rock was taking a very fair loss on this operation and that was a sign the stock was going lower, which was a sign that whoever bought it from him would lose. This last nearly made Harding cheerful, and he said briskly:

"Very well, Mr. Rock."

"See Valentine if you want a check now." Harding turned to go.

"Good-morning, Harding," said Rock very politely.

"Good-morning," answered the unpopular man without turning his head, and he left the room.

"Why all that, Dad?" asked Sam impatiently. He was not aware that he was frowning.

"He has a branch office in Richmond and does considerable business for people there. The Virginia Central general offices are in Richmond."

"And people here will therefore assume that he is selling for the home crowd!" Sam said this quickly. Harding had gathered impressions from his father, and his father again had not lied; and people would gather impressions from Harding's selling; and his father had not lied. In thinking, Rock probably would say, everything is in knowing how and what to think. Sam himself was beginning to think what his father would think

Rock rang for Valentine.

"Valentine, take these orders: Virginia Central at the opening."

Valentine took a lead-pencil and a small pad from his pocket.

"Meighan & Cross; sell 5000; to be distributed among ten men; let them use commission-houses. Wilkins, buy 10,000, himself, at the opening; let them clear it." This meant the transactions would be put through the clearing-house in the brokers' own names and nobody save themselves could tell who the principal was. Many principals would be suspected. "That's all for the present."

"Why do you buy more than you sell, if you want the price to go down?" asked Sam.

"I want the price to rally a little, so that Harding's order will have the proper effect. It will look as if, had it not been for the mysterious and persistent selling—this time from Virginia—the stock would naturally have rallied. There will be more selling then, by Meighan & Cross' ten selling brokers. Wilkins' ten thousand shares take care of my own five thousand, which I gave out merely to make the stock active, and will offset an additional five thousand shares of outside selling. I don't think there will be more outside selling than that at the opening, as most people will prefer to wait and see what tendency the stock will show. If it rallies they won't sell at all. There will be probably some buying by room-traders when they see Wilkins taking ten thousand shares. Dunlap has men with orders to buy one thousand shares every eighth of a point down—five men, each taking two hundred—so that it won't look as if anybody in particular were accumulating it on the decline. That stock will be salted away, though we'll lend it freely enough to the shorts if they want it. The stock must be kept active and I must get the price down without losing stock. The newspapers will talk about it, and as it goes down they will print nothing but the sad news they get from the people who speculate in it. In order to accumulate 20,000 shares, I'll have to sell 80,000 or 100,000 shares and buy 100,000 or 120,000, because ——"

"I see!" said Sam. It was always the same—the master of the ticker against the slaves of the ticker, the man who knew against the mob that guessed. He would wait—and study.

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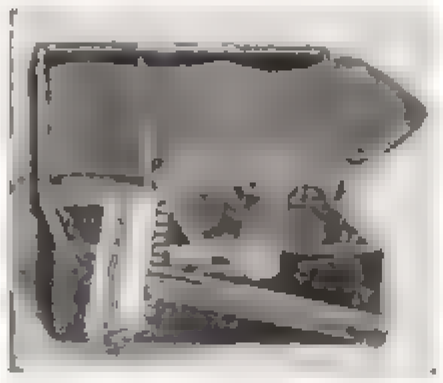

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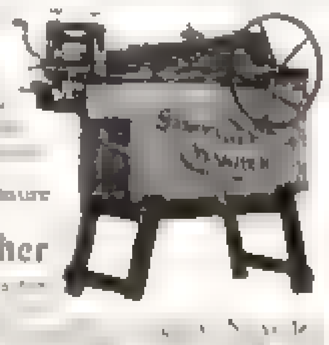

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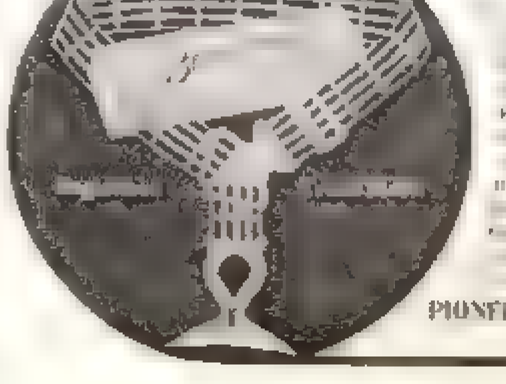

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The ticker began to whir and click. Sam approached it.

"Good-morning!" Dunlap entered with his chronic look of dissatisfaction. "Why, hello, Sam." He shook hands and asked "What are you doing here at this time of day? Trying to injure your health?"

"Good-morning, Dan. Look pleasant. I'm here to help you out." Dunlap was smiling now. Sampson Rock watched him. Everybody liked Sam. That would be a valuable asset, if Sam learned to be intelligently businesslike.

"What orders have you to give Dan, Sam?" asked Rock.

Sam looked at his father's face. The expression there was half-serious, half-quizzical. He understood it was a test, playfully meant, perhaps, but the Old Man would not be displeased if it were taken seriously. Sam's mind began to work, and, as he thought, the speed of his mental machinery quickened. The price was to go down. That was the main object of the campaign. But to-day, at first, it must go up a little, so that Harding's order might have the proper effect and wipe out the first rally and leave the market ripe for a further decline—unless, improbable as it now looked, unexpected opposition were met. There must be ways of doing this and intelligent brokers to do it. He knew neither ways nor brokers, but Dunlap did, and Dunlap need not know that Sam did not know.

Sam looked at his father and said: "The newspapers say insiders must be selling because they know something about the condition of the property that the public doesn't."

His father nodded non-committally.

Sam turned to Dunlap and said: "Dan, I don't know whether you have the brains to understand the mysteries of high finance." He shook his head dubiously; that was to gain time; he did it very well.

"When the stock sells at thirty-eight—you will let them have 5000 shares; at thirty-seven another 5000; at thirty-six another 5000; at thirty-five ——"

"Hold on," laughed Sampson Rock.

"At thirty-five," continued Sam imperturbably, changing his plan on the instant, "you will buy as much as you can get without putting up the price above thirty-six and a half." His father had checked him in time, and Sam had turned as though he had really meant to do so of his own accord. He felt a glow of mild excitement.

Dunlap smiled. "That's fine, Sam. You're a Napoleon of Finance."

"I am. But first, Daniel, make the stock open at least as high as thirty-nine and then get it up to thirty-nine and a half."

"But, if I get it up to thirty-nine and a half, how can I sell the 5000 at thirty-six and thirty-seven and thirty-eight and ——"

"Daniel G., just get Virginia Central up to thirty-nine and a half and you can spare yourself the fatigue of thinking. We'll do the rest."

Rock laughed approvingly. High financial practices had not killed his sense of humor. Besides, the ticker was still; he had time to laugh. Dunlap looked at him; then he looked at Sam.

"The orders go; see?" said Sam.

Dunlap turned to Rock.

"They go, Dan," laughed the Old Man.

"Dan, there are other brokers—intelligent brokers—looking for a job." Sam pulled out his watch.

"Hey, what about the money? You must put up some margin," said Dunlap sternly. To him Sam was still a boy. Sam felt this; therefore he smiled and answered:

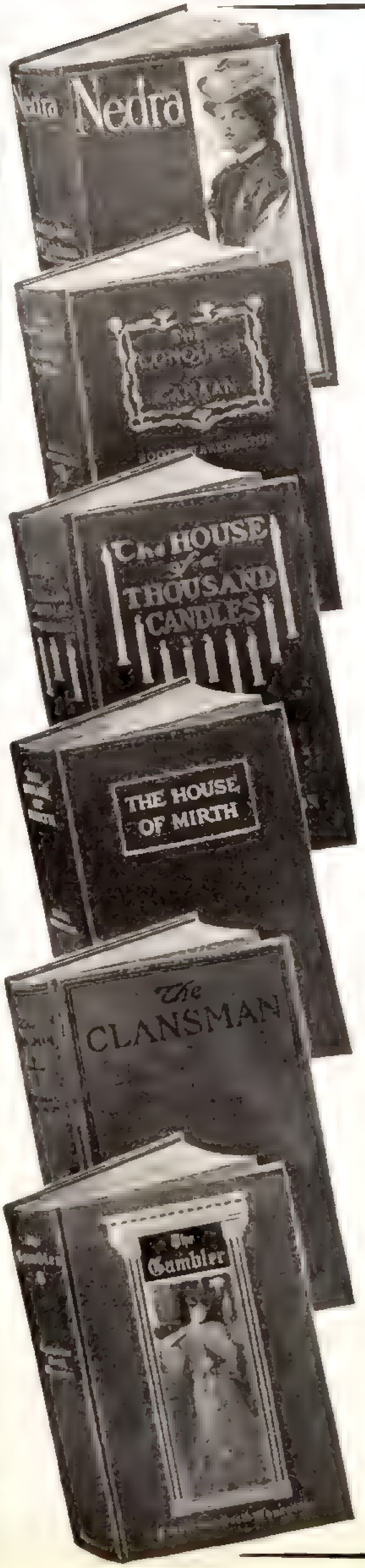
"Charge it to the Old Man."

He said it so naturally, as if from a lifetime's practice, that Rock and Dunlap laughed.

Sam was not laughing; he was thinking. With money many things were easy to do—good things and things not so good. With still more money, a man could pick and choose what things to do. Money, that made more money, and money that did not have to make it, but always money—the ability to do—power. That was what money meant: power—for good or for evil.

It was only a child playing with adult machinery. Nevertheless, money began to mean something to Sampson Rock, Junior.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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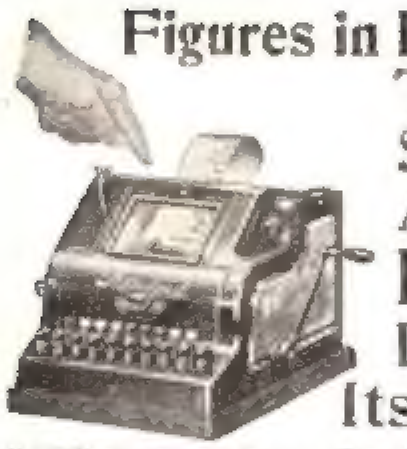

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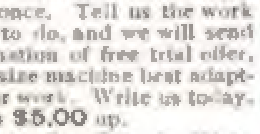

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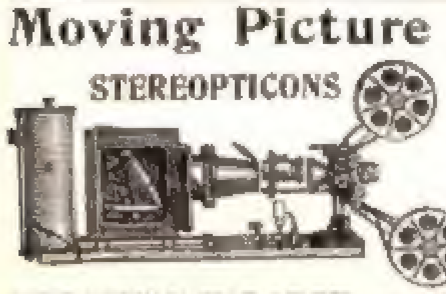

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The Honest English Trader

(Continued from Page 13)

Brown called next day, I thought it advisable to drop him a hint.

"I hope you understand," said I, "that things which can be done in one country without attracting attention may be illegal in another country. In forming a company you should be very careful that you keep within the limits of the law, and, if I were you, I should make no move without the advice of a competent English solicitor."

There was some alarm in his face as he looked quickly up at me.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because yesterday a man dropped in here to make inquiries about you, and I think, without being very certain, that he is a detective of some sort."

"Did you tell him anything about our business over here?" asked the young man.

"No, I did not, but I should judge, from my visitor's talk, that he knows a good deal about your business already."

"Well," said the young man, "I know considerable about the law on both sides of the Atlantic, and we have been doing nothing illegal."

The young man left, and that was the last I ever saw of the Chicago trio.

About a week later the suave gentleman came in again with a smile on his face.

"Our birds have flown to Chicago," he said, pronouncing the latter word with the middle syllable as if it were spelled "keg."

"Oh, have they?" I asked. "I didn't know. I haven't seen any of them for a week."

"Yes," he continued, "they took the hint you gave them, and concluded they would be safer on the other side. Of course you told them that I had been here?"

"I told one of them you had been here."

"That was why I came. We don't want to have any trouble with these young fellows, and I think they will enjoy themselves better on the other side of the ocean."

"What have they been doing?" I asked. "They haven't been breaking the law, have they?"

"Well, not exactly, and yet they have been sailing rather close to the wind. What did they tell you they were doing here?"

"They said they wanted to get up capital to fit out a fleet of ten small sealing-vessels to sail from British Columbia."

"Exactly! Did they add that they had no intention of capturing any seals?"

"No. Why should they want to fit out a fleet if they caught nothing?"

"Their object," replied the man, "was not to catch, but to be caught. Their vessels were to sail for no other purpose than to be captured and brought in by the United States cruisers; then when the case came to arbitration, and when the United States failed to win it, as probably they will fail, heavy suits for damages would be brought against the United States Government by the nominal owners of these vessels. The three young men were not to appear in any way connected with the company, but they were to share in whatever damages could be extracted from the United States. They were also to act as the legal advisers of the nominal owners of the vessels in the United States Courts, if the matter went to the Courts. I was commissioned to shift them quietly, and, thanks to your unintentional assistance, they have been shifted."

The Watchful Government

The other morning I was passing along through a suburb of London when I noticed a well-dressed man stop a milk-cart, and demand a pint of milk. The milkman demurred, and said he had only enough to supply his regular customers. The well-dressed person then told the milkman that he was an inspector, and again tendered the money for the pint of milk. As the latter still hesitated, the inspector told him he must comply, or else drive with him to the nearest police-station. With that the inspector got the milk, which he placed in a little, square bottle bearing a blank label, on which the official wrote the name of the dairy.

Probably this sort of thing is done every day in the United States, but the point I wish to make clear is that this inspector was impervious to a bribe if such had been offered to him, because his life's work and his pension were too valuable for him to

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risk for any temporary gain that any milkman could afford to bestow upon him; and the next point is that, if that sample of milk proved to be adulterated, nothing would have saved the dairy-keeper from a fine that would probably absorb many months' profit.

Often the Government enlists among its inspectors men of scientific eminence. The late Professor Tyndall was a Government inspector during most of his life. One of the most celebrated analysts among the younger men in London to-day is a friend of mine. Last year he inspected the principal oyster-beds of England for the Government, searching for pollution, and during the Boer War he investigated, again on behalf of the Government, the causes of enteric fever, and made some notable discoveries. The result of his chemical analysis has sent more than one man to the gallows.

I met him on the Strand a few months ago and asked him when he was coming out to see me. He is an exceedingly busy man, and I live in the country seventeen miles south of London, so I do not secure him as a guest as often as I should like. He pondered, and then said:

"I will dine with you on Wednesday next, and stop for the night, on condition that we may chat together until midnight, when you will hitch up your horse, drive me four miles, wait half an hour, and drive me to your house again. I can't promise that we'll get to bed before two o'clock."

I laughed at this condition, and said:

"All right. You bring your burglar's kit. Mine is out of order. Whose house are you going to raid?" But he would give me no further information. At midnight we duly started out, and paid a surprise-visit to the gas-works of a neighboring village. The gas company is compelled by law to keep on the premises the necessary apparatus for testing the quality of their product, and at that weird hour, in the presence of a surprised and grumpy gas manager, I watched the scientist go through his incantation.

"I think you've found that gas all right," said the manager, fishing for an opinion, but the scientist merely smiled.

From this I thought that the gas was probably impure, but, as we drove home, my friend admitted to me it was all right.

"But I wasn't going to tell him," he added. "It sharpens the intellect and stimulates the honesty of those fellows to keep them guessing."

The Bane of Much Credit

Where the consumer gets nipped in England is in the matter of price, rather than of quality. The bane of unlimited credit is prevalent in England, with its resulting bad debts, and so the man who pays is sometimes asked too much. But this sort of thing is remedying itself.

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In the grocery, clothing, boot and shoe, and drapery lines, the coöperative stores, which deal for cash only, are rapidly overrunning England, and making the small retailer pay for his former dishonesty in the matter of price.

Speaking for myself, I'd rather be cheated than deal at the coöperative stores. Their methods are exasperating to an impatient man. The shopman appears to believe he lives in eternity rather than in time. He goes about his task with extreme leisureliness, folding up one article and placing it carefully on the shelf before he brings down another, while you also serve who also stand and wait. You must take your bill to a distant cash-desk. The clerk there notes the particulars down in a book, writes "O. K.," or letters to that effect, on the bill, perforates it in a stamping machine, and finally hands out the change. Then you go back for your goods, which the shopman will not give to you until he has carefully scrutinized all the cabalistic signs on the bill.

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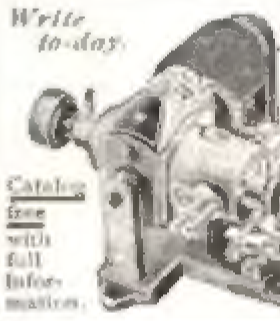

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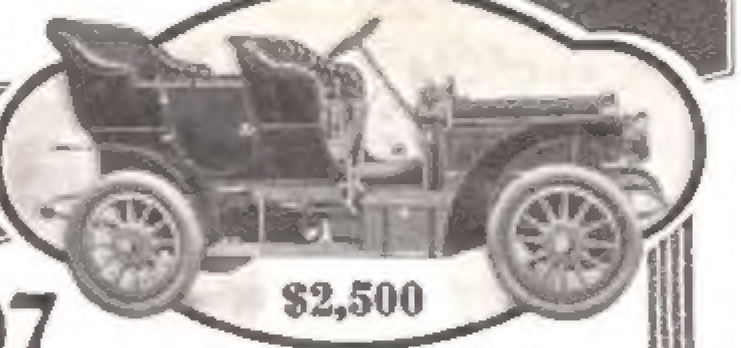

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Consisting of a Pair of

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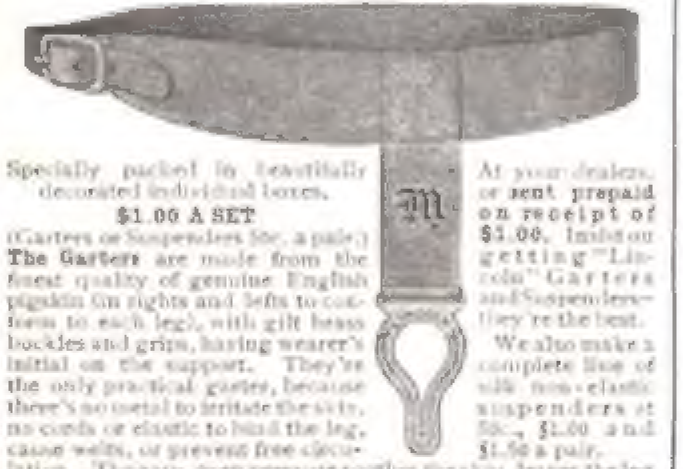

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Simply send us the coupon, and we will send you the sample together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

Men should also try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving; by cleansing the pores of soap it allays irritation, does away with soreness.

All leading barbers will give a HAND massage with Pompeian Cream—Accept no substitutes.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50-cent or $1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid on receipt of price.

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Address ....

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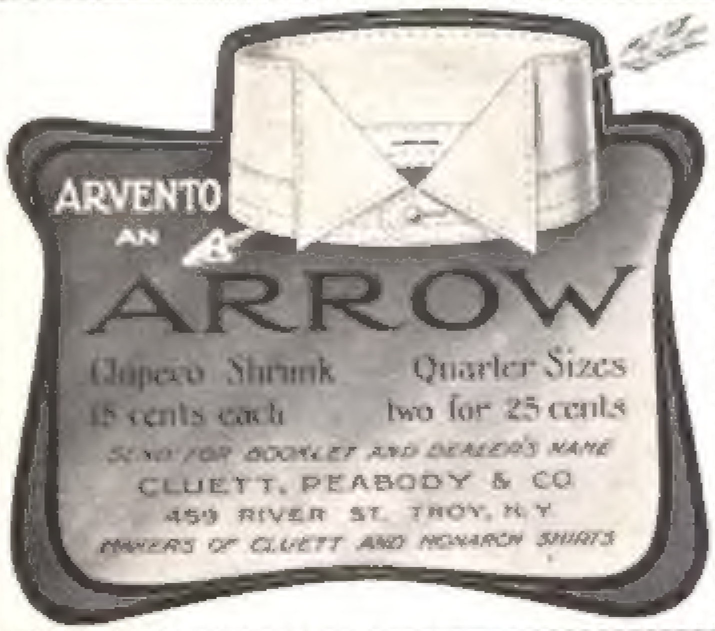

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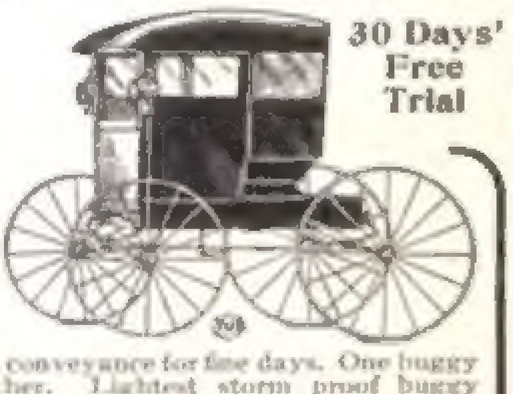

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When a United States Twenty Dollar gold piece passes from one person to another it is accepted without question as to value, because we all know it is good and we all believe in the guarantee of the United States Government.

When you see the name "Washburn-Crosby Co." and the brand "GOLD MEDAL" on a flour package, it means a great deal. It means that the perfected energies of the largest milling concern in the world have resulted in that flour--that every stage in its manufacture has been safeguarded by scientific methods and constant tests--that it is absolutely pure and clean--that the hands of the miller have not come in contact with the food at any stage in its manufacture--that it contains the greatest amount of energy and life giving property of any food product.

If you should try to skim every particle of cream from a pan of milk, necessarily the cream taken away would contain a percentage of skim milk and would not be pure and rich but thin and weak. The milk left would also be of poor quality, retaining little if any nourishment.

So it is in milling. Some millers work the wheat so hard that it ruins what they call their best flour and also weakens the lower grades. We take only the richest cream of the wheat for GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, thus making it the very acme of nutritiousness and leaving several degrees more value for our middlings and lower grades.

AND REMEMBER THIS---

If you want to use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR--that's a good thing. If you ask for it--that's a mighty good thing. If you get it--that's the best thing of all. But be sure you get GOLD MEDAL FLOUR--or the good things will not be so good. Our brand has been imitated and our name copied until we feel that flour users should be warned to examine the package most carefully--see that it reads--

Washburn-Crosby Co.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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